PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1976 $1.25

50

EXCLUSIVE:
ISRAEL'S SECRET ACT OF WAR AGAINST AMERICA

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS: GENERAL MOTORS, DU PONT, AND THE HITLER CONNECTION

BEYOND ORAL SEX: EVERYONE HAS HIS OWN PROBLEM

TOM HAYDEN: SHOULD SENATORS WORK FOR A LIVING?

WICKED WANDA: BALLING AT 27,000 FEET

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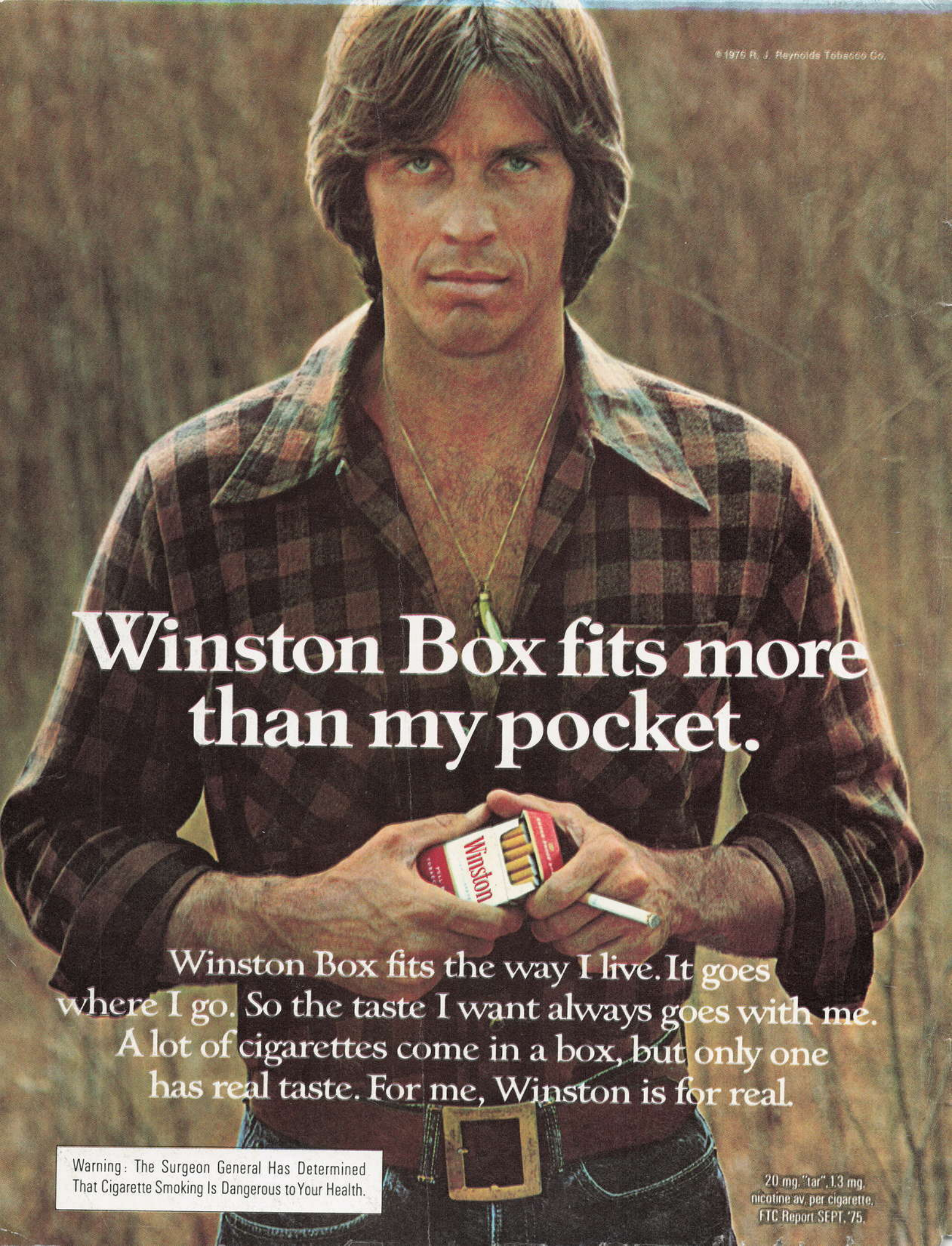
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when you don't want the music to stop

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No other car gives you what for

30% more glass area than the largest selling Datsun.

The VW Rabbit is "one of the 10 best cars in the world" says the June '75 Road & Track Magazine. And "the best car in the world for under $3500."

The Rabbit won out against some fierce competition in '75 (like Toyota, Datsun, Vega and Pinto). We think the '76 Rabbit is even better and we want very much to tell you why:

First you get stunning performance and incredible economy in the same car. In 8.2 seconds, you whip from 0 to 50 miles per hour (a Datsun B-210 is 60% slower). You also whip right past gas stations because you get a snappy 39 MPG on the highway, 25 in the city. (We must tell you that the Rabbit, with stick-shift, got this much estimated mileage in 1976 U.S. Government EPA tests. The mileage *you* get can vary, depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and the condition of your car.)

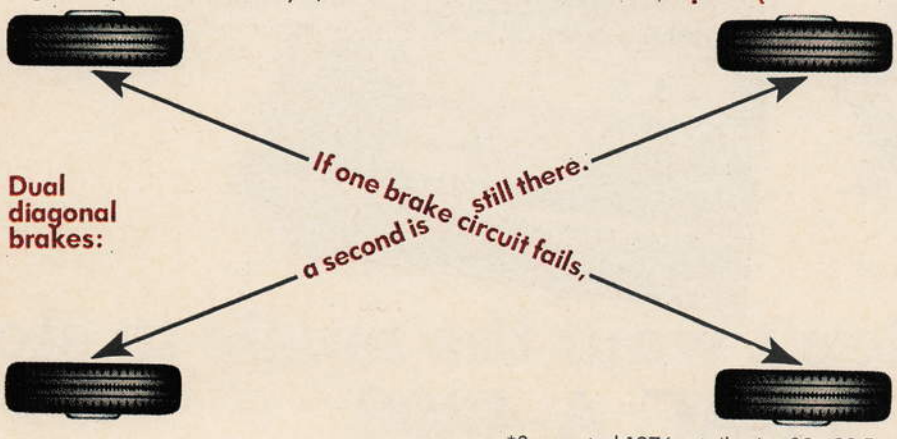
Don't waste your time looking elsewhere for this much economy with this much performance; no other car has it.

If you've been considering a Cadillac Fleetwood, you should know that the Rabbit (with the rear seat folded) has more trunk space.

If you've looked into a Lincoln Continental Mark IV, you should know that the Rabbit has as much glass area.

If you've sized up "bigger" cars, you should know that the Rabbit has the head and leg room of some "mid-sized" cars.

42% more trunk space (with rear seat folded) than a Cadillac Fleetwood.



If you hear the fan go on and off that's because it's thermostatically controlled and only goes on when the engine actually needs cooling. That means less power is used for cooling. No Detroit car offers that kind of efficiency.

If you're an automotive engineer, you'll appreciate the

*Suggested 1976 retail price $3,499 East Coast P.O.E. (4-dr. model higher). Transportation,

at any price Rabbit gives you $3499.*

unique combination of dual diagonal brakes and negative steering roll radius. If you aren't you'll marvel at the precise way the Rabbit handles and stops. Standard on the Rabbit, not available on most other cars.

If you buy the Deluxe Rabbit, you get seat belts that literally put themselves on as you sit yourself down. Only we have it.

We've been told that "safety doesn't sell cars." We're not impressed. We've kept safety uppermost in our minds since the Rabbit was a gleam in our eyes. The fact that the hood slopes down so dramatically in front is no accident; you can see an egg on the road 10 feet ahead of the car.

Nothing on the Rabbit is an accident: The way it goes, the way it handles, the way it stops, even the way it looks. Only a car designed from scratch could be so right for its time. The Rabbit was designed from scratch.

The Rabbit has been received with enormous acclaim. It's the most successful foreign car introduction in history. There are already more than 100,000 Rabbits hopping around the United States.

The Volkswagen Rabbit

One of the 10 best cars in the world.

Newspapers and magazines have been enthusiastic.

"It is almost sinfully enjoyable to drive."

"The others have a long way to go."

And, of course, "The Best Car In The World For Under $3500."

You can't buy much of a car for less.

But you can buy much less of a car for more.

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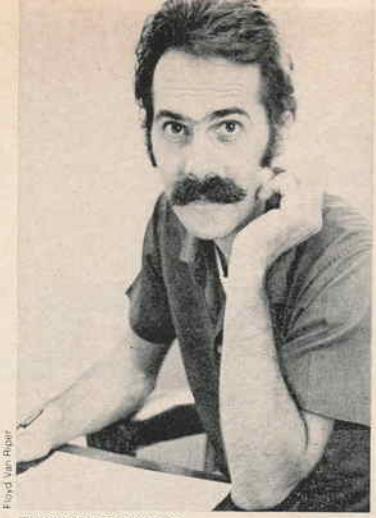
ANTHONY PEARSON



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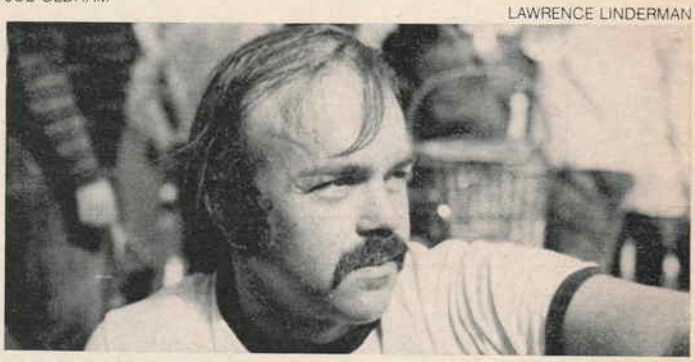

HOUSECALL

Few events in contemporary history have seemed as clear-cut as the Arab-Israeli Six-Day War of 1967. When it was over, the map of the Middle East had to be redrawn and the whole world had moved one step closer to World War III. The truth, however, is somewhat more complicated than the press and the government would have us believe. And the real truth about the Six-Day War has never been disclosed before.

Anthony Pearson, at the time a twenty-five-year-old British reporter covering the war for Fleet Street, was puzzled by two questions: *Why did the Arabs continue to fight after all seemed lost?* and *Why did the Israelis viciously attack an unarmed American communications vessel, the U.S.S.* Liberty? Unlike the other observers and reporters, these questions continued to nag at Pearson. Having covered other wars during his career for such publications as the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Times of London*, and *Paris-Match*, Pearson's sense of military and political discipline rejected the Israeli explanation for the attack on the ship as accidental. "I'm never comfortable with any story," Pearson maintains, "until I know the whole story and then the story behind the story. I wanted to go back and keep digging, but I couldn't find a publisher with guts enough to back me. One night at the Penthouse Club in London someone introduced me to Bob Guccione. I told him the story. He asked a few questions and the next day I was on a jet and heading for Tel Aviv." After several months of probing dusty government records, interviewing survivors of the attack, and traveling to several continents, Pearson found out why the *Liberty* was attacked. And that answer also solved the mystery of why the Arabs continued to fight against impossible odds.

In *Mayday! Mayday!* Pearson delivers a gripping, minute-by-minute account of the fateful attack. It was not an accident but a deliberate, ruthless, and well-planned attempt to sink a U.S. spy ship that had uncovered the secret machinations by which Israel helped to prolong the Six-Day War. And although the *Liberty*, battered and taking water, was saved at the last minute, thirty-four Americans were killed and yet another cover-up of covert intelligence operations began.

Shadowy manipulations of life and death on the international scene are nothing new to the twentieth century. It is a disturbing fact of modern life that the political and economic powers of one country have often aided that country's declared enemies in the pursuit of profit. One of the more appalling relationships of recent times involved the business arrangements among Du Pont, General Motors, and Nazi Germany during World War II. In **Thomas De Baggio**'s *The Unholy Alliance* we learn how Du Pont and GM protected their property, patents, and profits in Axis countries while Allied soldiers were dying by the thousands. The rationale behind these relationships can best be summed up by a statement from Pierre du Pont in the 1930's: "We cannot assent to allow our own patriotism to interfere with our duties" to achieve "reasonable profits for our stockholders." In view of what happened in the forties and after, those are chilling words indeed.

But there are people active in the world today who are dedicated to eradicating war and limiting the power of such huge multinational companies as Du Pont and GM. One of the more outspoken advocates of a world without war or want is **Tom Hayden**, radical leader of the sixties and candidate for the U.S. Senate in the seventies. In a lucid and provocative interview with **Lawrence Linderman**, a regular *Penthouse* contributor, Hayden discusses his campaign, his marriage to Jane Fonda, his personal perspective on the seventies, and the role of the federal government in its citizens' affairs. Sounding more subdued than the firebrand Hayden of the sixties, his more mature policies and plans, together with his persuasive rhetoric, may explain why his California candidacy is now a serious threat to Democratic incumbent John Tunney. And if Hayden does not ultimately win this particular election, his concern for the people he wishes to serve and his rejection of the privileges and protocols of American politicians may well be portents of a very different generation of candidates in post-Watergate America.

While some men strive for the heights of political office, other Americans take a more direct route to unlimited vistas—straight up. In author **David Ely**'s deft short story we meet *The Squirrel* (which also happens to be the title of the tale), a man who became world famous for his ability to climb to the top of anything using only his hands and feet. Until one day he set out to conquer the world's oldest and tallest living thing and learned too late about what happens to everything that goes up.

Of course not everything goes up—some things just go on and on. For a glance at what's new on two wheels check out our preview of new motorcycles in *Pocket Rockets*. Then again, if getting away from it all on a bike isn't your thing, you might want to delve into our special report on the many excellent labels that identify excellent Italian wines. We're sure you'll find them all to be fine and heady. Not at all unlike the vintage young ladies who have joined us this month. Needless to say, we hope you find their attributes, along with everything else in this month's *Penthouse*, as warming and stimulating as a clear glass of fine May wine. Imbibe!

Ordinarily this space is reserved for the writers and artists whose work graces our pages. However, as we go to press this month, it is our sad duty to pay tribute to a man who made those writers' words shine: Walter Campbell, our senior copy editor. Walter, who died in his sleep February 15, was much more than the title "copy editor" implies. In the years he was with *Penthouse* and *Viva*, our writers and editors grew to trust his judgment more than their own. And as a person, he was very dear to all of us. We will miss him terribly.

Oh,
the disadvantages
of our
long cigarette.
CALIFORNIA
585 HXN
Benson & Hedges
100's
17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Nov. '75.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
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MAY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

New believer

I am a regular reader of Forum and have wondered why I've missed out on all the adventures your readers report. But I'm happy to say that 1976 just may change all that.

My wife and I—both of us are twenty-seven—went to a New Year's Eve party this year in the suburbs. A number of attractive, unattached females showed up, and fortunately for me, my wife obliged by getting sloshed. I quickly latched onto a girl named Maureen with long blond hair and a wonderful body. We drank, talked careers and politics, and as the evening wore on, danced and "bumped" together. Several times my cock bulged in my pants, and she didn't miss the opportunity to rub her body or hand against it "accidentally."

Finally, as the party broke up about 3 A.M., I offered her a ride home. We escorted my wife, who had long ago passed out on the couch, down to the car and laid her across the back seat. I hadn't driven two blocks before Maureen, without a word, leaned over, unzipped my pants, and pulled out my cock. Her licking and kissing soon brought it to new heights. Just as I was ready to sit back to enjoy a fantastic blow-job, she looked up smiling and said, "Let's go sixty-nine." I thought of my wife, but her snoring convinced me she was no problem. And Maureen had already begun to strip. By the time I found a semi-secluded place to park, she was already completely naked. How can you argue with logic like that?

Anyway, we soon stretched out on the seat, and I buried my face in her cunt while she deliciously sucked my cock. My tongue, I'm proud to say, soon had her squirming and moaning. What I most clearly remember was looking up, just before she came and her thighs tightened, and seeing her bare feet tapping against the side window. In a few seconds, she resumed sucking ferociously and was rewarded with a huge load of sperm in her mouth. I shuddered enough at climax to shake the whole car.

Surprisingly, we made it home all right without having an accident. And best of all, Maureen and I talked a few days ago and agreed to continue what we started. *—R.A.H., Miami, Fla.*

Sister act

I just got back from taking my girl friend's sister to the airport, and seeing *Penthouse* on one of the newsstands prompted me to write and tell you about what happened last night. I'm still in a state of shock.

My girl friend and I live in an apartment in Colorado Springs, and we're happy—emotionally, sexually, etc. Her sister (I'll call her Sally) lives in Durango with this real asshole. He thinks he's some kind of mountain man, but all he is really is just a dumb, insensitive jerk. Their relationship seems kind of fucked up—all he does is play cards with his buddies, and all she does is hang around and wait for someone to talk with her.

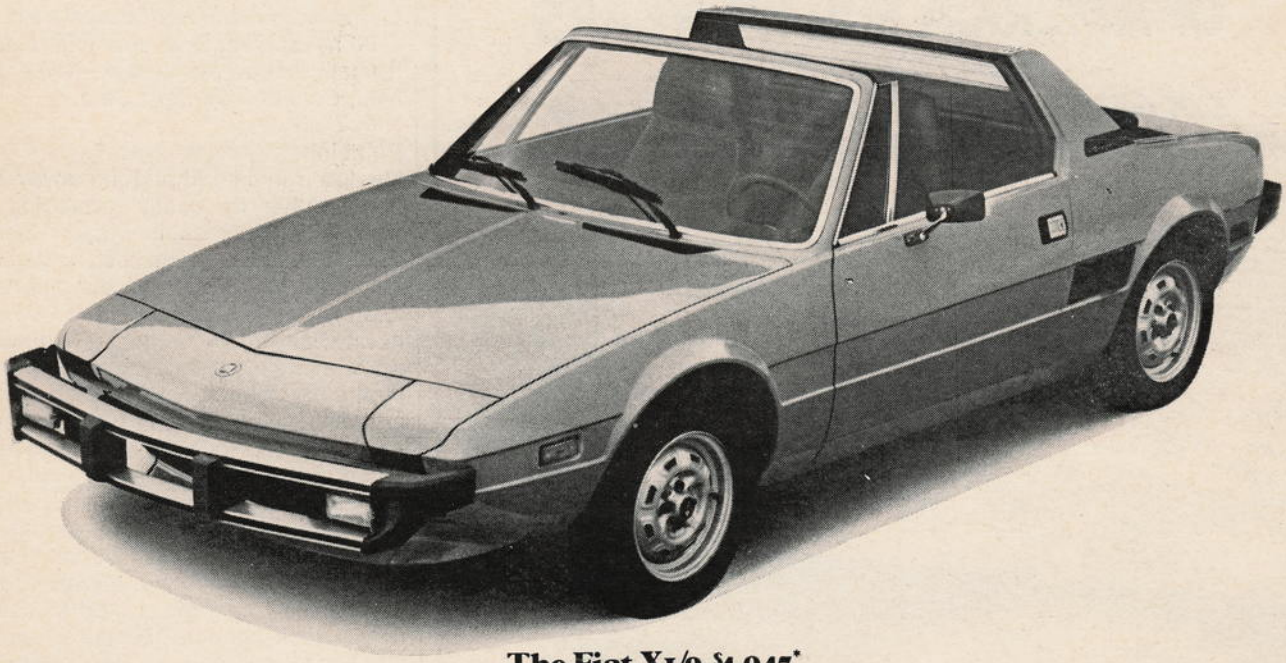
Anyway, the girls' aunt lives in Los Angeles and recently got pretty sick. My girl friend flew out there two days ago, and yesterday Sally arrived here from Durango to spend the night before flying out to Los Angeles today.

Well, I picked her up at the bus station and took her back to the apartment. We shared a bottle of wine and a joint while we watched an old gangster movie on the tube. I started feeling drowsy so I said I was going to take a shower. I was all lathered up and everything when the bathroom door opened up, and Sally walked in. I was a little surprised, but I kept up the small talk, wondering whether she was taking a leak or having a drink of water or what. Suddenly, the curtain was pulled aside, and Sally steps in as naked as the day she was born. She just said, "I know it's possible I'm taking a big chance. But I like you, and I think we can enjoy each other." She snuggled up to me under the shower spray, gave me a light, smiling kiss, and slowly got down on her knees.

She mumbled something about her being high making the whole thing more exciting, and then she put my soft penis in her mouth. I soon had a powerful erection, and she gave me the slowest, smoothest, longest lasting blow-job imaginable, stopping me on the verge of ejaculation three or four times. We dried each other off, and then she sat on the side of the tub and asked me to go down on her. I was delirious. She kept telling me how badly she wanted to come—and when she finally did, she broke out in a kind of low, stuttering laugh and kept saying, "No, don't stop, yet! . . . Keep licking me, keep kissing me!" She finally slowed down a little and leaned over, whispering in my ear, "I'm really turned on, I know I can come some more. But first I want you to."

She took me in her mouth again, and again she stopped me on the verge three

The mid-engine makes it unique.
But the price makes it exceptional.



The Fiat X1/9. $4,947*

There are only seven mid-engine cars in the world today.

All come with things like rack-and-pinion steering, radial tires, four-wheel disc brakes, and fully independent suspensions.

All feature the remarkable kind of handling mid-engine cars have become famous for.

And all will go much faster than local law enforcement officials would care for you to find out.

But in spite of all the remarkable similarities between the cars, we wouldn't feel fair if we didn't point out some of their subtle differences.

A Maserati Bora, for example, will run you about $26,000 over and above the cost of the Fiat X1/9.

A Lamborghini Uracco will run you about $20,000 more.

And a Ferrari Dino has to look like a bargain at only $18,000 more.

The fact is, the Fiat X1/9 costs thousands of dollars less than the nearest priced mid-engine car.

Of course, no two mid-engined cars are the same. And the X1/9 is no Maserati Bora or Ferrari Dino.

But for a difference of 15 or 20 thousand dollars, what do you want, twins?

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

*1976 Manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.

Ripley's® Believe It or Not!

BEAM

SERVING THE UNITED TASTES OF AMERICA FOR 181 YEARS

FROM 1795 TO TODAY—
SIX GENERATIONS OF THE BEAM FAMILY HAVE BEEN MAKING THE WORLD'S FINEST BOURBON.

"OF THE 56 SIGNERS OF THE Declaration of Independence NOT ONE EVER FELL FROM GRACE —NOT ONE BY WORD OR DEED EVER TARNISHED HIS FAME BUT REMAINED PURE IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE TO THE LAST"

PETER JOHANN MILLER
1710-1796

WAS ENGAGED BY THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS TO TRANSLATE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE INTO 7 DIFFERENT LANGUAGES FOR THE ENLIGHTMENT OF FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS.

THE LANGUAGES WERE LATIN, FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, GERMAN AND RUSSIAN.

or four times. Finally she looked up and said very softly, "Now I want you to come in my mouth." She fellated me again, this time moving only her tongue very slowly and softly along the underside of my penis. When I came it was more like one, long, shuddering explosion, then a series of contractions. Her mouth was filled with my semen. She took one, long swallow, looked up at me, and gave me that funny laugh again.

This morning at the airport, we didn't have much time to talk, and I still felt a bit awkward I suppose. But she put me at ease with a big smile. "Don't worry," she said, "I'm not hustling you away from my sister. I just enjoy doing the kinds of things we did last night with people I like. I hope we get another chance soon."

I'll never disbelieve your letters again. It finally happened to me!—*Name withheld, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Paint job

My job requires that I be away from home rather frequently, averaging one week out of six on the road. Recently when I returned from such a business trip, little things around our apartment told me that my attractive wife had been having an affair during my absence. Knowing how she enjoys, and is enjoyed by the opposite sex, I surmised that our bed and her vagina had both received a thorough work-out during my absence. When confronted by the evidence, Carol admitted her promiscuous misbehavior and promised to be good in the future. I didn't believe her. I suspect that she has love affairs frequently in my absence.

Before my next trip, I tried something new. I took her into the cellar where I told her to strip down to her panties and bra. I then tied her hands in front of her and fastened them to a post. She was curious about this and rather enjoyed the anticipation of what was going to happen next. She knows that I would never do physical harm to her, nor to any woman, for that matter.

Next I slipped her panties off. By this time she was breathing heavily and obviously sexually excited. Then she was ordered to bend over, and I gave her a good, long fuck in the rear entry position —which she dearly loves. While she was still panting, I told her to remember that orgasm because she wouldn't be having another until I returned from my trip. With that I sprung my little surprise.

I took a brush and a can of paint and painted her ass a bright, green color. I then turned her around and painted her pubic mound a bright, crimson red. She cursed me, and said she would get even for it if it took the rest of her life. I then unfastened her when she was through swearing and left for the airport. When I returned a week later, she had mellowed considerably.

It has been six months now during which time Carol has had not one lover

Laser Beam Digital Watch

Never press another button, day or night, with America's first digital watch that glows in the dark.

Announcing Sensor's new Laser 220—the first really new innovation in digital watch technology.

Would you do this with your solid-state watch? Of course not. Most solid-state watches require care and pampering but not the Sensor. You can dunk it, drop it and abuse it without fear during its unprecedented five-year parts and labor warranty.

It's ingenious, it's simple and it makes every other digital watch obsolete. Scientists have perfected a digital watch with a self-contained automatic light source—a major scientific breakthrough.

SELF-CONTAINED LIGHT SOURCE

The Laser 220 uses laser beams and advanced display technology in its manufacture. A glass ampoule charged with tritium and phosphor is hermetically sealed by a laser beam. The ampoule is then placed behind the new Sensor CDR (crystal diffusion reflection) display.

The high-contrast CDR display shows the time constantly—in sunlight or normal room light. But, when the room lights dim, the self-contained tritium light source automatically compensates for the absence of light, glows brightly, and illuminates the display.

No matter when you wear your watch—day or night—just a glance will give you the correct time. There's no button to press, no special viewing angle required, and most important, you don't need two hands to read the time.

Replace the battery yourself by just opening the battery compartment with a penny. Free batteries are provided whenever you need them during the five-year warranty.

A WORRY-FREE WATCH

Solid-state watches pose their own problems. They're fragile, they must be pampered, and they require frequent service. Not the Laser 220. Here are just five common solid-state watch problems you can forget about with this advanced space-age timepiece:

1. Forget about batteries The Laser 220 is powered by a single EverReady battery that will actually last years without replacement—even if you keep the 220 in complete darkness. In fact, JS&A will supply you with the few batteries you need, free of charge, during the next five years. To change the battery, you simply unscrew the battery compartment at the back with a penny and replace the battery yourself.

2. Forget about water Take a shower or go swimming. The Laser 220 is so water-resistant that it withstands depths of up to 100 feet.

3. Forget about shocks A three-foot drop onto a solid hardwood floor or a sudden jar. Sensor's solid case construction, dual-strata crystal, and cushioned quartz timing circuit make it one of the most rugged solid-state quartz watches ever produced.

4. Forget about service The Laser 220 has an unprecedented five-year parts and labor warranty. Each watch goes through weeks of aging, testing and quality control before assembly and final inspection. Service should never be required. Even the laser-sealed light source should last more than 25 years with normal use. But if it should require service anytime during the five year warranty period, we will pick up your Sensor, at your door, and send you a loaner watch while yours is repaired—all at our expense.

5. Forget about changing technology The Sensor Laser 220 is so far ahead of every other watch in durability and technology that the watch you buy today, will still be years ahead of all others.

THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT

Other manufacturers have devised unique ways to produce a watch you can read at a glance. The new $300 LED Pulsar requires a snap of the wrist to turn on the display, but the Pulsar cannot be read in sunlight. The new $400 Longine's Gemini combines both an LED and liquid crystal display. (Press a button at night for the LED display, and view it easily in sunlight with the liquid crystal display.) But you must still press a button to read the time. All these applications of existing technology still fail to produce the ultimate digital watch: one you can read under all light conditions without using two hands. Until the introduction of the Sensor.

PLENTY OF ADVANCED FUNCTIONS

Sensor's five time functions give you everything you really need in a solid-state watch. Your watch displays the hours and minutes constantly, with no button to press. But depress the function button and the month and the date appear. Depress the button again and the seconds appear. To quickly set the time, insert a ball-point pen into the recessed time-control switch on the side. It's just that easy.

Sensor's accuracy is unparalleled. All solid-state digitals use a quartz crystal. So does the Sensor. But crystals change frequency from aging and shock. And to reset them, the watch case must be opened and an airtight seal broken which may affect the performance. In the Sensor, the crystal is first aged before it is installed, and secondly, it is actually cushioned in the case to absorb tremendous shock. The quartz crystal can also be adjusted through the battery compartment without opening the case. In short, your watch should be accurate to within 5 seconds per month and maintain that accuracy for years without adjustment and without ever opening the watch case.

The new exclusive laser-sealed tritium and phosphor light source is a thin solid-state tube that automatically illuminates the display when the lights dim.

STANDING BEHIND A PRODUCT

JS&A is America's largest single source of digital watches and other space-age products. We have selected the Sensor Laser 220 as the most advanced American-made, solid-state timepiece ever produced. And we put our company and its full resources behind that selection. JS&A will warranty the Sensor (even the batteries) for five full years. We'll even send you a loaner watch to use while your watch is being repaired should it ever require repair. And Sensor's advanced technology guarantees that your digital watch will be years ahead of any other watch at any price.

Wear the Laser 220 for one full month. If you are not convinced that it is the most rugged, precise, dependable and the finest quality solid-state digital watch **in the world**, return it for a prompt and courteous refund. We're just that proud of it.

To order your Sensor, credit card buyers may simply call our toll-free number below or mail us a check in the amount indicated below plus $2.50 for postage, insurance and handling. (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax.) We urge you, however, to act promptly and reserve your Laser 220 today.

Stainless steel w/leather strap $129.95
(Add $10 for matching metal band)
Gold plated w/leather strap..... $149.95
(Add $10 for matching metal band)

JS&A NATIONAL SALES GROUP
Dept. PH JS&A Plaza
Northbrook, Illinois 60062
CALL TOLL-FREE . . 800 648-4990

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PIONEER HAS DEVELOPED A RECEIVER EVEN THE COMPETITION WILL ADMIT IS THE BEST.

One look at the new Pioneer SX-1250, and even the most partisan engineers at Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui or any other receiver company will have to face the facts.

There isn't another stereo receiver in the world today that comes close to it. And there isn't likely to be one for some time to come.

In effect, these makers of high-performance receivers have already conceded the superiority of the SX-1250. Just by publishing the specifications of their own top models.

As the chart shows, when our best is compared with their best there's no comparison.

To begin with, the SX-1250 is at least 28% more powerful than any other receiver ever made. Its power output is rated at 160 watts per channel minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

And, for critical listening, no amount of power is too much. You need all you can buy.

To maintain this huge power output, the SX-1250 has a power supply section unlike any other receiver's, with a large toroidal-core transformer and four giant 22,000-microfarad electrolytic capacitors.

But power isn't the only area in which the SX-1250 excels. The preamplifier circuit has an unheard-of phono overload level of half a volt (500 mV). This means that no magnetic cartridge in the world can drive the preamp to the point where it sounds strained or hard. And the equalization for the RIAA recording curve is accurate within ±0.2 dB. A figure unsurpassed by the costliest separate preamplifiers.

Turn the tuning knob of the SX-1250, and you'll know at once that the AM/FM tuner section is also special. The tuning mechanism feels astonishingly smooth, precise and solid.

FM reception is loud and clear even on weak FM stations because the tuner combines extremely high sensitivity with highly effective rejection of spurious signals.

Of course, the Pioneer SX-1250 carries a price tag commensurate with its position at the top. But if you seek perfection you won't mind paying the price.

If, on the other hand, you'd mind, look into the new Pioneer SX-1050 or SX-950. They're rated at 120 and 85 watts, respectively, per channel (under the same conditions as the SX-1250) and their design is very similar. In the case of the SX-1050, virtually identical.

That means you don't just come to Pioneer for the world's best.

You also come to us for the next best.

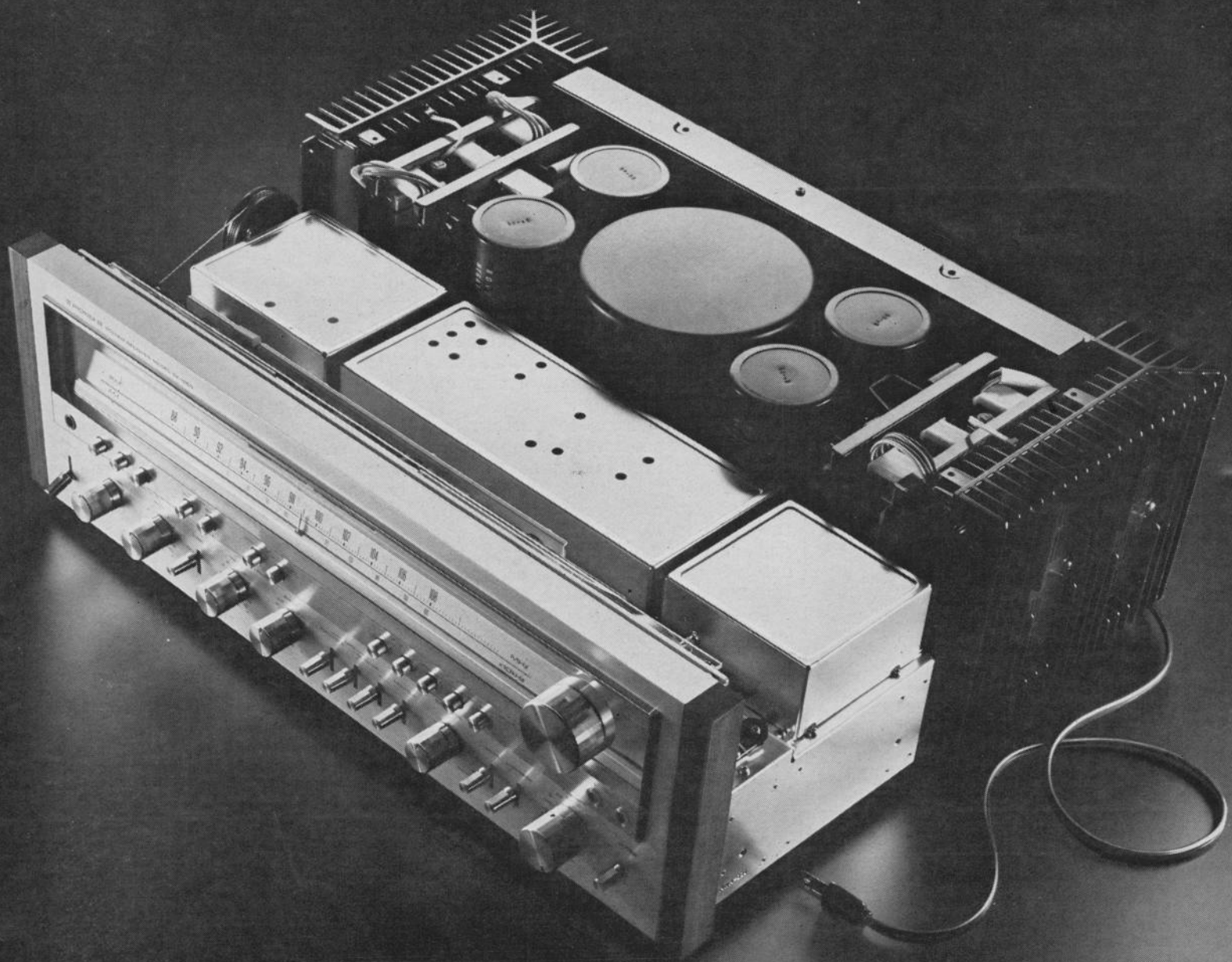
For informational purposes only, the SX-1250 is priced under $900. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

PIONEER®

Anyone can hear the difference.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

	PIONEER SX-1250	MARANTZ 2325	KENWOOD KR-9400	SANSUI 9090
POWER, MIN. RMS, 20 TO 20,000 HZ	160W+160W	125W+125W	120W+120W	110W+110W
TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION	0.1%	0.15%	0.1%	0.2%
PHONO OVER-LOAD LEVEL	500 mV	100 mV	210 mV	200 mV
INPUT: PHONO/AUX/MIC	2/1/2	1/1/no	2/1/mixing	1/1/mixing
TAPE MON/DUPL.	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes
TONE	Twin Tone: Bass-Bass-Treble-Treble	Bass-Mid-Treble	Bass-Mid-Treble	Bass-Mid-Treble
TONE DEFEAT	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
SPEAKERS	A,B,C	A,B	A,B,C	A,B,C
FM SENSITIVITY (IHF '58)	1.5μV	1.8μV	1.7μV	1.7μV
SELECTIVITY	90 dB	80 dB	80 dB	85 dB
CAPTURE RATIO	1.0 dB	1.25 dB	1.3 dB	1.5 dB



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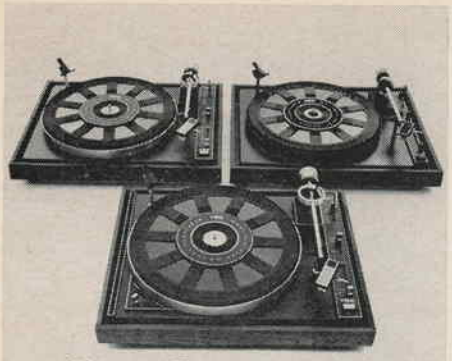

"A dream come true."

In just 18 months, B·I·C Multiple Play Manual Turntables have become the sensation of the high-fidelity industry.

Today, they're fast becoming the best-selling turntables in America.

Recently, we received a letter from Peabody, Mass. which explains the BIC B·I·C phenomenon better than we ourselves ever could.

"As an audio salesman (our correspondent writes) I have the opportunity to compare very closely many different makes of equipment.

Also, I have the opportunity to get a 'feel' for the attitude of the company towards its customers.

It is B·I·C's total excellence in both these areas that has prompted this letter of congratulations on a fine product and your ability to achieve such quality inexpensively, compared to other manufacturers.

Your turntable is like a dream come true; all the superior characteristics of a fine manual, but which, if the occasion arises, a party for instance, can also be used as an automatic. It is in my opinion and the opinion of most of my colleagues, the best all-around turntable available today."*

Need we say more?

*THIS LETTER IS IN OUR FILES. IN THE INTEREST OF PRIVACY THE WRITER'S NAME HAS BEEN OMITTED. TURNTABLES LEFT TO RIGHT: – B·I·C 960, ABOUT $160 – B·I·C 980, ABOUT $200 – B·I·C 940, ABOUT $110. FOR LITERATURE, WRITE: BRITISH INDUSTRIES CO., WESTBURY, L.I. 11590 – A DIVISION OF AVNET INC. ©1975.

other than yours truly. The paint has finally faded (and worn off!) completely from her lovely body, and she has made me promise not to reapply it unless I have some definite evidence of infidelity on her part.

I don't know if it means anything, but she seems bubbly and ever so vivaciously content this past week. My next business trip starts tomorrow, and Carol went to the beauty shop today. Has anybody ever heard of a woman going to the beauty shop the day before her husband leaves on an extended business trip? I wonder. At least she realizes that I still have plenty of paint left in the cellar.—*Name and address withheld*

If you can't hold your woman any other way than by giving her a coat of paint, you've got problems. And lock up those paint pots. What's good for the goose... —The Editors

Tease to please

I greatly enjoyed your February issue, especially the letter from the woman whose husband "loves to be teased." I, too, derive enormous pleasure when my wife teases me, and as a birthday gift to me, we spent an entire nude weekend teasing and being teased.

We awoke on Saturday morning, and as usual the alarm was not the first thing I grabbed for. My wife responded lovingly at first, but as I was about to enter her, she whispered a firm "No" in my ear. I tried to force things along, but she simply raised her lovely knee and pressed it slowly but firmly against my balls. I got the message.

She instructed me to prepare her breakfast and serve it to her in bed; and while she ate, I was to paint her toenails. This done, I again began my amorous advances, to which she responded by saying, "First we shop." My cock was really burning, but I did not want to risk one of her lovely knees. And secretly of course, I loved her airs of regality.

So shop we did. We must have spent three hours shopping for women's undergarments. She would pick up a pair of panties and in a loud voice ask my opinion of them. Then she would go to another department of the store but order me to stay in the lingerie section .This teasing went on until Sunday night when, knowing my desperation, she "forced" me to jerkoff in front of one of her girl friends and her.

This was the weirdest and yet the most enjoyable weekend I have ever spent.—*K.F., Orlando, Fla.*

Three's company

My wife and I are in our early forties and in the last few years have drastically changed our views toward sex. Last summer her high school graduating class was having its twenty-five-year reunion. We combined this with a fishing trip for me and the kids. We drove to Wyoming, and she left us with relatives while she drove to her reunion.

Three days later I got a phone call from her asking me to catch the next bus and join her. As I left the bus, she was waiting—and she was quite a sight. She was dressed in tight, white boots, short skirt, and a thin blouse practically unbuttoned down the front. My wife is a tall blond (five feet, ten inches), slender, with large, firm breasts (thirty-nine inches), and beautiful legs. As she approached me, it became obvious that she wasn't wearing any bra. From the way her nipples were extended under her blouse and her face flushed, I knew she was sexually excited. We headed to a nearby bar where we could talk.

She began telling me about her reunion party the night before. She met her old high school boyfriend there, and since he was now divorced, they spent the evening together. Naturally things got pretty hot, and he had tried hard to get her in bed. I asked her why she hadn't slept with him.

"Wouldn't you care?" she asked. "Not if that's what you really wanted," I told her. She admitted then that the idea of having sex with him really excited her. "Then why don't you?" I told her. She thought for a minute, then said, "Why don't you join us?" I told her I would if that's what she wanted, but would her ex-boyfriend go for it? "If that's the only way he can have my body, then I think he will," she replied.

Minutes later we were at the door of his apartment. My wife unbuttoned her blouse the rest of the way to her waist, nearly exposing all of her large breasts and pointed nipples. "That should help him make up his mind," she said. The look on Don's face when he answered his door was priceless—I wish I had had a camera. His eyes went from my wife's half-exposed breasts to me, and then back again. We entered his apartment, and he regained his composure enough to offer us drinks. But he couldn't take his eyes off my wife since with every move she made, her breasts nearly slipped out of her open blouse.

When she explained to him what we had in mind, he was speechless. It was obvious that he was really hot for her, but he wasn't prepared for a threesome. He was a very athletic guy and from the bulge in his pants, I guessed he was pretty well-hung and apparently aroused. My wife stood up and said maybe he needed a little convincing. With that she slipped out of her blouse and stepped out of her skirt. Wearing only tiny bikini panties and her boots, she moved towards him, her big, beautiful breasts swaying seductively. By now my hard-on matched Don's. She knelt on the couch beside him and began kissing him. He couldn't keep his hands off her big, hot breasts—but still had one eye on me.

Had it with hot taste?
Then put down what you're smoking and pick up the extra cool taste of KOOL.
Come up to KOOL.
KOOL
Filter Kings
MILD MENTHOL
KOOL
Super Longs
MILD MENTHOL FILTERS
KINGS
SUPER LONGS
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

YOU DON'T HAVE TO STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO EAT THEM.

The trouble with most snacks is that, when you're eating them, there's not much else you can do.

Just try eating a bag of popcorn without using both hands. Or nibbling on peanut butter and crackers while you're lining up a putt.

That's what makes Slim Jim® such a perfect snack for busy people.

It's small, neat, and individually wrapped. So you can take it fishing, boating, hiking, traveling, or just about anywhere else.

Get chewy, all-meat Slim Jim at your grocer's. In mild, spicy, pizza, bacon, or salami.

Then, when you need a snack, you won't have to stop for one.

A LITTLE LESS THAN A MEAL. A LITTLE MORE THAN A SNACK.

THE MISSING LINK

The first five seconds of every Maxell UD cassette cleans your recorder heads. Another Maxell exclusive.

The leader in our UD cassettes sweeps dust and debris off your recorder heads before they can foul-up a recording. And it sweeps gently, with no damaging abrasives to ruin your equipment.

Our head-cleaning leader is also calibrated, so you can use it to cue your recordings.

It's on both ends of all Maxell Ultra Dynamic cassettes. It's another reason you can record the very best sounds (both high and low) your equipment produces, without tracking dust all over your music.

Maxell Corporation of America, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074. Also available in Canada.

maxell.

For professional recordings at home.

She was kissing him frantically, and I was hooked. It excited me tremendously to see her with another man. She was helping him remove his clothes, and I tore wildly at mine until we were all naked. I joined them on the couch and tore her panties off, kissing her squirming buttocks until my tongue reached her throbbing pussy. She cried with delight as I sucked her pussy, and her passionate moans so inflamed Don that he rolled over on her squirming body, knocking me to the floor. I watched as he jammed his big cock into her hot pussy, and she went wild. Her booted legs were wrapped around his back as she bucked beneath his thrusts. She saw me watching and reached for my cock which she sucked into her moist mouth. She was squeezing my balls and sucking frantically on my cock, trying to bring us all off together.

She reached two climaxes quicker than I'd ever seen her, and we both followed soon after. She was so turned on to having two men make love to her that Don and I took turns resting and alternately either eating her or screwing her for another two hours.

Don is planning a vacation out our way this year, and the anticipation has both my wife and me very excited. We are also talking about another threesome with another woman. And then there's my wife's fifty-year class reunion.—*Name and address withheld*

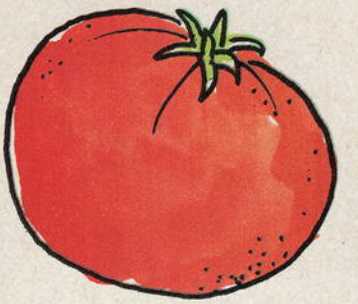
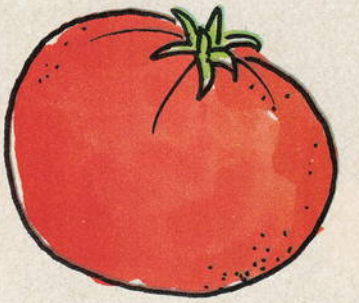
Flash fans

My wife is twenty-two, well-built below and with a thirty-four inch bust on top. I am thirty-one and a ladies' choice myself. With my permission and encouragement, my wife has flashed-off truck drivers, shoe salesmen, service station attendants, etc., but I would like to relate some of our other stunts. She of course does not do these things without me.

We often go to large shopping malls, stores, etc., and she has this really short tennis dress on that barely covers her sexy, panties-clad ass and bush. We usually do this on windy days and watch the eyeballs pop. She also has a pair of very thin, white shorts—through which her bush is very visible. And when we go to bowling alleys, truck stops, or a senior citizens park, bowling balls hit the gutter, trucker's balls hit the floor, and the old men's balls draw farther up.

Another trick we both enjoy is when a salesman rings our doorbell. She runs into the bedroom and strips while I answer the door. I'll be talking to the salesman with the door open, and she will walk in wearing her birthday suit so that he can get a full shot. Then she covers herself and runs into another room as if her presence was a mistake. I tell the salesman that I'm not interested—and usually close the door on his tongue.

When we travel on vacations, we always try to stay at hotels that have balconys. She orders a meal from room

You say  and we say  .

YOU, HOWEVER, PROBABLY SAY BLOODY MARY. WE SAY BLOODY MARIA.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SAY BLOODY MARIA? PERHAPS WE CAN HELP. JUST MAKE A BLOODY MARY WITH ALL THE USUAL THINGS. THEN ADD ONE NOT-SO-USUAL THING. JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA.

SHAKE WITH VIM OR VIGOR, BUT NOT BOTH. SERVE OVER ICE. OR UNDER. (IT'S A FREE COUNTRY.)

BLOODY GOOD, ISN'T IT? BLOODY GOOD AD, TOO, IF YOU ASK US.

JOSE CUERVO ® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1975, HEUBLEIN, INC.,HARTFORD,CONN.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Jungle Jim.

(Smirnoff, creme de banana, milk.)

You can't grow up in America without discovering how beautifully bananas go with milk.

But is there any reason why in our adult years that gold-white taste should become a mere memory? Our search for an answer led us to a drink called The Jungle Jim. And only one thing caused us a moment's hesitation in recommending it to our friends everywhere:

We hope that because The Jungle Jim does conjure pleasant memories of bananas in cream, people won't forget they're putting away two ounces of liquor.

To make a Jungle Jim: pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. creme de banana and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

service and then strips to take a sunbath on the balcony. When the room service guy arrives, I let him knock two or three times, and I go to the door and pretend I've been asleep. I tell him I didn't order anything but that my wife must have ordered for me before she went out shopping. I then tell him that I'll have lunch on the balcony—and there she is, stark naked. I hear a commotion, and I go out on the balcony and act surprised myself. "I thought you were shopping!" She then gets up and deliberately walks by him, almost brushing against him, completely nude, and into the bathroom. I tip him, and he almost falls over his tongue going out the door.

Another trick we use is having the "free estimate" people come to our house—carpet cleaners, termite inspectors, interior decorators, etc. My wife puts on a shortie nightgown with nothing on underneath and lies on the bed with her legs spread and her bushy bush fully exposed. She is pretending to be asleep the whole time, with the covers around her ankles as if she kicked them down in her sleep.

When the free-estimator arrives, I explain what I want done but ask him to be very quiet because my wife has just returned from visiting a sick friend and is exhausted asleep in the bedroom. I then return to my home office and pretend to be working while he goes about with the estimate. He enters the bedroom and usually looks, and looks, and looks. The toughest estimate is usually the cost of cleaning the bedroom carpet. One guy stayed so long I began to get worried, and I went in to get him out. He tried to make some excuse by saying the bedroom carpet was harder to estimate because it was of a different texture. He wasn't kidding because I saw the thick, bushy texture he was looking at when I went in to get him. Naturally my wife was "asleep" during the whole thing, but did she break up when he left. *Name and address withheld*

My wife likes to "flash" other guys when I'm around, and I'm all for it. We do a lot of camping during the spring, summer, and fall, and she's always giving a passing scout or ranger a quick shot or two. But the most interesting time we had was this last summer.

We went camping in August with another couple and the seventeen-year-old, tag-along brother of the other guy. It was hotter than hot—100 plus—and no breeze. We'd had a few beers, some more than others, and the girls were really burning up in the heat. We made camp and pitched the tents, and the girls were still complaining about the weather.

I suggested that they remove their halter tops, and the other girl asked her husband's permission—since his "little" brother was with us. He said okay so the girls shed their tops. The kid almost came in his bathing suit.

Later, after the girls had a few more beers, they decided to get even cooler, and they took off their bottoms. In the meantime the other guy had passed out. So there we were—my wife and me, the gal, and her seventeen-year-old brother-in-law—all naked and feeling no pain. Well, my wife was definitely aroused, and she being one never to pass up a good thing immediately went down on me. I shot a load that I thought was big, but the other gal with her kid brother-in-law were something to behold. Her lips didn't even touch his penis when he shot the biggest load I've ever seen in all my life. My wife estimated it to be at least one-half pint.

But her husband slept through the whole thing.—*Name and address withheld*

I have always wanted to try semipublic sex. But unfortunately my wife does not have the same interest. So I just let the subject ride. Meanwhile, I continue on with a so-called thrill of mine. Every night I run about two miles, and I start out by going to a pasture near the house. Once I arrive there, I proceed to strip, then hide my clothes, and commence jogging towards town—hiding behind bushes, trees, or whatever so cars cannot see me. Once I reach town, I jog around in the shadows hunting for chicks anywhere from age sixteen and up. When I spot some, I proceed to jog towards them, watching their reactions. I've had some scream and run, some just stop and stare, while others ignore me. Once, two girls said "hi" and followed me for about two blocks.

After about two encounters, I proceed to get dressed and go home with a cock as hard as cement. As soon as I get home, I take a shower while stroking myself. Then it's off to bed where my wife and I eat, suck, and fuck all night long.—*J.R., address withheld*

Behind the linen door

My wife, Liz, and I have been married for nineteen years. We have a good sex life together as we do everything in sex that we possibly can. I have even told my wife the two fantasies that I have about her. One is to see her suck another guy's cock, and the other is to see her make it with another woman. Well, neither of these appeal to her at all as she says that this just wouldn't turn her on.

Well, my wife has a good friend, Patricia, who she's known all her life. And I've always wanted to fuck her since I first met my wife. Pat has a nice pair of tits on her—big and hard. I know because I used to grab onto them every once in awhile when my wife wasn't around. Pat was married for a short while and then she got divorced.

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Now, my wife likes to make all her own clothes, and a few months ago, Pat wanted her to make a dress for her. Well, this one night Pat was coming over for a fitting on the dress, and I said to my wife —just kidding—"Can I hide in the closet and watch Pat undress?" Much to my surprise, she said, "Whatever turns you on—but you'd better be ready to give me a good fucking after!" I assured her I would. When Pat came over and asked where I was, Liz told her I was out with the boys. I had actually gotten in the closet about five minutes before she arrived.

I had the sliding door open about two inches so I could see the whole room. Pat had on a blue denim shirt and shorts. Liz told her she'd better take off her shirt so the dress would fit right. Well, Pat started to unbutton her shirt, and I started to shake all over. She had no bra on, and her tits stood out real nice, with nipples the size of silver dollars. I had a hard-on instantly and noticed my wife gazing at those big tits for a few seconds while Pat was trying to take the dress off over her head.

After my wife made the fitting, she told Pat to take the dress off carefully so as not to stick herself with the pins. When Pat took the dress off and was standing there with just her short shorts on, I got the shock of my life. All of a sudden my wife reached up and put her hands on Pat's tits. Pat never moved, all she did was close her eyes. My wife quietly told her what a nice pair of tits she had, and then she started playing with Pat's nipples, which, I might add, were starting to swell up real good now. Liz put her mouth on one of Pat's nipples and started to suck it. After about a minute she went to the other one, and Pat was really starting to get hot by now—when my wife reached down and ran her hands up and down Pat's thighs.

It wasn't long before Liz upzipped Pat's shorts and pulled them down, revealing to both of us that Pat didn't have on any panties. Liz started to play with Pat's nice, brown, hairy cunt and soon stuck a finger in. This really started Pat going. They both began kissing each other and sucking each other's tongues, and Pat reached around behind and undid my wife's halter and started sucking her tits. By this time I had already shot a full load without even having to touch my cock. The next thing I knew they were on the bed sucking each other's cunts.

After Pat left, my wife asked if I was happy now. I said I sure was and asked her how she had liked it. She said it was great. Pat and my wife get together about once a week now, and I hide in the closet to watch.— *Name and address withheld*

The older—the bolder

This past weekend I attended a party given by a neighbor of mine who had moved in a couple of months ago. Like myself, he is a bachelor and has many friends—both male and female. Although his apartment is small, there must have been seventy people in it at any given time. Needless to say, introductions were impossible beyond more than a half dozen or so people, whose names I promptly forgot as soon as I heard them anyway. During the course of the evening, I found myself talking with a woman who must have been in her middle or late forties, but who was beautifully put together and could have passed for a sister of Kim Novak. Because we were both in the same field (aviation), we seemed to hit it off immediately, despite the age difference—I am twenty-three. We both were drinking pretty heavily and feeling real good, and within a couple of hours, I asked her if she'd like to get away from all the smoke and go to my apartment. She smiled without saying anything, refilled a glass, and just moved toward the door, and I followed. In the corridor I led the way, and we got to my apartment two floors up.

As soon as we got into my apartment, she asked if it would embarrass me if she made herself more comfortable. Some case! I thought, and my heart started pounding so fast I thought I was going to explode—I was really hot for her by now. Anyway, she disappeared into the bathroom and came out wearing only a

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bra and panties. Standing in front of the chair where I was sitting, she asked me if I wouldn't also like to make myself more comfortable. I didn't need to be asked again—in about a minute, I just stripped off all my clothes. By now I was really excited and was practically exploding. Seeming to sober up a little, she told me to sit back down and said it would make it a lot more exciting for her if I would play with myself while she took off her bra and panties in front of me. It really turned her on as she watched me and dropped her panties and took off her bra, and she began fingering herself. I proposed that we go into the bedroom and, believe it or not, at *that* moment she decides to drop this bombshell on me—that she is my neighbor's mother!

Like a faucet turned off suddenly, my cock wilted in about two seconds, and I began feeling an unbelievable guilt. I had no idea what to do, and meanwhile she was standing there with her finger going like crazy and her other hand massaging her tits. It was all over in a minute—she came and dropped down to her knees and began sucking my cock to try bringing it up. But it was no use. She got dressed and went back to the party alone, and I just sat there, feeling like the biggest jerk who ever was. You can bet the next time I meet someone at a party, I'll ask exactly why the hell she's there and who she knows!—*Name and address withheld*

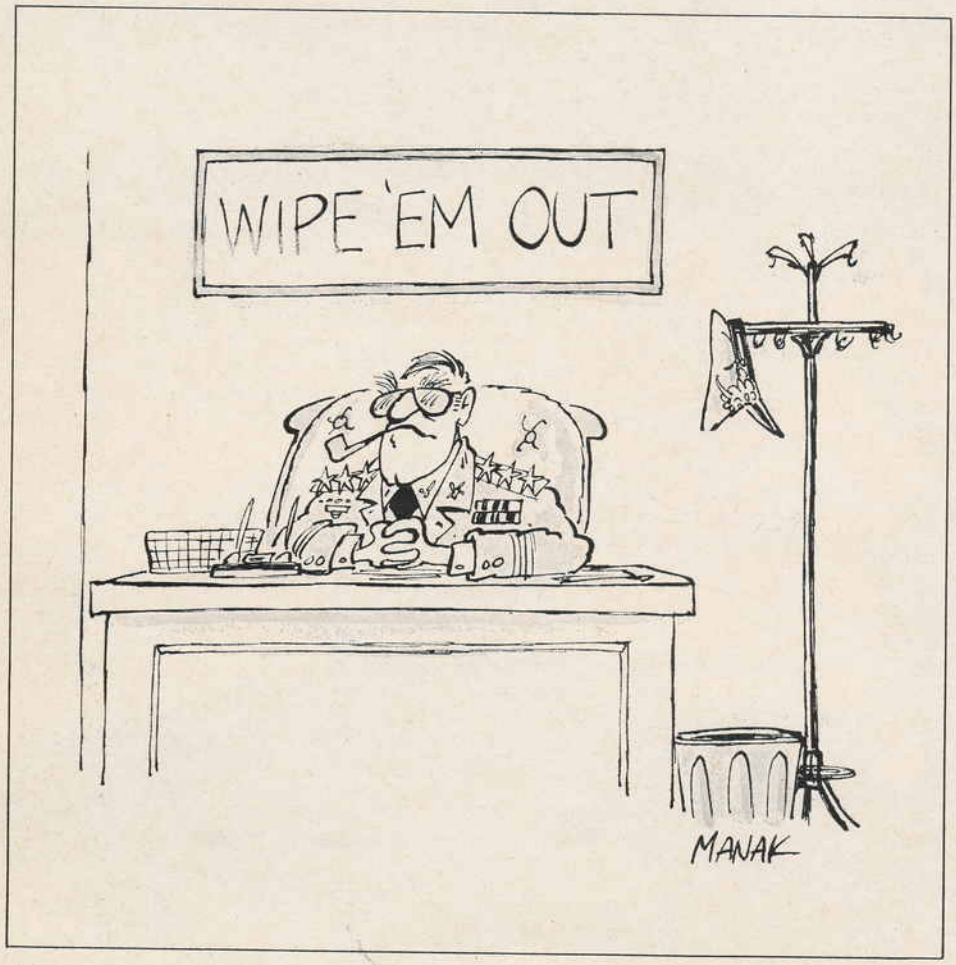
I have been an avid reader of your remarkable magazine for over three years. As I can recall, none of your readers has used these columns to relate the kind of experience that I am about to relate here.

My experience concerns my luscious relationship with my mother-in-law (Mrs. M). At the outset let me mention that I am very happily married for the last two years to a great chick who, apart from being a wonderful wife, gives me great sexual satisfaction (and, of course, receives it in plenty!). Now, about my mother-in-law: she is a great looking female around forty years, and her dress and manners impart a curious mixture of respectability and sensuality to her. She is one of the few middle-aged women I have seen who displays generous portions of her shapely thighs and legs and, on many occasions, some eye-popping moments of her buxom cleavage. Her tits must measure at least forty inches. Her mouth has got to be one of her most erotic assets because the graceful movements of those shapely red lips while she talks has given me erections many a time. Despite all that oozing sexuality, Mrs. M, by her intelligent and sophisticated attitudes and manners, has earned respect from almost everybody she knows in our midwestern neighborhood. I had often fantasized going to bed with her but, in reality, had not even ventured to sit next to her on any occasion.

Well, it happened one day—my fantasies came true. It all started when my wife had to attend her girl friend's wedding in Chicago and had to be away for at least three days. Since my responsibilities at work could not allow me to be away with her, my thoughtful wife arranged for me to be fed and taken care of by her mother who was to move in to our home those three days. (Mrs. M lives about a mile away and is separated from her globe-trotting, executive husband). On the first day on my return home from work, my mother-in-law sat on the sofa, immaculately dressed, sipping Scotch, and watching the network news on TV. On my arrival she promptly greeted me with a smile and walked to the kitchen to fix me my favorite drink. As we watched TV together, I couldn't help stealing frequent glances at the great physical beauty before me and the bonus sights of her almost bare tits revealed by the low-neck blouse she was wearing. Mrs. M apparently became aware of my stealing glances, and I was pleasantly surprised to notice that she was faintly smiling and rapidly changing her postures on the sofa in order to reveal more of herself. For the first time, I had a look at the lacy, beige panties as she made an exaggerated adjustment of her skirt in order to get up and go to the kitchen.

After a short but delicious dinner session, we were back in the living room where we started conversing on various topics until we came to sex and morality. I was again surprised to hear her talk so approvingly of today's sexual mores. At this point she suggested a drink of Scotch and soda, and as we sipped, Mrs. M gently walked over to sit beside me and slowly took my hand and placed it on her thigh. Ignoring the trembling in my hand, she then led it to her half-exposed blouse, and I noticed that her creamy pair of boobs appeared fuller and more flushed now than before. Not mistaking her intentions any more, I started squeezing her full, white tits, at which point, Mrs. M suddenly pulled me towards her and showered voluptuous kisses all over my face and, with a provocative groan, started fondling my tongue with hers. After a few minutes of this sensational tongue activity, she pressed my face firmly against her enormous, soft, fleshy boobs. Although half suffocated by this bouncing erotic flesh against my face, I couldn't resist sucking and biting every delicious inch of her pink tits and cherry red nipples.

Her groaning growing a little louder, Mrs. M motioned me to undress her further and to go down on her, which I did while sitting on the floor. Let me tell you, this was the most mind-blowing sucking I ever did on anybody's pussy. Her cunt was hot, responsive, flowing with juices of a great aroma, and her clit was purple with passion. I must have eaten my mother-in-law's juices for over half an hour, and every minute of it was



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divine. Later I couldn't believe Mrs. M's libido when she started to remove my pants and brought my aching, full-grown dick out into the world. I can't find words to describe the deftness with which she fondled my cock with her hand. Her skillful squeezing of my dick at the right places and her erotic use of her fingernails gave me sensations which I will ruminate on for the rest of my life. Soon, her sexy mouth started working on my cock, and with her tongue, capable of the most intricate movements over my penis head, she would lick every drop of the love fluid that appeared on it. Then my cock had the privilege of being slowly sucked in and out of Mrs. M's warm, moist, relentless mouth. As both our love groans became more frequent and loud, I came completely in her mouth, and even the sight of her hungrily swallowing my come with a delightful smile on her face was a highly erotic experience for me. Afterwards, we both cuddled up our naked bodies and lay on the floor for many hours before we went into the bedroom for a night of more licking and sucking.

I called in sick the next two days, and Mrs. M and I sucked and fucked each other dry until my wife returned. Our clandestine affair has progressed so much that we can't help having short petting and necking sessions whenever Mrs. M visits us and when my wife is out of sight in the kitchen or in the laundry. However, I must point out that this relationship with my mother-in-law has not in the least affected my marriage and has therefore not brought guilt feelings to me. In fact, it has added spice to my sex life with my lovely wife.—*Name and address withheld*

I have just finished reading the article about middle-aged women and young men in the February issue and feel compelled to relate my own little story along those lines. By way of introduction, I am a student in Ottawa, Ontario, and have just turned twenty-one.

A very popular pastime in this city is skating on the frozen Rideau Canal. On a sunny day, people literally throng to skate the eight or so miles through the center of the city. One particularly cold evening a few weeks ago, a friend of mine and myself, admittedly a bit drunk, went out to play a game of shinney on the canal. It was pretty late and not crowded at all so we figured we could get away with something that is ordinarily banned.

We were skating pretty fast, passing the puck back and forth, and were just passing the buttress of a bridge when a black shadow suddenly moved in front of me. Instinctively I dropped my shoulder, braced myself, and smashed good and hard into somebody. Well, it turned out to be a woman, about thirty-eight years old, with breasts that looked big even under a ski jacket. I apologized profusely and asked if she were hurt. She said she was okay, but I was pretty sure she was winded and stunned because my shoulder hit her right on the sternum, and hit her bloody hard.

Later, while driving out of the parking lot by myself on my way home, I noticed the woman walking along the sidewalk. Rolling down my window, I offered her a ride home, saying I felt pretty badly about the accident and sincerely hoped she wasn't hurt. She accepted the ride graciously and introduced herself as Patsy.

On the way over to her house, we discussed the standard baloney like school and the weather and so on. I discovered she was married and that her husband was in Montreal on business. When we reached her house, she invited me in for coffee, and I of course accepted.

She sat me down in the kitchen table and plugged in the kettle, then she excused herself for a minute. Ho-Ho, thinks I, time to get the ashes hauled! I was somewhat disappointed, however, to see her re-enter the kitchen in the most unflattering housecoat I've ever seen. Although it still could do no injustice to the size of her breasts. They still looked huge. They were 44-D's if they were an inch.

By now the kettle was boiling—in more ways than one. She poured coffee for two then asked if I'd like a bit of scotch whiskey poured in with it. Naturally, I said yes.

Patsy sat down on the other side of the table and our discussion continued. At length the liquor began to affect her as her complexion flushed and her eyes grew shiney. During a lull in the conversation, she said, "You hurt me tonight, you know." I said, "Really—not seriously, I hope." "Just a bruise, although an ugly one. Here, give me your hand." She took my hand and put it on her breastbone, and it was warm. But my hands were still a little cool from outside, and I think the sudden chill had an effect on her because she shivered noticeably and closed her eyes for a second.

Then Patsy's expression changed. She took my hand and moved it over to feel her left breast, then across to feel her right one. Her pert nipples were standing out stiffly, and I could see their outline against the housecoat. "Kisses work wonders with bruises, you know," she whispered; and with that, she came around to my side of the table and sat on my lap facing me with a leg on either side of my hips. Leaning back she pulled my head to her chest and asked me to kiss her breasts. I wasn't reluctant, to be sure.

Moaning and kissing through her teeth, she was raking my back with her fingernails—which I love during lovemaking. Soon after, her fingers left my back and travelled via my chest to my crotch. Her fingers got busy with my fly and soon exposed what she was apparently very hungry for. By this time her housecoat had become (very annoyingly) in the way. I untied the sash and let it fall to the floor—

and it was then I believed the stories about how attractive middle-aged women are. Her body was not perfect, or exquisitely proportioned, but it had a mellow sensuality about it that I found most appealing.

I moved my hands directly to tickle her fancy, and she responded and shook like a virgin. It was most gratifying to be able to turn on a woman who undoubtedly had better men than myself—or at least, more mature men. I found myself wanting to hump this woman so badly I could taste it. I picked her off my lap and laid her down on the kitchen table with her legs spread far apart. I buried my face in the nest of pubic hair and drove my tongue as far up her cleft as it would go, then back out, and titillated her clitoris repeatedly and tongued her wrinkled anus 'till the sweet liquid of her love juices covered my face.

She was moaning pretty loudly, and it was obvious the time was right. I stripped off my clothing and climbed up on the table. I spread her cunt lips and entered her to the hilt with one thrust. After about a dozen climaxes for her and a tremendous one for me, we both lay exhausted, still on the kitchen table. Then after only a few minutes, Patsy said it was time for her to repay the favor. She went down on me and gave me tremendous head while fingering me up my ass.

Patsy invited me to spend the night on the condition that I leave before daybreak so the neighbors wouldn't see. I spent the rest of the night bearing witness to the incredible delights of an older woman.—*Name withheld, Ottawa, Ontario*

Sis's sibling

I would like to relate a rather unnerving experience I had recently, one which many may have had and have felt its psychologically stabbing consequences.

I am a college student, and during one of my semester breaks, I decided to take advantage of the weekend holiday and visited my sister, who is also in a university. She had urged me to do so in letters, telling me of her delightful apartment in the city and her new and first boyfriend. I was introduced to him immediately on arrival and found him to be intelligent and immensely attracted to my sister. He is very tall and enjoys athletics. As a matter of fact, he invited me to play basketball with him the following afternoon.

The next day, after a particularly rousing game, we both shed our sweaty clothes and entered the shower. I gazed in awe at his unusually long and sinewy cock and wondered how deep he was in his relationship with Sis. Was he sticking that violent, pulsating organ into my sister whose breasts, box, and buttocks I grew up with and matured along side of? I became helpless with nausea and regret at these thoughts and soon erased them.

Anyhow, that night my daytime nightmare came true. My Sis and I were watching the late show when, halfway through, in walked boyfriend to finish up with us. As the final credits flashed across the screen, the two uttered "good night" and left down the hallway and into Sis's room, closing the door. I left the TV on (extra loud), padded quietly over to the adjacent kitchen, and pressed my ear to the wall, which I knew to be paper thin.

The bed (which, ironically, my parents slept in during their honeymoon) was creaking spasmodically, and I could hear whispers and pleading. Suddenly, Sis began to breathe heavily and cry out (as she had when I struck her as a child). She heaved and stifled cries of joy as I imagined that string-beaned jock penetrating his broomstick prick in and out, in and out. The bed was now making incredible noises—they obviously did not wish to conceal anything from me even though boyfriend had (or pretended to have) utmost respect for me. Soon it was over, and so was I, tapping my fingers in a drum solo on the kitchen table and gazing forlornly off into space. They even had the gall to repeat their ignominious actions the next morning. I am a sensitive person, and now I feel unpleasant around the two. Otherwise, I did find her apartment, and the city, delightful.—*Name and address withheld*

A fair cop

I haven't missed reading Forum for over two years now, not knowing whether to believe many of the letters or not—but never dreaming I'd be relating an interesting happening of my own.

My girl friend and I were sitting in the sand dunes at Ocean Beach in San Francisco, sharing a few beers and getting mildly drunk. Soon our interests turned to sex, and it being a typical overcast day at the beach, we looked around and found no one in sight. So we began to disrobe. I was soon down on her, probing her gorgeous muff region with my tongue. The beer and the heady aroma of the love juices all combined to make us forget we were actually on a public beach.

Soon I placed my rock-hard organ in her moist love cavern and began pumping and grinding away furiously. We were both nearing what promised to be a terrific climax when noises interrupted us. We looked up and saw, to our total shock, that two of the city's mounted policemen were watching our show. One cop leaned over in his saddle and simply said, "Not bad"—as my penis wilted in seconds and my chick's face turned cherry red.—*Name withheld, San Francisco, Calif.*

Hi-infidelity

I noted with interest a recent letter published which concerned a disc jockey and the wife of his employer. At this time I wish to relate what I think to be a unique experience of what can go on behind the scenes in the day to day operation of a

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major market radio station.

I am what is known in the business as an "operator." And I think I qualify in the true sense of the word. Basically, what my job entails is playing all the records, commercials, jingles, etc. for the disc jockey who sits in front of me behind a window in a small booth adjacent to the control room. We work very well together in creating an entertaining program and over the last few months have become good friends. Subsequently, being a typical, hungry bachelor, I'm often invited to his apartment to enjoy a touch of home cooking prepared by his lovely wife Louise.

Raised somewhat conservatively, I was always taught to respect the sanctity of marriage. But Louise is everything I could ever dream of in a woman—long, flowing, blond hair; soft, pouting lips; baby blue eyes; large firm breasts, and legs that just melt into a beautiful, tight ass. A real dish. Anyway, to make a long story short, one day while her husband Dave was out making a personal appearance, Louise made a personal appearance of her own at my front door. I couldn't imagine what she wanted. It turned out to be me. This lady could unlace a football with her tongue. I am a stereo/high-fidelity freak, with speakers over my bed, and together we've put new meaning into my record collection. When I jokingly suggested that we record our lovemaking on tape, I was surprised to find that she had no objection.

Recently I read an article on subliminal projection and got to wondering what would happen if I were to run "our" tape as a very soft background to the records on the radio. My curiosity got the best of me, and I took the tape into the station and have been running it from time to time on Dave's show without his knowledge. I play it under hard rock records and mix the levels so you can just about make it out. I know you'll find this hard to believe, but since I've been broadcasting *my* performance along with his, the phone's been ringing off the hook with requests for more of *that great music.* Dave has no idea why he's enjoying this increased popularity, and I'm not going to tell him.

The next time you enjoy a certain record more on one station than on another station, give it a thought: maybe they, too, are broadcasting "in-fidelity."—*B.J., address withheld*

Kissin' cousin

On behalf of a lot of other horny studs and myself, I'd like to encourage you to publish more cock shots. They don't do a lot for me directly, but they sure turn on the chicks in my life. Every girl who comes to my apartment looks at the magazines which I have out. A good picture of cock means nearly instant head for me.

On the other hand, if you don't provide the cock, I have a fallback position. Let

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me tell you about it.

My mother was killed in a car accident when I was ten, and to ease the burden on my father, I spent one weekend a month with a distant, married cousin for two years until my cousin became pregnant. During one of the first weekends, Debbie (my cousin) came into the bathroom while I was in the shower. She was wearing a shelf bra and garter belt and nothing else that I can remember. I didn't know what a shelf bra was then, but I can remember her pert nipples showing over the top of the black nylon. She turned off the water and scolded me for spending too much time in the shower and said that playing with myself wasn't good for me. At that time, I had never wacked off and didn't really know what she was talking about. She told me that her husband had gone to the office and that we would have to be alone and that she would take care of me.

I was fascinated with Debbie's pubic hair which was pure gold and quite short. I learned later that she trimmed it very carefully. I will never forget how she sat on the toilet seat with the garters lying loosely on her pussy and watched me dry myself. When I was dry, Debbie brought in a jock strap which she had bought for me and told me to put it on. I had never seen a jock before—my cock and balls could have fit into a thimble then. She told me that I should wear the jock all day and nothing else. We then went into the bedroom and Debbie told me to lie down. She then slid down my new jock and began to give me head. I suppose she probably took my whole cock and balls in.

Debbie did many other things that day and other days when her husband was at the office. I quickly learned why I shouldn't tell Dad or any one else about my experiences, and you are almost the first to know of them. I say "almost" for a reason. About fifty or so chicks know, and they know because of one thing that Debbie did for me.

Debbie had a Polaroid camera. I now have two full albums of me as a young boy being initiated into sex. Initiated is not the correct word—welcomed is more like it. I have had one of these pictures blown up poster size. It was taken shortly before Debbie became pregnant and the weekends stopped. I was then twelve and really into masturbating—with weekend help. Debbie bought me a cowboy outfit with chaps, etc. She took the picture of me in full cowboy regalia except that I was nude where I should have had Levi's, and to match the two guns which I held in my hands facing the foe was a monster (for me then) hard-on.

My twelve-year-old hard cock is now framed and hanging in my bathroom. The point of my story is that if you don't print the cock pix, I do have my own. No chick has ever used my bathroom without asking who the pretty little boy is. From then on, it's a breeze.

Thank you Debbie and *Penthouse* from time to time.—*Name and address withheld*

Size wise

As a Research Sexologist, I am constantly deluged with requests for methods concerning penile elongation. As you are well aware, this has been a source of much consternation and misinformation. In as much as many of your readers appear to be directly concerned with this question, I thought it might be both prudent and constructive to inform you of the results of my recent research. I have found an extraordinarily successful method which can positively result in significant, permanent penile growth.

Anthropologists have long been aware of the existence of a primitive tribe of South Sea islanders who are distinctive for the enormous proportions of the male genitalia. At first believing the aberration to be primarily genetic, little note had been made of this trait. However, subsequent investigation has shown that there appears to be a correlation between penile size and frequency of sexual encounter.

Employing this theory, a research program was initiated at a large midwestern university. Male subjects were selected at random and divided into two groups. One group was employed as a norm, and penile size was recorded periodically along with information regarding sexual activity. The other group was instructed to involve themselves in sexual intercourse no fewer than seven times weekly for a period of one year.

The norm group exhibited negligible growth. However, remarkable gains were made by the test group. The range of penile enlargement went from a minimum of three-quarters of an inch to a maximum of over four inches in length. Girth size (diameter) was also improved with a maximum enlargement of two inches. All growth changes were permanent.

One of the test group subjects insisted upon involving himself in sexual intercourse no fewer than thirty times a week, with single day counts as high as thirteen. Within the test period, this particularly ambitious young man experienced a change in penile size from an initial four and one-half inches in length, and one and one-half inches in diameter, to the phenomenal growth of fourteen and one-quarter inches by five inches. He is now engaged in the production of short-subject films in the San Francisco area. The subject who experienced the minimal growth of three-quarters inches later admitted that he had cheated by counting self-stimulation for sexual encounters. It must be emphasized that sexual intercourse is a mandatory requirement. Subsequent experiments have produced remarkably consistent data.

In conclusion the evidence suggests that the solution to the problem of im-

mature penile size exists solely in the frequency of sexual intercourse. I would suggest that your readers take it upon themselves to choose any other consenting adult and engage in sexual intercourse a minimum of seven times weekly. Obviously, the appearance of the prerequisite partner makes little or no difference. Hence, even if the reader is only mildly aroused by a given female, efforts should be made to engage in some manner of sexual intercourse. Remember: masturbation is not the answer! — *Dr. Harry Palmes, address withheld*

We thank Dr. Palmes for calling our attention to this famous but little known study. We would be remiss, however, if we did not call attention to a serious, and potentially dangerous, side effect that was brought out in a follow-up study. Records show that while Dr. Palmes himself did indeed increase his penile dimensions by nine and three fourths inches longitudinally and three and one half inches latitudinally, his body weight decreased from 175 pounds to 110. He now walks with a pronounced sway back in order to maintain his balance, due to the increased weight of his forward appendage. We would also advise Dr. Palmes to hang on to his legs, and let go of ours.—The Editors

Double hitch

I am a single businessman in my mid-twenties and spend much time driving around New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania on business. I have made it a practice to pick up many hitchhikers as I remember my own hitchhiking experiences of ten or twelve years ago. I have often fantasized about picking up a young, female hitcher or two and spending a fantastic, sex-filled day with them. I finally lived out this fantasy this summer.

I was coming back from Philadelphia early one Monday afternoon. My girl was on vacation at the time, and my weekend in Philly was dull and boring. So, naturally, I was horny as hell.

While driving up the Jersey Turnpike, I came across two girls hitching and carrying back-packs. I stopped to give them a lift, and they turned out to be two French teenagers who had flown to New York in June and spent a couple of months hitching around the country. Both were wearing cut-off shorts and halters, and neither spoke English very well. But just looking at these beautiful young things, their gorgeous nipples pressing through the halters, gave me a hard-on. My mind was racing with wild, sexual thoughts, but I was a little reluctant to approach them.

They managed to tell me they were trying to get to Kennedy Airport, but there was little other conversation for about ten or fifteen minutes. Finally, one noticed my Minolta camera in the backseat and asked in hesitant English if she could look at it. That gave me my opening, as I proposed that perhaps they would like me to take some pictures of them. The one who spoke the better English agreed, and suggested perhaps we could find somewhere where they could pose nude for me—if I would like.

By this time my cock was throbbing, and the one sitting next to me—the one who hardly knew any English—noticed the bulge in my pants and giggled. Her friend then explained our plans to her in French, and she started to undo her halter right in the car. I thought I'd go crazy, but I stopped her and sped on toward my apartment in North Jersey. It took another anxious half hour to get there, and I couldn't wait to get these two honeys inside for some pictures and sex.

Both undressed as soon as we got inside, revealing four superbly formed tits and two gorgeous, clean-shaven cunts. They posed, and I took a few quick pictures, practically coming in my pants at the sight of the two of them nude and touching each other.

Finally, they approached me, took the camera out of my hands, and began undressing me. One began licking my asshole as the other stroked my swelling cock and lightly kissed the head. I thought I'd blow my load immediately, but somehow I held back.

Well, we spent six glorious hours fucking and sucking in various *ménage-à-trois* positions. We each must have come about seven or eight times before the three of us dropped off to sleep on my king-sized bed. We awoke the next morning and repeated the scene until, finally, I drove them out to Kennedy and saw them off on their journey home.

I still have the beautiful pictures of these two French honeys and take them out at least once a week and jerk off while looking at them. And I'm still picking up hitchikers hoping for a similar happening.—*Name and address withheld*

Insurance benefits

I would like to tell you about some of the girls I made it with in our insurance office. Of course I can only speak from my experiences, but I think it will show what a variety of gals can be found in only a medium sized office.

Miss P.—She was probably the most active in sex but very passive to foreplay. She really dug masturbation and really got her kicks from watching the guys. She had many flings with other guys in the office, but they were brief. One thing however, she would never go down on a guy. She just didn't dig the idea.

Mrs. B.—She always wanted her cunt licked, and no way could I refuse her. She had a couple of kids, and it made me wonder if that's why her clit was so long. But she was superactive when screwing, too. She really enjoyed doing all the humping. She also would spread her cunt as wide as possible with her fingers while

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being licked. She said she gets nothing from masturbation.

Miss D.—She is a very small gal in every way. The first couple times we tried to screw it was a bad scene. Not that I'm that well endowed, but I just couldn't get it in her. We would spend hours in foreplay, but when I would try to penetrate her, she would be in much pain. She would insist that I keep trying, despite her pain. Once inside her, everything was go go gogo. But every time we would start, it would be the same. It gave me such a complex about hurting her we never got it on after a few times.

Miss L.—She was the most fantastic sex partner a man could have! She was every bit of a lady in front of others, but in bed she has no hangups. She didn't curse, smoke, or drink, but in bed it was anything goes. She was really fond of oral sex, both giving and receiving.

This chick had the most perfect body you could imagine. She had perfect breasts, perfect curves, and vaginal muscles you never knew existed. She really knew what sex was all about. All one had to do was caress and kiss her feet and toes, and she was ready to come. She didn't hesitate to start masturbating when you begin kissing her—I guess to get herself really ready. She dug watching a guy's penis disappear inside her, too. She would crane her neck and just stare while giving everything she had. And believe me, she acted as if she invented the multiorgasm. She could come at the slightest touch. And when she would come while being eaten, sucked, and licked, she would try to shove your entire head inside of her. She really loved it.

Miss G.—She is a jerkoff fan. She really enjoys a guy masturbating and starts in herself. She likes to have a guy's come on her chest. When she wants to screw, she really gets into it. Her big trick to get you going is to start sucking on your cock. Now how can you resist that? She demands oral sex, too.

Mrs. S.—This gal was really into sucking cocks. She could never get enough. She would bring you off and start again to get you up for some long screwing sessions. She dug all the positions she could get into, but I still don't see how she enjoyed ninety percent of them.

Miss R.—She was a real exhibitionist in every sense of the word. She'd wear miniskirts and no underwear anyplace, anytime. If a guy even looked like he was looking at her, she would really give him something to see. Some guys would get embarrassed, too. She has a chest that is giant sized. You couldn't cover her nipples with a fifty-cents piece. They were like melons on a vine. A nice little ass on her, too. She had to have the wettest pussy going, too. She also was multiorgasmic and never knew when to stop.

Which all just goes to disprove the saying, "You've seen one, you've seen 'em all."—*M.S., New York, N.Y.*

X-her-sizes

The sexual experiences I have had with girls who dance professionally, or who work as maids cleaning six different houses a week, have been superior with respect to vaginal tightness and muscle-tone. Although I've had no experience with female athletes, I imagine the same would hold true with them.

I would like to see letters from males who have found vaginal looseness in athletes or dancers. If few or no such assertions are made by men, my theory would tend to be confirmed.

Women with problems regarding overlarge vaginas (or whose men have small penises), some of whom have written to this column or to Xaviera's, might find their solution in an arduous course of exercise. Although natural size in this area varies considerably, it might prove far less important than muscular development.—*Name and address withheld*

Hard luck

It seems to me that every time someone writes in to the Forum about having a sexual experience with somebody's mother, wife, sister, girl friend, etc. it always ends up in an orgy, or a super fuck session.

For instance, if a guy is screwing his mother-in-law and his wife walks in on them, she will stand there and get excited, start fingering herself, strip down naked, and join in with her mother and husband for an orgy.

Or, if some guy is jerking off in an elevator or in a stock room, the woman who always walks in on the guy never runs out screaming and yelling, "There's some pervert in there jerking off, someone call the police!" Instead she will go right over to the guy and start sucking him off.

Well, I would like to tell you what happened to me about a month ago.

I *used* to date a girl named Judy. She lives in a big house with two very attractive roommates, Karen and Jane. I spent most of my nights there, but unfortunately I only got to sleep with my girl friend. Oh, nothing against Judy, she is a very beautiful girl. She has long blond hair, a very pretty face, and a fantastic body. She also possesses the biggest set of tits I have ever seen in person. She is 42-24-37½, and it's all her, too. I just wanted a little more fun and variety, that's all.

There were many nights when the four of us would sit around the house drinking and talking about sex—usually always ending up talking about having an orgy. They would tease me and ask me if I thought I was man enough to take on all three of them at the same time, and satisfy them to the fullest. Of course I would take them up on their offer, but every time the four of us would get into it, my girl friend would put an end to it quickly. I knew that Karen and Jane were all for it, but Judy wouldn't have anything to do with it.

Anyway, one night we had a party and invited a couple of my friends over. We all started drinking, dancing, telling jokes, and having a good time. Throughout the evening Karen and I kept exchanging seductive glances with one another. It was very obvious what she had on her mind. I knew she wanted me, and I wanted her. Once in awhile Judy would tell Karen and me to stop drooling over each other and pay more attention to our partners.

As the night went on, the party got wild. Jane and Paul went up into one of the bedrooms, while Joe, Karen, Judy, and I drank and kept talking about swapping and having an orgy. Then Joe and Judy went into the kitchen to mix some more drinks while I went upstairs to go to the bathroom.

When I came out of the bathroom, Karen was standing there waiting for me. We just looked at each other for a few seconds, then I grabbed her, and we started to go to it. I wasn't sure what I was going to do next. I didn't know whether to go all the way with her or to go back down stairs. She started rubbing my dick while I was rubbing her soft, beautiful, round ass. Then I slid my hand around to her twat. I could not believe how wet she was. I mean, I have felt wet pussy before, but her big, hairy bush felt like a soaking wet sponge. Boy, was she ever ready! And that did it! I couldn't resist any longer—I just had to stick my pulsating shaft into her. Without any further hesitation, we undressed right there in front of the bathroom door, laid down, and in seconds my throbbing rod was buried deep inside her hot, tight, juicy pussy.

I started to wonder what Judy would do if she came up and caught us screwing. Then I thought to myself, "Hey, this is just what happens to all those people who write into the *Penthouse* Forum. Maybe when Judy and Joe come up to see what all the moaning is about, they might join in with us."

Suddenly, I heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Karen got scared and asked me to get off of her. I told her to relax and enjoy it and that everything was going to be all right.

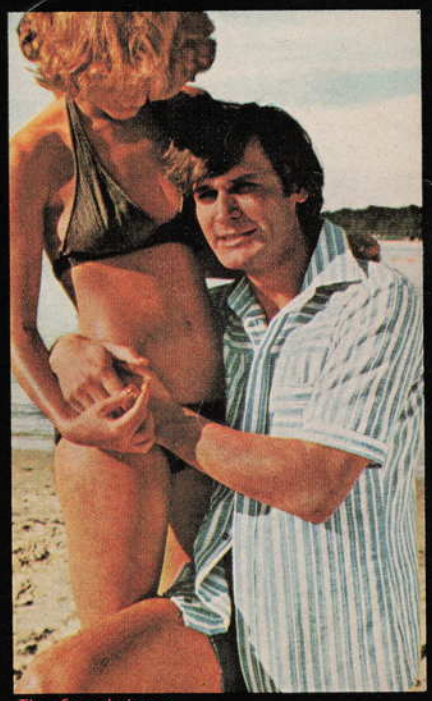
When Judy and Joe reached the top of the stairs, Judy went hysterical and started screaming and yelling. She ran over to me and grabbed my hair. She yanked it so hard that my eyes began to water. Then she started clawing at my face and back and began pulling Karen's hair and kicking her in the ribs.

I was trying to get up and protect myself from being kicked at the same time, when all of a sudden, Judy smacked me across the face so hard that my head went numb. Then Judy punched Karen right in the stomach—and a very bad reaction occurred which took my mind off of my burning face. Karen's knee acci-

The Drifter

The Drifter

The Comber



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dentally jolted up and smashed me right in the balls. It was all over for me. I was bent over like a pretzel, squirming painfully around on the floor. Judy and Karen were fighting worse than ever, scratching, kicking, and cussing.

Joe finally managed to break it up, and Karen ran into her bedroom crying. He tried to calm Judy down, but she just kept on yelling and screaming at me and Karen and calling us every name in the book. Finally, she ran out of the house, got into her car, and drove away.

After about fifteen minutes, I was able to pick myself up off the floor.

While Joe was helping me get dressed, he looked at me and said, "You know something? You've been reading too many books."—*J.M., Levittown, Pa.*

If at first you don't succeed....

—The Editors

Female forum . . .

I am a twenty-one-year-old brunette, and most men consider me quite attractive. Ever since I was a freshman in college, I have been reading *Penthouse* avidly, especially your Forum section. Your thoughtful readers' letters have been an inspiration to me and have helped to bring me closer to my own desires. I think your readers might profit in the same regard by an unusual experience I had last summer, totally by surprise.

Last June I was driving alone from the University of Colorado at Boulder to visit my boyfriend in San Francisco, and the miles of endless Nevada desert left me little to think about but my boyfriend and our time together. I began to get very horny and restless in the heat. Almost without realizing it, my hand dropped to my thigh. I couldn't resist. My breath came quickly, and I pulled my panties down to my ankles. Soon my fingers were buried deep in my moist love tunnel, and the miles passed more quickly to the motion of my hips.

In my mounting excitement, miles from nowhere, I noticed that the gas gauge was nearing empty. Fortunately, I recalled a gas station a mile back, the only settlement I'd seen for hours. I drove quickly to the station where I was greeted by a friendly cowboy-type. He filled the tank and just as he stuck his head through my window for the money, I glanced down to see with horror my steaming panties draped around my bare ankles. (It was a hot day and getting hotter!) Glancing back up, my eyes met those of the cowboy whose knowing grin ended any pretense I might have made. It was obvious he'd be pumping more than gas that afternoon. After only a few minutes of stalling conversation, it was obvious to both of us that we were both in agreement.

We went into a small room lined with saddles and riding gear and had our clothes off in an instant. He had a cock like a stallion. He bent me over a saddle on my back, my pubic mound arched and expectant. Strong hands fondled my firm, out-thrust breasts. Suddenly his stallion cock, eager for my tongue, was between my panting lips. My hair fell between his legs and caressed his super-balls. Even as my mouth opened to receive him, my hands were groping and my fingers soon encircled his throbbing balls. I came, thundering like a wild mare, again and again. Then he fucked me, filling me to capacity.

As the sun set that afternoon, I drove into California with a "complimentary" tank of gas. My boyfriend and I got it on okay, but I think I'll always smile secretly when I see a horse.—*J.M., San Francisco, Calif.*

. . . double trouble

I have a really wild tale which may be of interest to your readers. My twin sister and I both live in the same city although she is married, and I am single. For some months my sister and her husband have been having trouble. Her husband travels, and it recently came to light that he has a girl in every port, so to speak. This really shook my sister, but her husband didn't seem to care and in fact had made a point of rubbing salt in the wound.

Her husband had a lecherous eye on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

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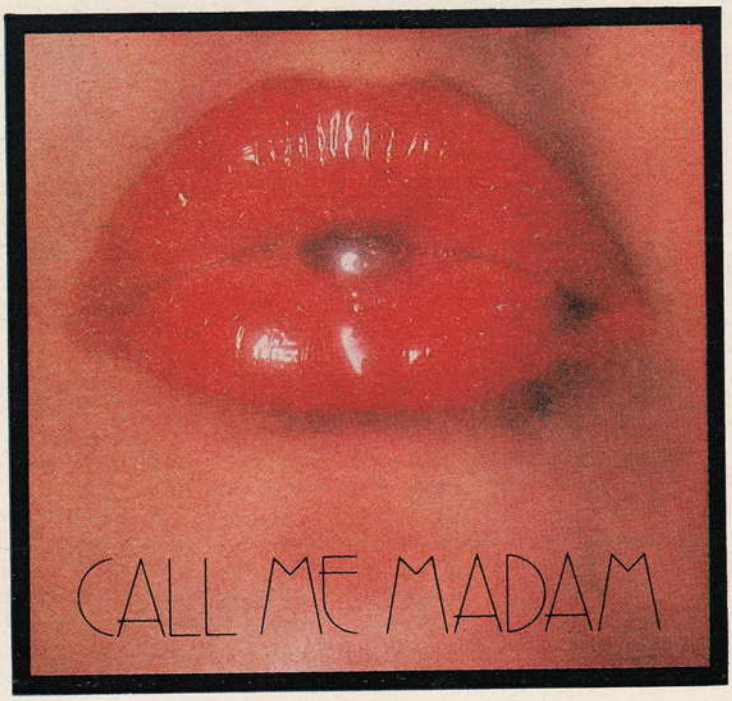
XAVIERA HOLLANDER



XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

Please help me. I'm so confused I don't know what to do. I was raised in a very puritanical household where sex was never discussed, except when my parents told me that I was expected to save my virginity for my husband.

Well, I was a virgin when I married my husband eighteen years ago. I didn't enjoy sex very much at first, because even though we were married, I still felt very guilty about it. To me, sex was somehow dirty, something you had to endure.

My husband is highly sexed and was often frustrated during those first couple of years. Thanks to his patience and understanding I later lost most of my inhibitions and really began enjoying sex. It helped me a lot knowing that my husband always seemed genuinely concerned that I should find sex pleasurable.

Slowly we expanded the variety of our activities. Any type of sex was okay as long as it was mutually agreeable. We even got to the point where my husband would work a dildo into my cunt while he sucked on my clitoris and I sucked his penis. I've gotten to feel very comfortable with sex now, and I look forward to it eagerly. My problem, however, stems from something that happened last winter. My husband and I vacationed in Florida, and every morning we would go to a secluded beach in order to bask in the sun. While we were there one day, we met a man who owned a house nearby. He would come to the beach for a swim while we were there. He was very appealing and I couldn't help staring at the big bulge in his very small swimming trunks. Whenever I stared, I felt very embarrassed and was sure that he and my husband had noticed, but neither ever said anything. I had never had sex with anyone other than my husband, but I sure felt the physical attraction then.

The day before we were to leave the man invited us to his home for lunch and drinks. After lunch and several drinks, the man asked if we would like to have a sauna. When the three of us got into the sauna, the man casually removed his swim trunks and sat down. My husband took the cue and did the same. I just stood there, not knowing what to do and feeling very flustered until my husband said gently, "Well, you can't take a sauna with your bathing suit on. Why don't you take it off and relax?"

I finally removed my suit and sat down, but relaxing was out of the question with naked men on both sides of me. I was getting very excited, especially when my eyes would roam to the area of our host's penis. It was very large and uncircumsized. I had never seen a penis like that before.

After about ten minutes in the sauna, I couldn't stand it anymore, so I showered and lay down on the rug with a towel around me. Then our host and my husband showered and joined me. The man asked my husband if he wanted a massage, which he did. I was going out of my mind with excitement as I watched him rubbing my husband's body. I couldn't believe it when he bent over and his long cock would rub against my husband's body. I was wishing I was the one getting the massage and my crotch was getting wetter and wetter. I laid back and closed my eyes, trying to calm down. But closing my eyes couldn't dim my desires.

Then I felt hands on me. My first reaction was to see who it was, but I resisted and just lay there with my eyes closed. I then realized that they were both massaging me—I could no longer control myself. I reached for my husband's cock, which was now very hard. He was very excited and wasted no time in sliding it into me. I had an orgasm immediately and laid there panting and wanting more as he continued pumping.

Meanwhile, our host was busy stroking and caressing us both.

Photograph by Frank Laffitte

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

My husband did not mind at all, in fact it excited him all the more. I then sucked our host's cock. I loved it, and went from one orgasm to another.

When my husband came, the man took his place inside me and I almost went through the roof with excitement. It was now one continuous orgasm for me. My husband was watching and was completely hard again. Obviously, he was ready for more.

We spent the rest of the day doing everything that any of us could think of doing. The men sucked each other, and I really got off on that. The thing that I liked best was when our friend laid on his back and I sat on him with his cock filling me up completely while my husband sucked furiously on my clitoris. The sensation was greater than I could bear and several times I had to beg them to slow down to keep from fainting. Of course, I kept going back for more.

I have never had so many orgasms, and my husband came four times that day; quite a record for a man, wouldn't you say? The excitement of that day stayed with us for weeks and we made love like we never had before. Needless to say I felt like I didn't need a plane to fly back to New York.

The problem came later when I started thinking about what we had done. I worry also about what my husband thinks of me after what's happened. He has never shown that he feels anything negative about this episode; in fact, he has suggested several times that we do it again. He actually said he enjoyed watching me make it with another guy; it gave him a whole new awareness of my sexuality which he says really turns him on.

I kept putting him off about his suggestion, so he doesn't bring it up anymore. I fear that he might think less of me, or he might feel that I don't love him if I can enjoy myself so thoroughly with another man. And I do love my husband.

I often think about what happened that day in Florida; I just get turned on all over again. I'd love to do something like that again, but I'm afraid. Do you think a man can watch his wife make it with someone else and still love her?—Mrs. S.M.

There is no reason at all for you to fear losing your husband's love. I do realize, however, that because of your conservative upbringing you still feel some remorse for enjoying such a "sinful" act. Obviously, your husband enjoyed watching you have a good time. Your husband has fewer hang-ups about sex, and I'm glad to see he is no longer insisting you find another partner. Let things happen naturally, like the time in Florida where nothing was forced, everything went smoothly and unplanned. That's what makes swinging so enjoyable.

Stop thinking about your puritanical upbringing. After all, that was eighteen years ago and times have changed. I'm sure your husband will appreciate you just as much, if not more, when he realizes that someone else craves your body, too. But take my advice: don't force the matter, as the more you go looking for it, the more unsuccessful it will be. Expect the unexpected.

A COP ON HIS BEAT

I'm a devoted fan of yours and have quite a collection of your books. I'm writing to ask you if you've ever made it with a policeman? I ask because I'm a policeman with six years on the force. I have a few experiences I would like to share with you.

Although I've been married for ten years, I do quite a bit of screwing around. That's one of the good points about being a policeman—a lot of women love the uniform.

After getting off my one-year probation, I met this girl at a travel agency that was on my beat. She was a real fox. It was evident that I was attractive to her, too. I'm a good-looking guy if I must say so. When I put on my uniform, it just adds to the looks. The girl at the agency was named Sue (Jewish origin, five feet, seven inches, long brown hair, 36-25-36). I believe in getting right to the point with broads, and I guess when I'm in uniform I'm even more sure of myself. After five or ten minutes of bullshit chitchat, I asked Sue out after I got off my four-to-midnight shift. She immediately said yes, but she requested I pick her up in full uniform. I was a little reluctant, being married and all, to have someone else see me, but I couldn't refuse.

I picked Sue up at 12:15 and she requested we go to her apartment. I told her it was a great idea and we were off. We arrived and Sue poured two glasses of Cold Duck. Not having eaten much that day, the wine went right to my head. Sue told me to help myself to anything while she took a shower; she made me promise not to take off my uniform. I agreed and while she was showering I had another glass of the Cold Duck. By this time I was pretty high.

After fifteen minutes Sue came out of the bathroom naked. Well, I was about ready to cream in my drawers. My prick responded immediately and all I wanted to do was go down on her and eat that delicious-looking pussy until my tongue fell off.

Sue put her hand out and I took my gun off, but she quickly stopped me, saying, "No, love, I want to make it with a complete cop." I went into her bedroom and she laid down flat on her back and said, "Okay, lay on me with everything as it is."

Xaviera, I had my complete uniform on plus my gun, nightstick, handcuffs, mace gun, bullets, whistle, tie, and other things. I agreed and uncomfortably lay on top of Sue. She unzipped me and pulled my aching, throbbing cock out and shoved it in her. Meanwhile, Xaviera, she was fondling my badge, bullets, gun, and handcuffs. This seemed to really get her off, but I didn't give a shit at this point. All I wanted to do was shoot my load. I finally came and Sue apparently had had quite a few orgasms; whether they were from my cock or my equipment I didn't know. I asked her if I could at least get undressed now. She looked up, smiled, and said, "Yes."

Finally, I took everything off and laid down next to Sue and started eating that beautiful pussy of hers. She got my cock back up and I was ready to go again. Sue asked me if I could do her another favor and, of course, I said yes. Now Sue requested that I masturbate her with my nightstick. I said sure, and gently entered it into her. She moaned "more, more, more," but I didn't want to comply because I was afraid I'd kill her since the nightstick is about three feet long. I put it in a few more inches, but Sue grabbed it from me and violently masturbated herself. Xaviera, she must of stuffed a good fifteen inches into that twat of hers. She then threw the stick off the bed, grabbed me and we screwed ourselves to sleep.

Xaviera, have you ever experienced anything like this? When we woke up all Sue said was that she loves cops and when I'm working and get horny, she wants me to sniff my stick. She also talked me into making it with her on the midnight shift in the cruiser. I agreed and she sat on my cock facing the windshield, turned on the red light, siren, and made believe she was transmitting radio calls.

This is just one of the weird situations I have run into. Sue and I still get together twice a week and I have to admit, Xaviera, it's different. I have to laugh when I hear some broads say "cops are prudes." I can go three or four times a night, and I'm twenty-eight.—The Officer

Many women have told me they enjoy men who are in navy uniforms or army garb. The higher the rank the better, they say. I guess these women get off on all the stripes and medals. In Germany, for instance, before World War II army officers were in great demand in dance halls and at balls. The girls would literally drool over the handsomely outfitted young men.

In a way, the love for any kind of uniform is a form of fetishism. In the case of Sue, her admiration seems to go beyond the normal. Obviously, she's more interested in your uniform than you, the person. Since you are not emotionally involved with this wildcat, I suggest you enjoy, enjoy, enjoy—and never leave the police force!

ONCE IS MORE THAN ENOUGH?

Have you ever heard of a woman who is satisfied with one orgasm per session? I've heard so much about multiple orgasms in women, but my wife simply doesn't care for more than one. No matter what I do she just will not come again. She loves cunnilingus and always comes within the first few minutes, but that's that. I frequently continue eating her for half an hour to forty-five minutes after she climaxes, I lick her legs and her bottom, too, in an effort to turn her on again, but it has never worked. She enjoys it, and when I stop she goes to sleep happy and content. I've asked her about this, but she always claims that one climax is enough for her. I am not really kicking be-

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cause she's so easily brought off. I would just like to see her climax three or four times like those women I've read about. Have you any suggestions or advice?—K.T.

It's quite common for a woman to reach only one thorough orgasm a day. A good orgasm can be a shattering experience which might leave the woman exhausted and very sensitive around the clitoris.

To prevent your wife from having an orgasm early in the evening, perform cunnilingus until you can almost feel her come in your mouth. By now she'll be hot and wet, but don't let her come. Not yet! Quickly insert your hard and ready cock into her waiting cunt and make love to her until you've reached your orgasm. If she hasn't come by then, eat her out until she indeed reaches her first and last orgasm of the night.

It's advisable that she washes herself after you come in her. Of course, if you have no objections to tasting your own sperm, she can skip her sanitary intermission. Just keep eating or fucking—whatever turns either of you on at that particular moment—but try to avoid bringing her off right away. An occasional change in body positions will help.

HOOKED ON EACH OTHER

My wife and I thought you might print one letter from a couple who're completely hooked on each other. We've been married eighteen years and we are considered very nice, proper people who're obviously very happy with each other. We thought it would be a real gas to tell you what goes on in our bedroom and to see it in print.

We love each other totally, and consequently our sex life is free, erotic, mad, and constantly exciting. We are happy slaves to each other's desires. We fuck and suck each other at least five times a week in the conventional ways. We are also into bondage, but our only intent is to bring the bound partner to orgasm. My sexy wife likes to be spread-eagled on the bed and have me pull her cunt open with my fingers as I lick and suck her. She also enjoys lying on her belly with her wrists strapped to her ankles while I lick, suck, and ream her ass. She likes to tie me up really tight, blindfold and gag me, then slide a turned-on vibrator up my ass while she sucks my cock. We have tried many positions, and we're constantly inventing new ones. Sometimes she ties me up and then sits on my face while I suck her to orgasm. If she's tired and doesn't particularly want an orgasm, she'll lie on her back and watch me jerk off. With her tongue just an inch from my throbbing dick, she'll lick me until I shoot off into her face. Other times she'll just enjoy watching me come all over her breasts or her belly.

We have absolutely no inhibitions with one another. Consequently, we drive each other totally mad, enjoying each other's lovemaking as only two people in love can. Neither of us has ever fucked around with anyone else during our eighteen years. The greatest kick in life is to enjoy totally erotic, mad, sensuous, exciting sex with a partner whom you love madly.

Incidentally, we're both over fifty and it just gets better and hotter as the years go by. The forties and the fifties have been the swingingest years of our lives. We intend to swing like this till the nineties. We've never knocked anyone else's way of making love, whether it be couples, groups, orgies, gay, or whatever. Whatever people really enjoy is the answer. In our particular case, we've found that enjoying each other to the limit of our sexual capacities is the turn-on of all times.—The Happy Two

Well, there's certainly nothing old-fashioned about your sex life. Some people have the idea that once a woman hits menopause, her sex life is over. Wrong! She may suffer moody periods, headaches, and certain pains, but not for long. Once all of that's over, a number of women really begin to enjoy their love life. After all, there's no more fear of pregnancies or the hassle of birth control.

Strangely enough, many grown-up children cannot understand why their parents suddenly regain an interest in sex. Children always seem to think their parents shouldn't have any more sexual fun once they're over fifty. Nonsense! Even in old-age homes, there are lots of horny people.

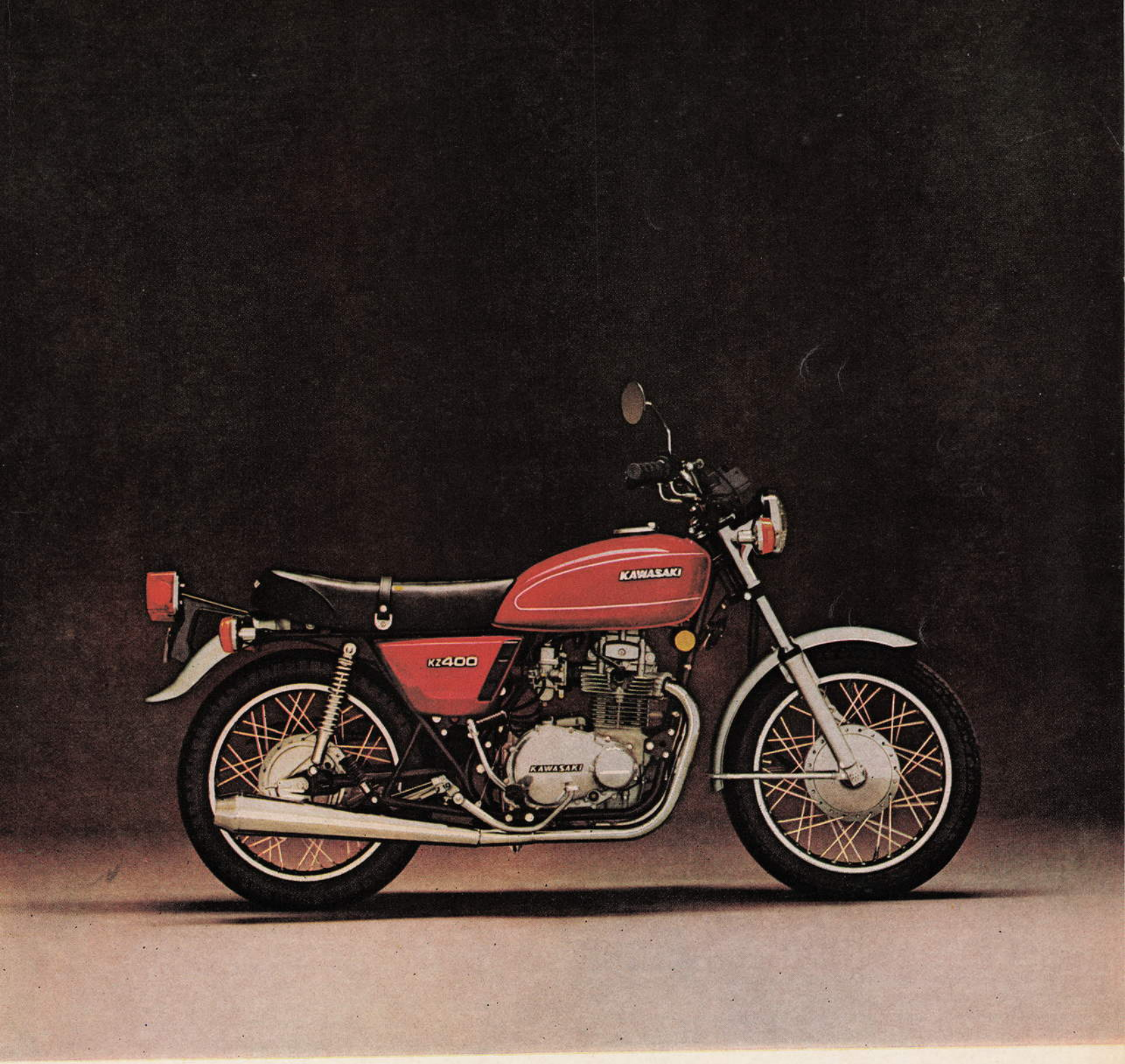
I hope the two of you will continue to have a healthy, happy sexual relationship. Remember: as long as you keep on doing it, there's nothing to worry about. Just don't stop having sex for any length of time since it will be much more difficult to return to a regular sex life. The penis must stay active. For some reason, I don't think you two need this advice.

TIGHTENING YOUR TWAT

I was wondering if you could tell me any way to tighten my vaginal muscles. I would really like to know where to get a book on the subject. I'd like to keep my old man pleased; he says I'm getting a little sloppy. Could you tell me what exercises to do?—Desperate

On page 114 of my book, *Xaviera on the Best Part of a Man*, I explain how to make your honey pot a happy snapper. If you can't get the book from your local bookstore, I'll suggest a few helpful hints here.

Insert a small object (a carrot, pencil, or ball-point pen) into the vagina and try holding it there. Contract and expand the muscles of the vagina, keeping all other muscles quiet. Next, try walking around the room with this object in your vagina. If you're not sure whether you've located the right muscles, take a walk to the bathroom. Start urinating and then cut off the flow. This muscle sensation is the same one you should feel while doing the vaginal exercises. Contract these muscles about fifty times a day and gradually, like all body muscles, your vagina will develop into a well-toned instrument of pleasure.



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It's a good idea to change the object from a small one to a slightly larger one every now and then. You'll soon discover that your lover has a better fit.

GERIATRIC SEX

My job as an intern at a small private convalescence home is causing me much mental anguish. It all began when I started to feel that the people confined to this type of institution were some of the most sexually neglected in the world.

I was on duty one night when I had my first sexual encounter with an elderly patient. I was summoned to a room on the first floor and upon entering the room, a seminude female patient beckoned me to her side. Oddly enough, I felt a tingling sensation in my groin and my cock slowly began to harden. I quickly went to her side and covered her naked breasts. I hurriedly left the room telling her I would soon return with some tranquilizers. Upon my return, I found the patient had stripped completely, so I immediately began to administer the drug. As I was bending over the bed, her hand suddenly reached out and pulled at my zipper. My cock was now rock hard with anticipation and I could no longer control myself. Stripping off my pants I immediately knelt between her legs and eased my throbbing tool into her dry, ravenous vagina. I slowly began to ease in and out of her, then as I neared climax I began slamming into her furiously. In a few seconds we both exploded into ecstasy and I collapsed on top of her. In a few moments I got up and dressed then hurriedly left the room.

Since then I've engaged in these sex acts with the same patient and several others. My conscience began to bother me so I related these episodes to my girl friend. Her reaction was exactly what I'd expected. She was shocked and enraged. Later she offered me a few words of comfort. She's pleaded with me to see a psychiatrist, but I refuse. Lately, however, my conscience has been getting to me and I wonder if I am sick. What should I do?—T.K.

It is not at all unusual for older people to have a very strong sex drive. I assume you're still a fairly young and virile man. The patients probably look up to you as their doctor, a man of great importance to them. This one particular old lady seduced you since she could no longer control her lust for you. This is certainly not unusual since many people secretly long for sex with figures of authority. Even if you would have rejected her, she knew you wouldn't punish her. The worst punishment would actually have been refusal.

A similar incident happened to me when I was twenty-five years old. I was vacationing in Ft. Lauderdale with two middle-aged sisters. One sister—she was about forty-five—was obviously very gay and had a crush on me. Since she was just too aggressive for me, I decided to share my bed with the older sister. I had no intention of making it with either of the sisters. One night it was very hot and I was having a conversation with the older sister. She told me she'd been married for twenty years to a man who beat her consistently. He finally got killed in a car accident ten years ago. It was a great relief for her since she'd begun to hate men, particularly her husband. She told me she'd never made love to anyone during the last ten years and never during her life had she made love to a woman. By now it was past midnight and we were talking softly so we wouldn't waken either her sister or mother. The curtains to the balcony were open and the moon was shining right inside the room. I glanced at her body which was barely covered by a light, sheer shirt. She seemed a very lonely woman for whom life had ebbed away without having given her any real pleasures. I suddenly felt like putting my arm around her shoulders. I moved close to her and touched her body with my legs. I then gently stroked her arms with my naked breasts. When I touched her, I felt a shudder go through her body. She put her face against my shoulder and began to cry softly. She held on to me very tightly, her tears dripping on my breast. Her shirt fell open and two big breasts began rubbing against my warm flesh. I suddenly felt this warm feeling between my legs that indicated I wanted her badly. I removed her shirt and began to work my hand down her sex-starved body. Amazingly her breasts began to grow in my mouth. Soon they were much fuller and her nipples popped up in my mouth like big cherries. I felt her pussy, which was dry and tight. It was a strange sensation to caress her entire body, covering it with warm, wet kisses. I could actually feel her skin and muscles become much more supple. When my tongue finally reached her mons veneris, she was so wet that it seemed she'd already exploded before I even got there. I was so excited myself that I reached my own orgasm as I ate her.

Well, of all the women I've made love to in my life, I think she was one of the most passionate. She'd been so long without sex, perhaps she thought this was her last chance to enjoy it. I guess that's why some young men in their late twenties prefer much older women. These women seem to appreciate a good fuck. In your case, the woman referred to seems to have been considerably older. But then, what difference does age make? A woman is a woman is a woman. Why can only men—Casals, Picasso, Chaplin—be lovers and sometimes even fathers in their old age?

With regard to your sex activities, however, I must take a slightly different stance. You are an intern supposedly caring for the physical and mental health of your patients. In other words, you are a doctor and not a stud service. If you had just this one incident, it'd be understandable. One could almost consider it a "mercy fuck," if you get my point. I'm afraid your continued relationship with this older woman and others must be considered something of a deviation. In my opinion you crave older women not because of their bodies, but rather because it gives you a godlike feeling. After all, how much competition do you have when it comes to satisfying these women? Maybe your girl friend is right; I suggest you seek psychiatric help.

Regardless, older people need sex lives, too. Since you are in some position of authority, why not arrange some kind of "get together" for these patients. It would help out the older male patients as well. Think it over. You might derive a different kind of satisfaction from your deed. You'll also regain the love and confidence of your girl friend.

SEX IN THE PLAYGROUND

In one of your columns there was a question concerning women masturbating as they crossed their legs. My question deals with phallic symbolism and masturbation.

I was with my three-year-old at a playground when I noticed an attractive teenage girl in one of the swings. She was swinging with her legs tightly crossed. She also had what I'd call a "blank, faraway stare." After swinging in this manner for some time, she jumped off and walked to an upright fifteen-foot pole in the center of the playground. She looked at the top of it, walked back to the swing, sat down, and crossed her legs tightly again. Then abruptly, she got out of the swing, went back to the pole, and leaned against it. She then hooked one leg around it and rubbed her crotch against it. She looked around and no one was paying attention to her except me. She then wrapped both legs around the pole and slowly moved up and down, her body closer to the pole than a coat of paint. She then began to climb up the pole. She got about halfway up and slid back down, rubbed some more, and began climbing again. This time she went clear to the top. She hooked her hands together over the top of the pole and spent about five minutes climbing so her head was on her hands and sliding down so her arms were straight. This was all done quite slowly while her legs moved up and down. When she reached the top, she apparently experienced a very satisfying orgasm. She then slid to the ground (her eyes closed), got up, and walked away.

Is it possible she did climax? If so, would this be common among females? Have you had any experience with females and inconspicuous sources of masturbation in public places? You once mentioned getting off while peeling potatoes and rubbing your crotch against the sink while you peeled. If subtle masturbation is at all prevalent, a children's playground becomes an arena of erotic devices for girls! Do you know of any informative literature concerning this phenomenon?

Please help a confused male achieve a better understanding of the lovely female body.—K.C.

I'm sure most young kids find many occa-

sions to stimulate themselves sexually. I can still remember the tingling sensation I used to get as a kid while I climbed ropes or poles. When I was about eight, I really used to get off on piggyback riding with my father. Bicycling is also erotic for women. After all, I'm from Holland where there are not only boys with fingers in a dike but also girls with horny crotches on a bike. You'll also find that horseback riding is a favorite sport among young girls who want to stimulate their clits. It's not at all difficult for women to achieve orgasm while cantering on a big horse.

I'm not sure about any literature on this matter. You might check out Nabokov's novel, *Lolita*. Then again, I'm not so sure you need to be given any ideas. After all, pedophilia is against the law.

RING AROUND THE COLLAR

Before our marriage, my wife and I were fairly active sexually. Now we're in a sexual cold war with a few interesting "hot spots." Usually I'm horny as hell, but my wife is something of a frigid bitch. Nonetheless, she occasionally surprises me with something kinky like a tattoo on her hip or shaving her pussy. Xaviera, please advise me on one of her new surprises.

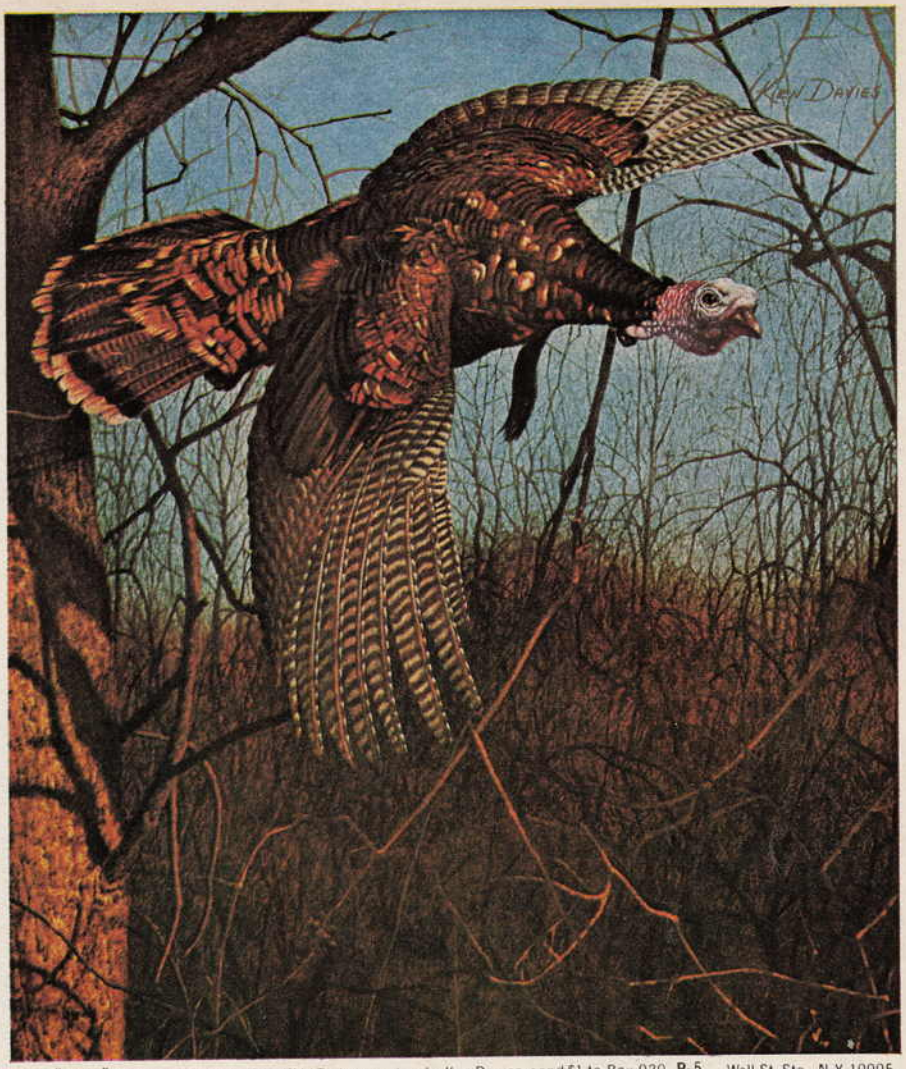
We recently saw The Story of O *and were greatly turned-on. That labial ring fascinated me and my wife. After some joking about it, we've decided to try one on her. Her only conditions are that the ring-chain be pretty and that I, too, be pierced. And so, last week I pierced the skin near the top of my scrotum and I've been wearing one of her hoop earrings there ever since. She really gets a kick out of seeing that ring dangle below my dingle.*

The apparatus for her will be the following: the link which passes through her left lip will have a screw coupling enabling her to remove the rings when she goes to the doctor. The rings will be made of thick, gold-plated jeweler's wire; they will be one-and-a-half inches long and three-fourth inches wide. Attached to the end of the second link will be an engraved tag with a sapphire. My wife is crazy about sapphires, and the thought of that sapphire against her blond fur drives me wild.

My question is how do you think we should go about piercing her lips? Do you have any suggestions regarding technique or problems?—S.T.

I just saw *The Story of O*, and must say I didn't think that it was that much of a turn-on. In this case, the book was much better. The girl in the film with all the rings and keychains through her pussy was indeed something new for most of the audience. I've met several English girls with rings through their outerlips. Some had bells, others had keys, in fact, anything you can hang on a ring unless it's too heavy and impairs walking.

A layman should not perform the operation because infection can arise easily. So play it safe and see a doctor. OH



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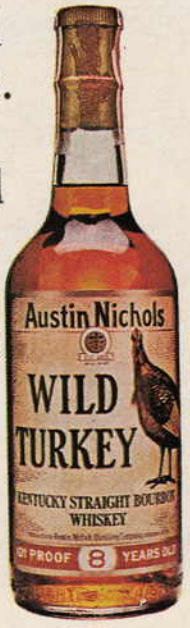

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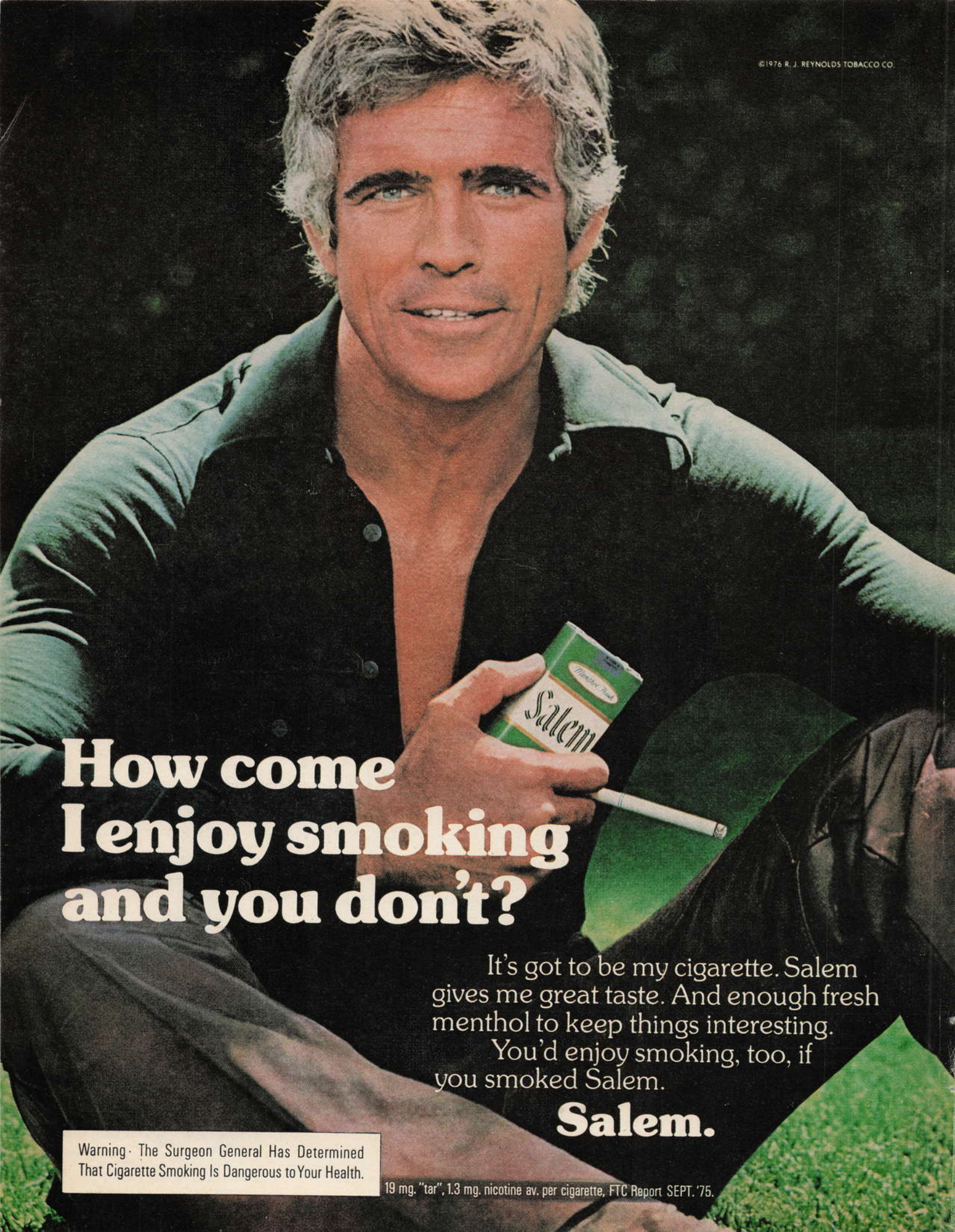
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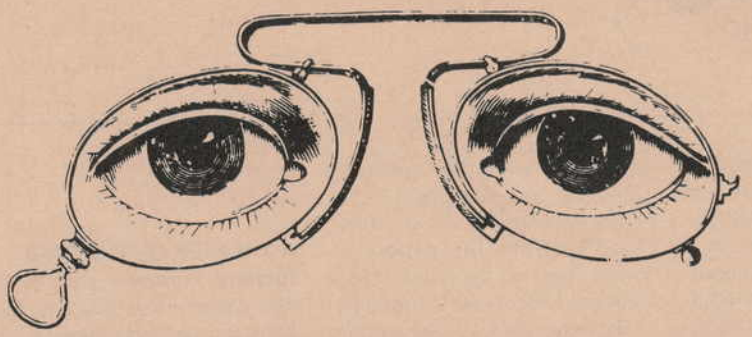


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE STATE OF NATIONAL EMERGENCY: BUSINESS AS USUAL

Millions of citizens wait for the familiar face of the chief executive to appear on TV—and wait. Meanwhile, by mid-morning, leading politicians of the opposition party have been "detained" and all dissenters demonstrating in the streets have been arrested. By mid-afternoon you hear of roundups of all those on prepared lists of people who are "dangers to national security." Finally, by evening, after government taps on tens of thousands of phones have been arranged, the nation's chief executive appears on TV. He calmly explains that martial law has been "temporarily" decreed because the country is in a state of national emergency caused by a nationwide plot against democratic government. To save democracy, special powers granted the chief executive under a national emergency have been used to suspend, temporarily, certain civil liberties. And even as the words are spoken, millions of people still do not realize that freedom of assembly, of speech, of the press, of due process, along with representative government—in effect, the Constitutional Republic itself—have ended.

No, all this has not yet happened in the United States, but it has happened already in one of the world's largest democracies: India. Faced with impeachment, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi declared a state of national emergency, suspended the constitution to "save democracy," and imposed martial law. And it *could* happen here also. In fact, in a legal sense it already has.

Unknown to most Americans, the United States is already in a declared state of national emergency that gives the president the powers of a dictator. Only his own political discretion has kept Gerald Ford from using extraordinary powers granted the president under previously declared states of national emergency that have never been revoked and are *still in effect.*

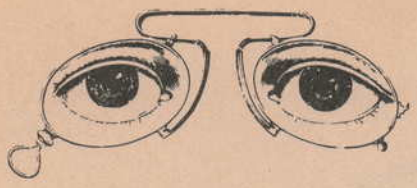
Legally, the U.S. Constitution has already been suspended. The real Constitution today is embodied in some 470 statutes of federal law that constitute the national emergency powers of the president. These powers include (as reported by a special Senate committee) the right to "seize property; organize and control the means of production; seize commodities; assign military forces abroad; institute martial law; seize and control all transportation and communication; regulate the operation of private enterprise; restrict travel; and, in a plethora of particular ways, control the lives of all American citizens."

This means that even though Congress, the Supreme Court, and local governments and courts continue to function as if the Constitution were still in effect, legally there has already been a fundamental change in the nature of government in the United States, a change which has already been openly termed by scholars such as Arthur Schlesinger as the "Imperial Presidency" and quietly described by worried congressional and legal authorities as a major "constitutional crisis." And significantly enough, this dilemma has only been seen with its due sense of urgency since the Watergate crisis, when there was a real threat that President Nixon would impose martial law rather than resign.

Actually, the United States has been in this state since 1933, when President Roosevelt declared a state of national emergency and decreed a "Bank Holiday"; although banks were subsequently reopened, the state of national emergency was never legally terminated. The same is true of President Truman's 1950 national emergency proclamation to mobilize the nation for the Korean War. But the legal implications of not terminating the national emergency were never seen as a real threat. Though the president's emergency powers had grown by 1970 to include some 470 statutes of law, these powers were only used infrequently by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, and a national emergency proclamation had not been issued for twenty years.

Then came Richard Nixon, and the danger of such powers being concentrated in the executive became increasingly obvious. During the 1970 postal workers strike, President Nixon surprised the nation by not only mobilizing federal troops to break the strike, but by proclaiming a state of national emergency as well. No sooner had pulses returned to normal when the following year President Nixon unilaterally suspended the Bretton-Woods Agreements by calling a halt to the conversion of dollars into gold, and again declared a state of national emergency, allegedly, to back up his freeze on all wages. This second proclamation was unprecedented. Never before—even during World War II, the Korean War, the 1962 Cuban missile confrontation with the Soviet Union, or the long Vietnam War—had any president made two proclamations of national emergency, back to back, year after year.

This point was not lost on the



newly elected congressmen of January, 1973. On the very first day that Congress met after Nixon's reelection, the Senate hurriedly set up a Special Committee on the Termination of the National Emergency, naming Senators Frank Church and Robert Mathias as bipartisan cochairmen. The avowed purpose of the committee was to end the existing states of national emergency and the extraordinary presidential powers deriving therefrom. During the next six months the committee continued to gather testimony that had direct bearing on Nixon's use of national emergency powers, but in the glare of the media's spotlights on Watergate, the hearing attracted little notice. Yet, some of the testimony was devastating. Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, for example, warned that "critical decisions for the nation will be made by executive fiat, not laws of representative government" unless Congress acted to terminate the national emergency now in effect. "Today, hundreds of important powers have been delegated to the executive that transfer all legislative decision to the executive . . . congressmen, presidents, attorneys general, past and present, and the people are generally unaware of these laws, and as situations arise in which the executive desires to act, they are seized upon as authority. Democracy, law, and constitutional government are eroded."

Already, however, fears of a presidential veto were pressuring the committee to bend before executive might. "We now find ourselves in a position where we cannot reclaim the power without the president's acquiescence," admitted former Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach before the committee. Ultimately, the committee's original priority with actually terminating the declared state of national emergency was dropped. Watergate and the resignation of a president took priority.

But the lessons of the Watergate crisis were not drawn by Congress nor the press. After Nixon was forced out of office, Congress, like the nation, allowed itself to be lulled into a habitual false sense of security.

By July, 1974, it was evident that the special committee had already acquiesced to the threat of presidential veto. That month its bill, HR3884, reached the floor of the House after being reported by the same judiciary committee which had voted for the impeachment of President Nixon. The first title of the bill, "Terminating Existing Declared Emergencies," actually terminates *none* of the national emergencies but rather, as the bill's report on Union Calendar N. 113 makes clear, only "certain *authorities* with respect to national emergencies *still in effect*." This was a round-about way of attempting to revoke some of the national emergency powers of the president without actually ending the national emergency. This, and the change of the Special Committee's name from "Special Committee on *the Termination of the National Emergency*" to "Special Committee on National Emergencies and Delegated Executive Powers" indicates that a state of national emergency is now being accepted as normal in this country.

As if to underscore this point, federal prosecutors secured a conviction against antiwar activist Cameron Bishop in Denver recently under a law applicable only when the United States is in a state of national emergency. In this unprecedented case, a federal court confirmed that the executive's extraordinary powers under a state of national emergency have legal authority *today*—and can be used against anyone.

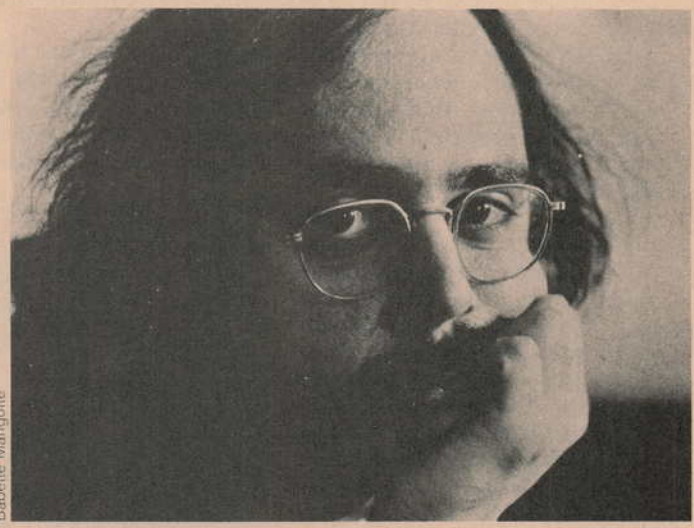
The special committee's bill does nothing to alleviate this danger. This raises a very serious question: If the Congress cannot end the existing national emergency, who will? Here lies America's real national emergency.—*Gerard Colby Zilg*

SCENES

A THEATER OF THE MIND

Richard Foreman creates theater experiences you can really hang on to—even against your will. Sometimes beautiful, often grotesque, the theatrical images of a Foreman opus have the unsettling habit of bubbling up in your consciousness when you least expect them. On occasion, they seem like very bad dreams.

Take those giant potatoes that play such a prominent role in the writer-director's latest Off-Off Broadway piece, *Rhoda In Potatoland (Her Fall—Starts)*. Standing much taller than an average man, and obscenely overweight for either man or tuber, these starchy specimens are onstage Peeping Toms. Pocked with brown potato "eyes," these mammoth walking spuds peer into the bedroom windows where hapless Rhoda, the play's spaced-out anti-heroine, lies naked on a revolving bed.



Babette Mangolte

Richard Foreman: creating images for the defenseless mind.

Funny? Camp, maybe? A few shaky giggles ripple through the Manhattan SoHo loft where Foreman holds his Ontological-Hysteric Theater events. Still, the laughter is strained and uncertain. These starchy nightshades unquestionably have their ludicrous qualities, but they also convey a certain sinister something—a touch of the macabre. You really wouldn't like to discover a giant potato peering in your window while you were undressing in order to go to bed.

Comfortingly, not all of Foreman's potent theatrical images are as unnerving as Rhoda's voyeuristic potatoes. Some of the images are beautiful, as is the long and very sensual wrestling scene between two naked women in *Pain(t)*. Others are startlingly clever, like the surrealistic silver Rolls-Royce that glides across the perilously narrow stage in *Hotel for Criminals*. And then a few are outrageously funny, as demonstrated by the inmates of a merry lunatic asylum in *Dr. Selavy's Magic Theatre*. And yet they all share that power to insinuate themselves into your defenseless mind.

Later this month, Richard Foreman will weave his hypnotic images for an unlikely new audience of Broadway theatergoers, and his admirers from the theatrical underground are already anticipating the cultural collision. For his uptown debut, Foreman will direct a new production of Bertolt Brecht's 1929 musical masterpiece, *The Threepenny Opera*, for Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare

Festival at Lincoln Center.

When we spoke with him, Foreman was in the process of casting the show, and staunchly denying any rumors that he was plotting to shock the Lincoln Center matinee ladies out of their Autumn Haze mink jackets.

"This production is not going to be an attempt to make *The Threepenny Opera* into one of my plays," he insisted. Foreman speaks in a low, rather seductive undertone. He doesn't smile much, and behind his dark-rimmed glasses his slightly protruding eyes have a penetrating but baneful gleam—a little like those pudgy potatoes in *Rhoda*. Audiences who've seen him act in his own plays swear that he doesn't blink his eyes during a performance.

"This is not going to be a pseudo-Foreman theater piece, like a lot of people suspect," he promised, "but the Brecht piece, as written."

And yet, the original Brecht material still allows a lot of creative elbowroom for an imaginative director. Foreman eagerly shared some of the interpretive insights he hopes to project on the Lincoln Center stage.

"All the other productions of *The Threepenny Opera* that I've either seen or know about seem to share the same attitude, this attitude that the world is totally evil and we're all in it together . . . and isn't it fun? I'm not going along with that raffish mood of the earlier productions. I'm trying to approach the play with a new attitude, one that says: sure, the world is evil—and just what are we all going to do about it? There's a lot of anguish in the play, and that's what I'm after."

While scotching rumored reports that he would introduce naked wrestling scenes or giant potatoes to the Lincoln Center stage, Foreman allowed that he had a few "most bizarre" theatrical effects planned for the new production, such as hurling the show's props onto the stage from the first few rows of the audience. There is a definite dramatic point to the barrage of flying clothes, furniture and appliances, Foreman revealed with characteristic understatement.

"All this junk and paraphernalia are products of a bourgeois society in the process of collapsing, the same materialistic society that Brecht is satirizing in the play. I'm trying to suggest that all of us sitting there in the theater are vomiting up all this stuff onto the stage. The junk is coming right from us."

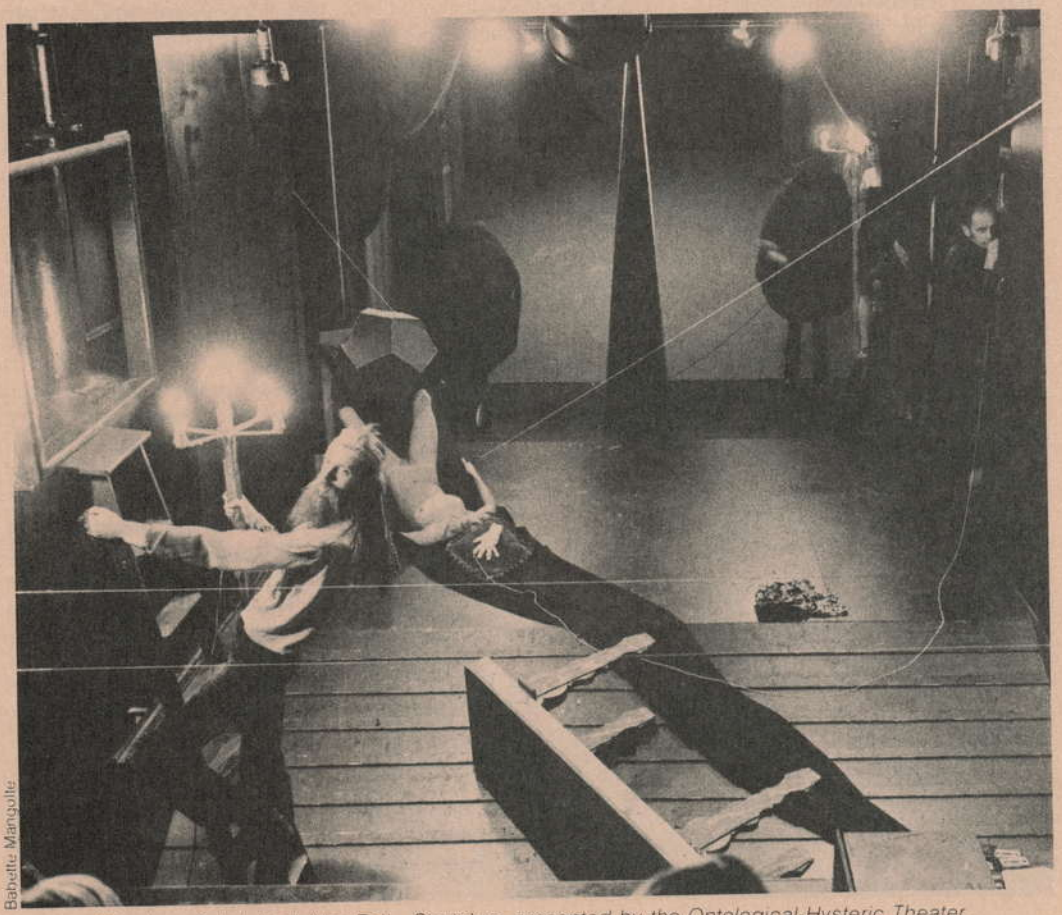
As you might expect, Foreman claims not to have surfaced on Broadway for the bourgeois cash of it all.

"I can support myself well enough doing my own pieces," he said. "I think of my commercial work as a kind of vacation from my own stuff. I wouldn't want to spend my life doing it, but I enjoy it. It's fun."

Although he has written, directed, and designed more than a dozen theater pieces (*Pain(t), Sophia=(Wisdom), Rhoda in Potatoland*) since establishing the Ontological-Hysteric Theater in 1968, Foreman is best known outside the underground for the two Off-Broadway musicals he wrote with composer Stanley Silverman, *Hotel for Criminals* and *Dr. Selavy's Magic Theatre.*

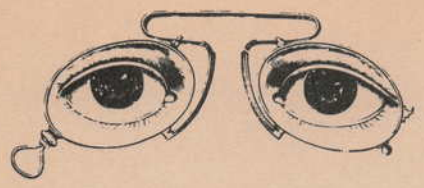
On, Off-, or Off-Off-Broadway regardless of the theater's locale, what are we to make of all those giant shoes and baby boats and cockeyed three-legged tables and empty picture frames and dangling swords and naked bodies that seem always to inhabit Richard Foreman's stage? Or the numerous buzzers, bells, and lights that assault the senses of his audiences? How will Broadway react to Foreman's brand of surrealistic theater? Surprisingly, his intentions are modest. "I don't think of making the audience see something specific," he cautioned. "I don't want to control too much. I just want them to wake up from their lethargy and perceive what's there on the stage—whatever it happens to be." Describing his own reaction to the theatrical event, he said, "I think of myself as lethargic, so I'm constantly trying to wake *myself* up. Placing one idea against another, *that* makes me alert. And it turns me on."

What associations would a Lincoln Center audience make with Rhoda and her giant potatoes? Foreman denied that the situation would ever arise. More to the point, what further connections will Foreman make with the mainstream theater, now that he has fallen down that rabbit hole? Only Rhoda knows for sure.—*Marilyn Stasio*



Babette Mangolte

Rhoda in Potatoland (Her Fall—Starts) *as presented by the Ontological-Hysteric Theater.*



FILMS

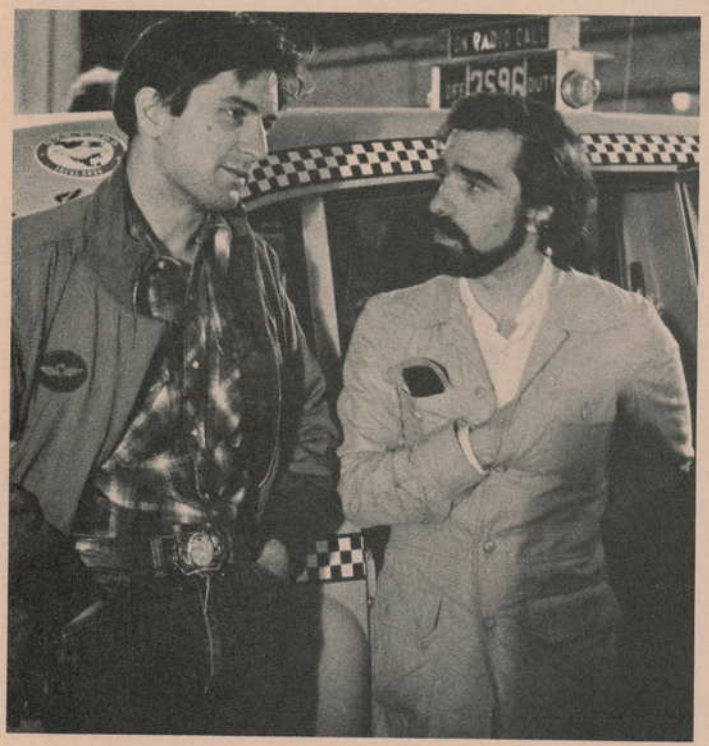
DAY OF WRATH

When Martin Scorsese's first important movie, *Mean Streets*, came out two years ago, the key descriptive term among the critics was "operatic." It's a nice term. It adds class to movies (and to movie critics, who can show they've heard an opera), and it is frequently used—especially for Italian movies. Fellini and Visconti are often called "operatic"; meaning, I guess, that they promote an emotional intensity that is genuine, but nevertheless larger than anything their films would naturalistically give rise to.

Mean Streets, which is New York City Italian-American, and is sometimes agonizingly intense, fits into that category. But Scorsese's newest film—preceded by a documentary on his parents, called *Italianamerican*, and by *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*—doesn't quite fit. If I had to put a musical adjective to ***Taxi Driver***, which is also intense, and sometimes larger than life, and very New York City (but not at all Italian), the word would be "symphonic." *Taxi Driver* hides and shelters its feelings until it is ready, and then it lets them out in a climax so bloody that it makes *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* look discreet. But even the climax is essentially orchestrated in its mayhem, self-consciously cerebral, and prodigiously controlled.

It is a movie about the city, and a guy who drives a cab in the city. Travis Bickle, ex-Marine, present drifter, takes the job because he can't sleep nights and he might as well make money while he stays awake. Unlike most cabbies, he will drive anywhere, pick up any fare. But always he is watching things, recording in his mind's eye the corruption and the human filth that spreads through the city streets.

One day he sees a lovely blond girl, and he pursues her—successfully at first, because of his directness, combined with the unconscious psychological subtlety of his approach. But she is middle-class, a political candidate's unpaid volunteer, and she walks out on Travis on their first real date, when he takes her to a pornographic movie. It is the only kind of movie he knows.



Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese on the set of Taxi Driver.

So Travis returns to his cab and to his strangeness. He finds another girl, and he buys guns. This girl, who is a twelve-year-old streetwalker, isn't to be used or loved. She is to be saved. The guns are the means of salvation. The act of salvation equals, and perhaps exceeds, anything of violence I have seen in a movie. That doesn't bother me.

But what the film thinks of its violence does bother me, and there are some other things in Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* that bother me as well.

In many ways it is a brilliant movie, the confirmation of a talent that seems wholly ready for major achievement (Scorsese is just thirty-three) and that can obviously command the resources to accomplish it. The elements at work in *Taxi Driver*—the somber cinematography of Michael Chapman or the precise editing of Marcia Lucas—suggest the intuitive authority that comes from a director who knows what he wants in his film and how to get it. The musical score, the last composition the late Bernard Herrmann completed, hours before his death, is so good and so powerful that it almost becomes the star of the movie—except that the real star is even better. The music, however, has a role of specific importance. Along with the editing and the forced, almost hallucinatory quality of the images, it carries the major burden of pointing to a supernature behind the seamy mundane nature of the story.

Travis Bickel isn't just an anonymous body driving a cab. And he isn't just a nut with a mission either. He is both those, surely, and the idea he embodies for the movie depends on both his public anonymity and his private obsessions. But he is also a power, a doom of sorts. We are never told this, but we are always

Shepherd: a rich-girl aloofness.

shown it in the sights and sounds that accompany him through his world. The Herrmann score especially, part big-city blues, part pounding energy, tends to raise the taxi driver out of himself and to place him in the company of those unstoppable emanations that have been haunting movie screens for years. What appears from the midst of billowing steam, advancing under the neon lights of a midtown avenue in the film's opening sequence, isn't exactly what you hope for when you hail a Yellow Cab.

Before I make this sound like *Creature from the Black Lagoon*, which it isn't, let me stop to praise some of the people, almost all of whom, even in quite minor roles, are pretty wonderful to watch. Between the two women, Cybill Shepherd as the girl Travis pathetically loses, and Jodie Foster as the kid he grotesquely saves, I'm not sure how to choose. Jodie Foster is the better actress, Cybill Shepherd is the more moving presence. Shepherd has had only one characterization in her career—a very vulnerable, but ultimately attainable rich-girl aloofness—but it is a characterization of great potency, and one that her best movies, like *The Heartbreak Kid*, *The Last Picture Show*, or this one, have done well to exploit. She is good at making contact with fellow performers. So when she and Travis meet on their few occasions, the chemistry between them seems

real and very exciting, in contrast to the bemused self-absorption into which he withdraws from everyone else, including his fellow cabbies.

Robert De Niro's Travis Bickle may be the screen performance of the year. He has always been good. But he has never been so good over such a range of gestures and responses. More than that, he has the ability to generate and sustain an action during the course of many shots and many minutes of film time. If anything supports and virtually pulls the movie through its problem areas, it is the intelligence and virtuosity of De Niro—together with Scorsese's vision, and the serviceable genius of composer Bernard Herrmann.

The problems remain, however, and it's worth coming back to them. It would be easy enough to take *Taxi Driver* as no more than the story of a self-deluded psychopath, one of the potential assassins in our midst, nurtured in madness by the madness of the town that harbors him. There is plenty in the movie to suggest such a reading, and it would be good psychology and good sociology—with a pat on the back for the intentions of the filmmaker. Nothing in the movie is more bizarre than what you can actually meet on any evening stroll down New York's Eighth Avenue, or on Third Avenue just below Fourteenth Street.

Scorsese knows his city, and his city is quite a bundle to know. It is also his particular kind of agonized poetry. And so Travis's agony, whether tramping the mean streets or spread on a bed in his room like a suffering Christ, becomes a symbol for all the inarticulate despair that infects the places we live in.

But Travis isn't altogether inarticulate. He keeps a diary, a rather literary diary, in which he records his dream of seeing the city's scum flushed away by final cleansing rain. The film obligingly keeps associating him with rain, with water, finally with the blood that flows at his command. To a very large extent he seems a convenience of the filmmaker's and screenwriter's imaginations—never more than when he is pushed through to his grotesque heroism, in which I don't believe.

The centerpiece of *Taxi Driver* is a slaughter. Travis does the slaughtering, and any one of us, the film keeps hinting, might be his victim. But in fact his victims are a pimp and some crooks who probably deserve to die. That's having it both ways, deploring Travis and applauding him—after having set him up so we can share a secret, inadmissible victory at no personal expense. The film seems to glory in the slaughter—bullet wounds, knife wounds, all the gushing blood—and then strategically to pull back, or up, in a sequence that has the camera slowly, deliberately withdrawing from the scene of the killing through a door, down hallways, by means of an expertly constructed montage. It is terrific to look at, but it is also as if, in the midst of an orgy of bloodlust, "cinema" had suddenly asserted itself to remind us that we (and the people behind the camera) were part of another world that observed but did not share in all the free-flowing gore.

The movie is so powerful that this may not bother you. Indeed, if your stomach is weak enough you may not even be watching the sequence. But it's worth watching, and perhaps it's worth being bothered by an ambiguity that can't be suppressed the way the moving camera can be controlled. The violence of so many recent movies fails artistically because it has only its own sensations to pay account to. Slowed down or brightened up or whatever, it is still a cheap thrill. *Taxi Driver* doesn't mean to be like that, but it is, possibly in the worst ways. It is an excellent movie, full of imagination, that in some part is nevertheless devoted to becoming the instrument of its own moral disintegration.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

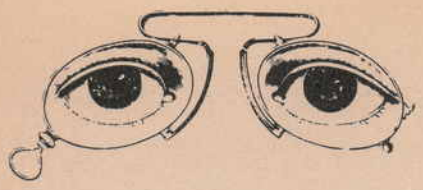
AND NOW TOMORROW

Just because a science fiction story takes place in the year 2001—or 1984—doesn't necessarily mean that the author is trying to predict what the future will be like. Politicians, economists, weathermen, and astrologers claim the power of prediction; some may even believe their claims. Science fiction writers are more modest; they treat the future as an enormous grab bag, filled with so many surprises and uncertainties that one guess about what will happen is just as good as any other guess. This attitude toward the future gives the SF writer the freedom to invent situations and characters without worrying too much about how everything fits together. A writer who wipes out the human race with a nuclear holocaust in one novel will cheerfully describe man's triumphant conquest of the galaxy in his next book. But too much freedom can become a burden too, and the more serious SF writers usually restrict their flights of imagination to stories describing what might happen if *this* trend or *that* trend is allowed to continue. Not surprisingly, most of these futuristic fictions read like cautionary tales, warning us of the doom that awaits if we don't mend our ways. There are also a few Utopian fables which try to influence the shape of things to come by holding up the author's vision of the "ideal society" for our edification. But the most intriguing SF stories are those that fall in between these extremes, stories depicting a future that simultaneously attracts and repels the reader, while throwing an oddly revealing light on the present. There was a rich crop of such books within the last few months.

Samuel R. Delany, one of the best young writers in the field, produced a huge enigmatic volume called ***Dhalgren*** (Bantam, paper, $1.95). Its 879 pages were devoted to a portrait of a city called Bellona which has suffered a disaster so cataclysmic

Illustration by Ed Emsh from *Science Fiction Art*

The best in science-fiction: guessing at an uncertain future.



that the very fabric of the space-time continuum has been distorted. We never learn exactly what the disaster was; Delany perversely concentrates on its aftermath. Buildings burn endlessly but are not consumed. Radio and television broadcasts cannot enter or leave the city. The sky is sealed with thick haze. When it clears briefly, strange portents are seen: two moons, a grotesquely swollen sun. The people who live in the city—survivors and a few adventurers who have come by choice—are even stranger. The hero is an amnesiac whose search for identity is the only consistent plot-element in the book. At various times, he becomes a poet, a leader of a youth gang, a bisexual lover, the author's alter ego. More than anything else, he likes to talk; so do most of the other characters. They seem determined to talk their way out of their predicament and back into a recognizable universe. But nothing is resolved; in fact the book literally ends where it began, with the last sentence hooking into the first like a snake trying to swallow its tail. It could have been monumentally dull, but Delany's kaleidoscopic prose—and his powerful vision of a society trying to come to terms with chaos—make the whole journey worthwhile.

Growing Up in Tier 3000 (Ace, paper, $1.25) by Felix Gottschalk is a simple little tale about the joys of murdering your parents—in a world that not only condones but encourages such initiative. The hero and heroine are only six years old by the calendar, but their physical powers have been boosted by mechanical and electronic implants, while computerized education has raised their mental-age to the adult-genius level. Once they have orphaned themselves, they are free to enjoy all the comforts that their society has to offer—including multiorgasmic sex with some aging twelve-year-olds next door. Gottschalk has invented a futuristic style of his own to tell this story. When the little hero assures his mate that he feels no guilt over their just-completed parricide, he says: "I feel no emo-level remorse at the demise of the here-present putative maternal figure." While this jargon sometimes gets in the way of the narrative, it also compels the reader to view everything that happens from the vantage point of the protagonists—no mean trick, considering what passes for a normal childhood in Tier 3000.

The full title of Ursula LeGuin's most impressive novel to date is ***The Dispossessed: An Ambiguous Utopia*** (Avon, paper, $1.75). LeGuin typically works on a grand scale; here she creates and populates two entire worlds. The planet Urras is a lot like Earth, rich and decadent, its social structure trembling along political and economic fault-lines. Urras's moon, known as Anarres, is a ball of rock with barely breathable air and little else in the way of resources. These sister-worlds have been virtually cut off from each other for seven generations, ever since a band of idealistic revolutionaries, called Odonians, were exiled to Anarres so that their doctrines could not subvert the downtrodden masses of Urras. By practicing what they had preached (a form of anarchic communism) the Odonians survived on Anarres—and even prospered, as far as that barren little world would permit. The best parts of LeGuin's novel describe in great detail the society that the Odonians have built—a society based on absolute equality and complete sharing of all burdens and benefits. Since it is obvious to all that survival on Anarres—like survival in the wake of a natural disaster—is possible *only* through cooperation, no coercive governmental apparatus is necessary. This is the "ambiguous utopia" of the subtitle. Why ambiguous? Because the revolutionaries have been so successful in instilling the cooperative spirit in their descendants that individual initiative is now in short supply. To jolt his compatriots out of their complacency, a man named Shevek, the leading physicist on Anarres, tries to reopen communication with Urras. But his dream of reconciliation turns into a nightmare. Confronted by an entire world of dog-eat-dog individualists, he realizes that there must be some other solution to his society's dilemma. LeGuin is a tough-minded writer who has no truck with pat answers; she leaves the reader with the feeling that Anarres is an accident of history, an enviable but unrepeatable experiment.

And now for the good news: Arthur C. Clarke has written a novel of the future—set in 2276 to be exact—in which people are clearly better off than they are today. In ***Imperial Earth*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95), Clarke assumes that within the next three centuries men and women will have explored the solar system as far as the orbit of Pluto, colonized the habitable planets, and learned to live in harmony with each other and with the forces of nature without losing any of their old moxie. As one might expect from this brief description, there isn't much plot or dramatic conflict in "Imperial Earth," but watching Clarke fill in the details of his futuristic vision is a delight—something on the order of watching the steady hands of a watchmaker assemble an intricate and accurate timepiece.

Anyone who found NASA's packaging of the space program a disappointment may find his "sense of wonder" renewed after browsing through ***Alternate Worlds*** (Prentice-Hall, $29.95), ***Science Fiction Art*** (Bounty Books, $9.95), ***Fantastic Science-Fiction Art*** (Ballantine, $5.95), or ***The Science Fiction Book*** (The Seabury Press, cloth, $14.95; paper, $6.95). While science fiction writers look to the future, science fiction fans occasionally like to look back—to the origins of the SF genre itself. These four large-format coffee-table books offer brief historical surveys of how science fiction got to be what it is today, giving special emphasis to the artwork that decorated the pulp magazines of the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties. The black-and-white illustrations and full-color covers of that period featured an inordinate number of half-clad nubile girls about to be raped by weird-looking machines or extraterrestrial monsters. This type of illustration did nothing to hasten the acceptance of science fiction as a valid form of literary expression, but yesterday's visions of tomorrow retain a charm all their own.—*Gerald Jonas*

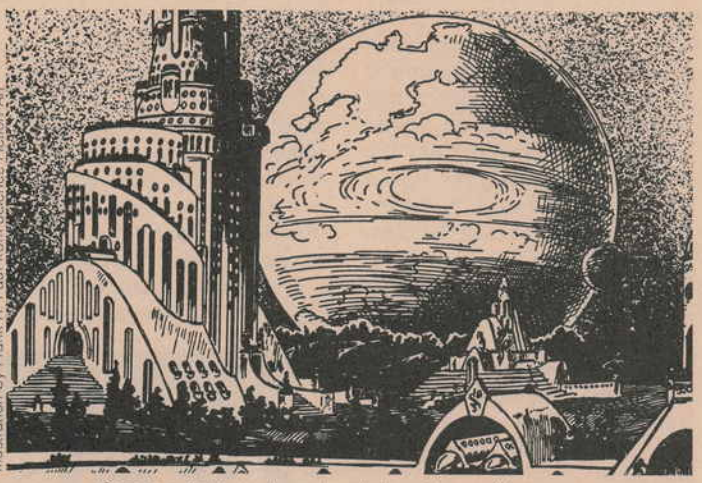


Illustration by Frank R. Paul from *Science Fiction Art*

Science-fiction art: yesterday's visions of tomorrow.

SOUNDS

PSYCHEDELIC LEFTOVERS: BRING BACK THE SIXTIES?

At its grandest, "psychedelic" rock epitomized the mystic dreams of 1967. At its worst, the music exploited the acid-crazed generation who were dedicated to liberating the 'other' consciousness somewhere near the center of the mind. But when it worked, "psychedelic" rock could do just that, and nine years after the golden Summer of Love ('67–'69) it still offers the ultimate head trip, the definitive statement of what the "revolution" was all about. Albums like Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland*, Country Joe and the Fish's *Electric Music for the Mind and Body*, Jefferson Airplane's *Surrealistic Pillow*, Grateful Dead's *Anthem of the Sun* and *Aoxomoxoa*, Pink Floyd's *Ummagumma and Atom Heart Mother*, the Rolling Stones' *Her Satanic Majesty's Request* and the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* were all created from the same crystal glaze.

In the giddy afterglow of the Monterey Festival (1967), it was optimistically assumed that psychedelia would last just as it was assumed then that the hippie culture could endure. Both proved to be false assumptions as the music and the culture were absorbed by mainstream pop, were later treated as rip-off fads, and are now generally ignored. Part of the blame must fall on the creators: Hendrix overdosed, the Grateful Dead went up to the country, the Stones went back to funk after their disastrous *Majesty's* experiment, the Beatles continued in their glory as the foremost creators of pure pop, the Jefferson Airplane broke up (they're now the Jefferson Starship), Country Joe and the Fish split (recently rejoined). Pink Floyd alone was left to carry on the grand tradition of hippiedom.

Psychedelia was the barometer of what hippie culture was all about, and **Pink Floyd** is the last *true* hippie band. They were the only group to ever treat psychedelic music with the reverence it deserved, and perhaps it's only just that they're the one "head" group to make it into 1976 with their musical values intact. Today they're commercially bigger than ever. In the music of so many of the other bands was a sense of cynicism, an impression of gimmickry. An if-this-doesn't-work-we'll-try-something-else-next-year kind of gimmickry.

Because of similar volume properties, psychedelic rock has often been confused with hard rock, but psychedelia is meant to be another world. The sitar and tabla are used in Indian classical music to induce moods and colors; as a result, the sitars on the Beatles' "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" are at the core of psychedelia. The movement in part was an outgrowth of the Beatles' introduction to Indian music and their supposed experiments with acid, and the bands who created a style from these experiments created music in an eerie purple haze.

Mike Oldfield: composing music for the post-hippie culture.

Most of the bands made do with instruments that they were already familiar with; only Pink Floyd sought the ideal sound by radically expanding their musical repertoire. With the use of Indian gongs and drums, cathedral-sounding keyboards, taped sound effects, and the first quadraphonic concert system, Pink Floyd's music carried a hypnotic quality that the other bands could only suggest, and since 1968 they've delivered five masterpieces of psychedelia: *Ummagumma*, *Atom Heart Mother*, *Meddle*, *Dark Side of the Moon* (Harvest), and *Wish You Were Here* (Columbia).

In 1973 Pink Floyd banished the American rock press from the presence of their royal madness. The group told me in one of their last interviews that they were trying to "get away from being considered a space-rock/psychedelic band." In terms of sales, *Dark Side of the Moon*, released in 1973 (over five million sold), seemed at first to confirm their stuggle to escape from a psychedelic cul-de-sac. Upon a closer hearing, however, *Dark Side* is a cleverly disguised compendium of their most subtle twists. Their latest LP, *Wish You Were Here*, simply wallows in old acid fantasies, with melodic sequences grandly overstated.

Overstatement was what made psychedelia; Pink Floyd added brief, starkly beautiful sketches to the grandiose design, and that made the difference. Even though the group has influenced many bands, particularly in Germany, they've had surprisingly few imitators.

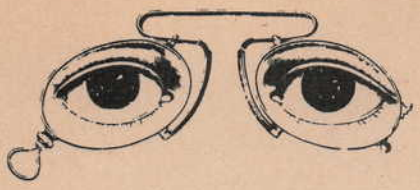
Mike Oldfield is the first recognizable heir to the Pink Floyd tradition, a fact that did not become clear until the release of his third LP. In Oldfield's *Omnadawn* (Virgin) the textures and choral approaches of Pink Floyd's various experiments meet the Soft Machine, the soundtracks from spaghetti Westerns, the Pentangle, the Incredible String Band, European traditional folk, *and* classical music. Needless to say, Oldfield's music is incredibly eclectic, offering a continually surprising vista of impeccably recorded sound that is also achingly beautiful. In other words, *Omnadawn* is every head's perfect dream.

Oldfield is, of course, the twenty-one-year-old English genius who went from total obscurity to international fame and millionaire status with his first album, *Tubular Bells* (Atlantic). Part of the music was used in the soundtrack for *The Exorcist*, giving Oldfield additional fame. The young composer further distinguished himself by playing all the instruments on *Tubular Bells* while for *Omnadawn* he not only played all the instruments but he also engineered.

With this third album, Oldfield indicates more than ever his debt to Pink Floyd and exposes some of their limitations. Oldfield is more precise in developing his themes than Pink Floyd. Still, Oldfield is working within the same emotional framework of rock as Pink Floyd. Perhaps Mike Oldfield's brand of rock will eventually force him into a stylistic corner, but for the present he is creating some of the most serenely majestic music rock has ever produced.

Those searching for the ultimate head music might look beyond the vistas of rock. A lot of retired or burnt-out hippies are now turning to classical music (European, black American, or Indian) for the ultimate trip—which brings us to **Oregon**.

Oregon came out of the Paul Winter Consort, a group of clas-



sically trained Americans who sought a fusion of Indian and Western classical music. Their fusion turned out to be the playing of Indian classical music while applying Western chord changes and melodic progressions. The Consorts' first album, *Icarus* (Epic), produced by Beatles' producer George Martin, is spoken of in the same breath of legend as Terry Riley's and John Cale's *Church of Anthrax* (Warner Brothers).

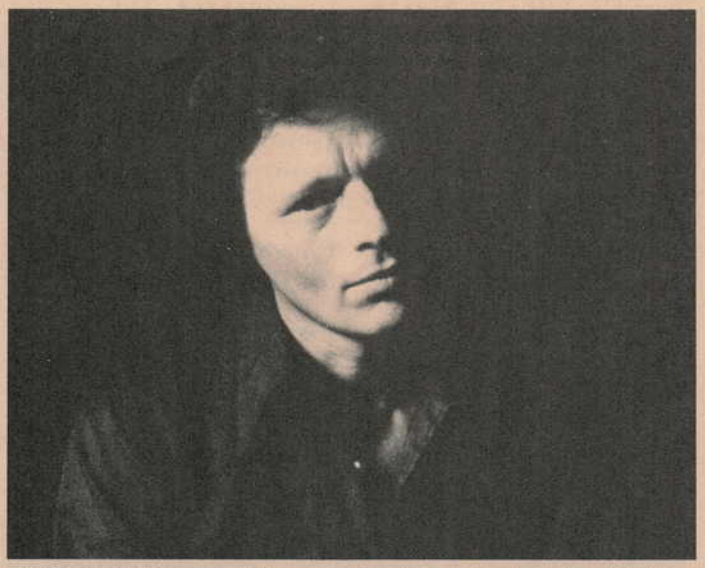
Oregon weaves the hypnotic tapestries that the psychedelics attempted, but they do it without electronic instruments and, more importantly, with the authenticity and technique that classical music demands. Their albums on Vanguard, *Winter Light*, *Music of Another Present Era*, *Distant Hills*, and *In Concert*, contain the most amazingly original music that 1976 can offer.

Tune in and lay back. If you've been searching for something to get your head together—this must be the joint.—*Vernon Gibbs*

A PUNK FOR ALL SEASONS

I have always been obliquely amused by the fact that most of those who go about picking and sucking at art to discover its spiritual pith have such a strong distaste for the realities upon which the stuff is built. i could have a dozen rock critics each give me a long, convoluted exegesis on the metaphysics of Little Richard's "Rip It Up," but none of the dozen would dare to actually head out into the night and rip it up. Similarly, I have encountered entire crowds of creeps aswoon with aureate wows for the power and poignancy of Brando's portrayal of a slob in *A Streetcar Named Desire*; but when confronted with a real Stanley, they think not of power and poignancy, but of ickiness and tackiness.

Thus Bruce Springsteen and thus **Delbert McClinton**. The first is a fake, a *poseur*, a culture thief. He pretends to be the embodiment of New Jersey punkhood, but the truth of the matter



Delbert McClinton: lustful women, murder, and a stone-hard rhythm.

is that Springsteen is the sort of nebish whom the real flowers of Jersey punkdom threw beer cans at. (There is a true and precious story about Springsteen's first meeting with Patti Smith. "Hey, we're both from New Jersey," cheered Springsteen, photographer in tow. And Patti said, "Well, *I'm* from New Jersey. I don't know about you, buddy.") But as a stylized punk, as one with the pretentions but not the soul of a sensitive street-snot, Springsteen is more appealing, more palpable to the pedants of hip than the real thing. Think about it: Would they ever put a true punk on the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*?

Delbert McClinton, less pretty, less known, is no fake, and his music is filled with warm, wet violences and twice-felt pleasures. But there is too much substance, not enough pedant-bait in his vision. He made the best album of 1975 (*Victim of Life's Circumstances*), and no one noticed it.

Pressed to classify, I would call Delbert a country artist. He is a rare sort of country artist, however. Like Jimmie Rodgers, Bob Wills, Jerry Lee Lewis, and a few others, he has mastered a blend of white and black musics that transcends both forms. And, again like Rodgers, Wills, and Lewis, there is no affectation or mimicry in McClinton's use of black music. By the time he turned twenty-one, he had performed and recorded with Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Reed, Lightnin' Hopkins, Joe Tex, Bobby Bland, and other bluesmen; one of his early singles, released on a local Texas label, became the first white-guy record to get air play on the powerful Ft. Worth soul station, KNOK.

McClinton's special genius, the glue of it all, is his songwriting. Unlike most of country music's new blood, he never writes on doilies. His songs deal with sex, existential grippe, booze, broad-slaying, and love. As far back as 1966, in his song, "If You Really Want Me To I'll Go," which Waylon Jennings included in his *Leavin' Town* album, McClinton already showed a strong sense of incidental poetry and an ability to draw whorls of light and emotion from seemingly plain lyrics. It isn't rhyme that matters so much to McClinton, nor cute tropery, but writing. He has spent as much as two years working one song, and it shows in the grain of his stuff. Charles Olson said, "He who controls rhythm, controls!" Delbert McClinton controls.

There exist in the bargain bins of America two Delbert & Glen albums on Clean Records, a short-lived Atlantic subsidiary. They were cut in Los Angeles three years ago, and forgotten as quickly as they were issued. No matter. These two albums by McClinton and his friend and fellow songwriter Glen Clark are perhaps the most intriguing sets of experimental country music produced in the early seventies. While groups like the New Riders were making dumb, fake country music for balding hippies to snort thrice-cut coke to, here on these two unnoticed albums were great songs such as "Too Much" and "Let Me Be Your Lover," and arrangements which featured steel guitar licks by Tommy Spurlock and tenor sax breaks by Fathead Newman. But the boogie-beasts were not moved, and Delbert McClinton, disgusted, left Clean Records in the summer of 1974.

Last year, Delbert signed with ABC Records, went to Nashville, and birthed *Victim of Life's Circumstances*, an album which annuls any theory which sees country music as a lame limb of culture. From the first truculent, wretching notes of "Victim of Life's Circumstances" to the black-hole end of "Troubled Women," *Victim of Life's Circumstances* is a vortex of moralless epiphany and stone-hard rhythm. It's a honky-tonk *Iliad*, nothing less. Long-legged lustful women, D & D scenes, love and not-love, murder: these are the watermarks of McClinton's vision. But he is too smart, much too smart to sink into the melodramas or poignancies of second-shelf artists. There is as much of the Heraclitean fire in Delbert McClinton's music as there is of Bobby Bland and George Jones. It's a music that rightly deserves fame and money. Maybe that'll happen; if it doesn't, fuck it. As Delbert sings of himself in his album, "It's all right cuz it's midnight/and I got two more bottles of wine."—*Nick Tosches*

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THE ATTACK ON THE U.S.S. LIBERTY

MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

During the Six-Day War of 1967 a U.S. spy ship was attacked—in international waters and with devastating effect—by Israeli planes and torpedo boats. Although Israel claimed the attack was a mistake and the United States publicly accepted this explanation, both parties knew it was a lie. Here is the true story of what happened on that day—and why it happened.

BY ANTHONY PEARSON

Daybreak of June 8, 1967, was one of those mornings when the sunrise came vivid and warm, when there was little wind, and the sounds of battle had faded during the very last hours of darkness into an almost silent dawn. This was the third morning of the third Arab-Israeli war, which had begun at 7:45 A.M. on June 5 with the destruction of the Egyptian Air Force by Israeli planes.

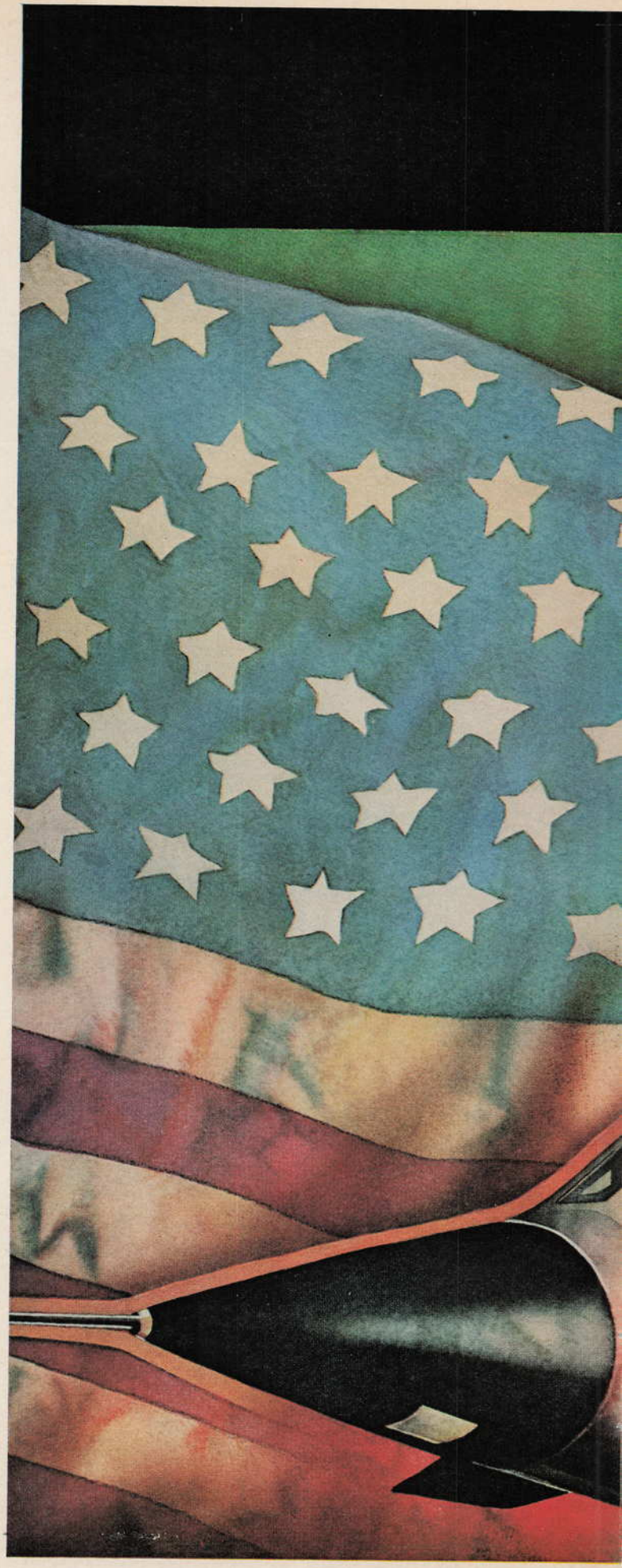
By June 8, the war correspondents who had witnessed the dramatic capture of the Old City of Jerusalem and who had followed the Israeli paratroopers against the Jordanian Legion were all beginning to appreciate the efficient tactical and destructive power of Moshe Dayan's war machine. The battles had been land fought. The Egyptians had concentrated their warships in the Red Sea to support the blockade of the Straits of Tiran. The Russian Navy had a strong presence in the Mediterranean, but Soviet interference was blocked by the American Sixth Fleet, which had moved closer to the theater of war some two days before the fighting actually began.

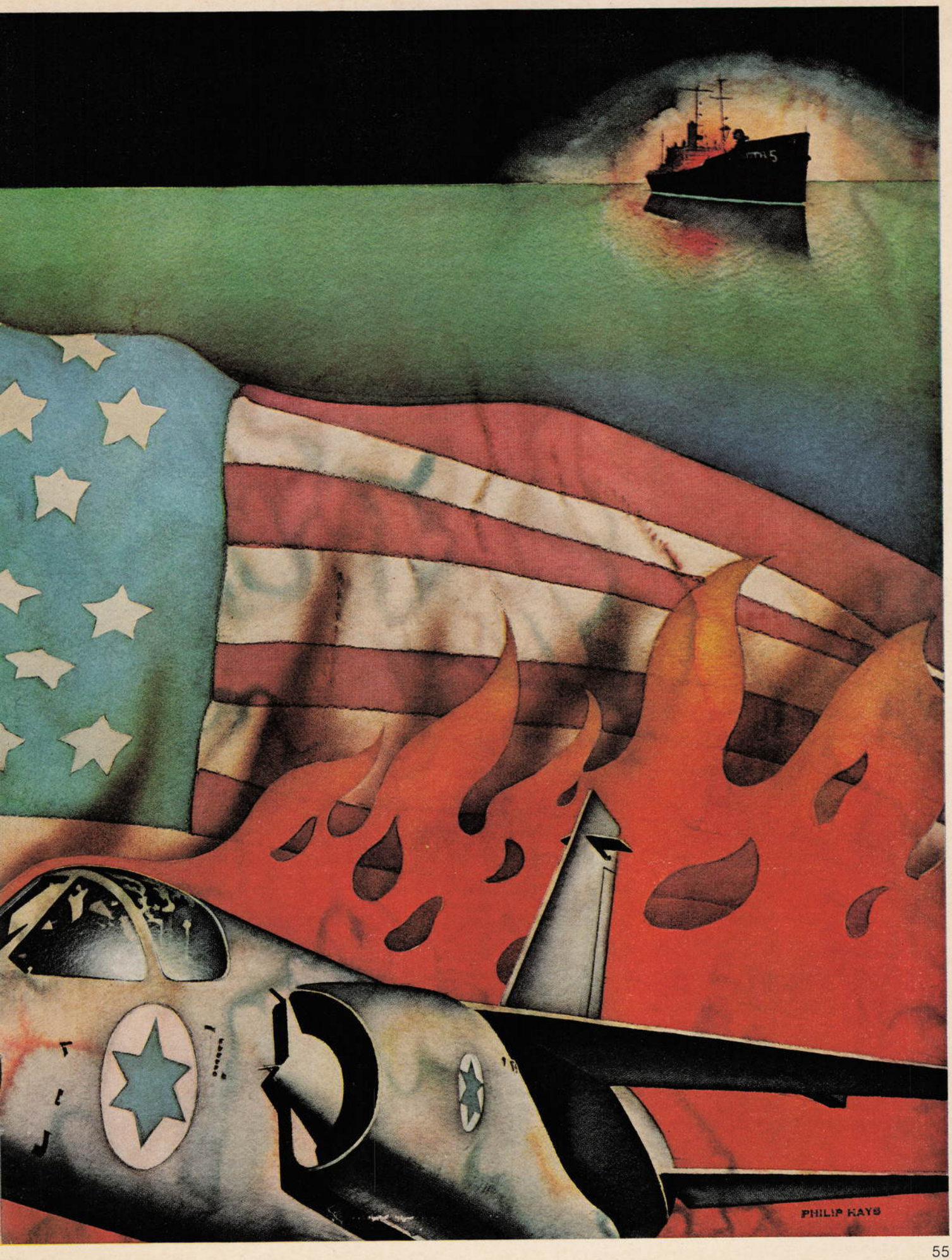
Probably the heaviest close-order battles had been fought in the previous two days as the Israelis threw their crack paratroopers against the Jordanian Legion. On June 7, Jerusalem fell and by ten o'clock that night, the conquest of Jordan was complete. It was an amazing achievement of arms. We correspondents who had followed the Israeli soldiers through it could only marvel.

There were questions, of course. On June 8, as the Israeli push consolidated the conquest of the West Bank, I wondered, as did many other correspondents, why the Jordanian Legion had continued to fight in what was so clearly a lost cause. At the time, the answer was known only to officials at the highest levels of the Israeli and American governments. The Israelis, of course, were on the scene. The Americans received their information from a communications ship, the U.S.S. *Liberty*—whose fantastic intelligence-gathering capability was soon to be her undoing.

On the morning of June 8, the *Liberty* was steaming slowly off the Sinai Peninsula in a calm blue sea. The *Liberty* was no fighting ship. She was a converted civilian freighter, built in the late 1940's, but faster than most ships of her class (her top capability being eighteen knots), and armed with a complicated system of radio antennae including a "Big Ear" sonar-radio listening device with a clear capability range of over five hundred miles.

On both the forecastle and the deckhouse aft of the bridge she carried two pedestal-mounted .50-caliber Browning machine guns




PHILIP HAYS

guns, her only defense capability. The *Liberty* was strictly a communications vessel. In naval terms she was a "ferret." In everyday language she was a spy ship. (The *Liberty* was, in fact, a sister ship of the *Pueblo*, which was to be captured by the North Koreans in January 1968.)

The *Liberty*'s crew was composed of fifteen officers, 279 men, and three civilian technicians from the Department of Defense. Her captain, Commander William L. McGonagle, forty-one years old and a member of a large clannish family from Wichita, Kansas, was privy to exactly as much information about the ship's mission as he absolutely needed to know. He was directly responsible for her movement, direction, Sixth-Fleet liaison, and any possible combat procedures, but communications outside regular naval channels were *not* in his jurisdiction. Certain sections of the *Liberty* were off limits to the entire crew, including the captain. These were the communications areas situated below decks at the center of the *Liberty*'s waterline. They housed intricate computers and decoding and listening devices manned by linguistic experts and other personnel who could be changed according to the ship's mission. All this was under the direct control of one of the Pentagon technicians who had joined the ship at Rota in Spain. He was known to the crewmen simply as the "Major."

The Major was in his mid-forties, tall and dark, with a receding hairline and a New Jersey accent. As he climbed aboard at Rota, he was wearing civilian clothes, and although he subsequently wore khaki drill and fatigues they never carried rank insignia.

The *Liberty* had left Norfolk, Virginia, in November 1966 on her fourth tour of duty as a ferret. Immediately prior to this Mideast assignment, she had been off the Nigerian coast monitoring the events that were to lead to the bloody conflict over Biafran secession. In May 1967 the Nigerian Federation had broken up. The CIA, which was already deeply involved in the Congo and later, when the fighting began in earnest in July, took a prominent though covert part in supporting the Biafran breakaways, had moved the *Liberty* to an African station to assess developments needed for the structure of future policy. By the end of May this mission had been a total success. The *Liberty* was then reassigned to the Mideast with orders to refuel and reprovision at Rota and accept some new personnel—who were all replacements in the communications staff. The *Liberty*'s African experts and linguists were traded for Arab and Israeli ones.

Leaving Rota on June 2, the ship's orders were to hasten with all possible speed to a Mideast operational area designated as "north of the Sinai Peninsula."

Steaming through continuous twenty-four-hour watches along the direct North African coastal route, Commander McGonagle had the *Liberty* within communications range by the early hours of June 5. On June 8, they were off Gaza. It was a fine, clear day, and they could clearly see the minaret of the mosque at El Arish. The sea was calm and the sky blue and empty. Smoke rose in great pillars over Sinai, but otherwise there were no signs of the war being fought there.

After moving inshore, the *Liberty* was in a "modified condition of readiness three." This was a normal state during operations and meant the ship had a regular steaming watch plus one man on the forward machine guns and bridge lookouts ready to man the after guns in an emergency.

At 8:50 A.M. the *Liberty* reached the eastern boundary of her operating area and turned on a south-westerly course. She was completing this turn when a single, unidentified jet crossed her wake between three and five miles astern, circled the ship, and flew away toward the mainland. The plane made no signal to the ship and the ship no signal to the plane. A normal-sized American flag, five by eight feet, was flying from the masthead on the ensign staff, the name of the ship was painted large and clear on her stern, and she had large U.S. Navy letters and numbers on her bow.

The *Liberty* was moving at a speed of ten knots—an average cruising speed for a civilian freighter but slow for a noncombatant naval vessel in an alien war zone. Thus, it was not too surprising that some hours later—at 10:56 and 11:26 A.M.—jet aircraft twice again circled the ship, being joined the second time by a slower propeller plane.

During this observation the *Liberty*'s speed had been cut to five knots to allow close and careful monitoring operations and radar fixings, and she continued at this speed for the rest of the morning. No more planes were sighted. The blue sky remained quite empty.

From 1:10 until 1:48 P.M., the ship's crew engaged in routine procedures. There was no reason for McGonagle to place his men on combat alert.

The ship's officers had seen the planes and remarked on them, but they had failed to identify them through their glasses. Some of the deck crew had waved to them. In a war zone it is not unusual for reconnaissance aircraft to observe and study a ship, especially a foreign naval vessel. On the other hand, McGonagle understood that the mission of his ship was certainly not neutral and he could encounter some risk—most probably from Egyptian MIG's, if any remained. He thought about it for a moment, shrugged off any sense of alarm, and went below for coffee.

Sitting in the wardroom with the ship's doctor, Marine Corps Lieutenant Richard F. Kiepfer of Brooklyn, New York, McGonagle sipped his coffee and didn't think too hard about the morning and the previous two days because they were not really his problem. He was a sailor. The man down below—the "Major"—was the analyst and the intelligence expert. The Major had mentioned briefly to McGonagle that transmissions monitored by *Liberty* the previous day had caused him concern, but he hadn't gone into detail.

The officers, of course, had discussed the war in the wardroom. They knew that Egypt's President Nasser had blockaded the Straits of Tiran on May 22 while the ship was still down off Nigeria. They knew that Egyptian troops had been moved in Sinai. And they realized the confrontation Nasser had forced could only have ended in war.

McGonagle was slightly puzzled about the aerial surveillance of the morning. He had rightly assumed the aircraft were Israeli Air Force planes, and he had carefully worked out a cover story with the Major in the event that the ship should be challenged by them. They would say that the *Liberty* was monitoring Soviet radar systems being used by the Egyptians.

The captain had also expected further orders from base, but since none had been received he assumed he was to remain at his designated station until the word came to withdraw. Unknown to him, that word had already been sent.

On the bridge, the deck officer, McGonagle's exec, Lieutenant Commander Philip Armstrong of Norfolk, Virginia, was just fixing *Liberty*'s position by radar when one of the lookouts reported that the jet aircraft had been sighted in the vicinity and were turning toward the ship. Armstrong went to starboard and picked up the planes through his binoculars. He thought they were of the same type as those that had circled the ship earlier in the morning, but he was mistaken. The reconnaissance planes had been small Magistars of the Israeli Air Force. But these were Mirages, the fast Dassault French fighters that had wiped out the Egyptian Air Force three days earlier. There were three of them now and they were coming in fast and straight in an attack pattern..

Suddenly there was a loud explosion and the ship shook terribly. Inside the communications room the electronic equipment sparked and flashed on and off quickly. At that moment, the men in the crew quarters were being reassigned after the general assembly drill. Seaman Fred Kerner of Scranton, New Jersey, was partially thrown off his feet by the blast. "Jesus, the boiler room's gone!" he shouted. He ran toward the companion ladder with the others. Someone else was shouting that the boiler had blown up. Captain McGonagle leapt up the steps from the wardroom.

The captain and his men poured out into the sunshine. Some of the men who only minutes before had been standing on the open deck, working and laughing, were lying strangely still or crawling around crying and bleeding. From overhead, very close, almost right above the ship's stack, came the whine of jets and the *putt! putt! putt!* of gunfire. The decks splintered under the impact of heavy caliber bullets.

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Then there were more explosions and the crash of falling superstructure.

Richard L. Weaver, a seaman, yelled that another jet was coming in and ran for cover inside the bulkhead. The gunfire followed him and missed but the shrapnel flying from its impact hit him squarely in the stomach. He staggered, fell, then got to his feet and tried to walk. Fred Kerner helped him down the steps to the sick bay. The deck was a confused mass of men and wreckage, canopied with smoke and strewn with debris from the shattered superstructure. As the jets whined in, guns rattling and rockets hissing, the 450-foot-long ship seemed pitifully small.

Running to the bridge, McGonagle yelled to Lieutenant Stephen Toth to get the hell outside to the lookout and identify the striking planes. Twenty-three-year-old Toth, the son of a retired naval captain, ran to his station. He arrived within seconds of a rocket that wrecked the forward bridge quarter and the lookout position. Toth died instantly.

McGonagle ordered Lieutenant Armstrong to jettison two blazing fifty-five-gallon cans of gasoline over the starboard side of the ship. Armstrong ran toward the cans yelling to Lieutenant Jim O'Connor to follow and help him. Just as they reached the companion ladder from the bridge, an explosion rocked the starboard quarter and blew the officers off their feet. O'Connor was wounded, Armstrong killed.

Captain McGonagle was shaken, but he stayed on his feet. He gave the order for maximum speed. Then he shouted to Lieutenant Maurice Bennett of Pittsburgh to report to the Chief of Naval Operations via the high command radio circuit that the *Liberty* was under attack from unidentified jets and immediate assistance was required. It was 2:10 P.M. At the same time, McGonagle decided to broadcast an open channel Mayday distress call. He was unsure about his communications capability, for the jets were pounding his antennae. Their attack was precisely planned—accurate and designed to swiftly destroy all the ship's channels within minutes. Perhaps it was the *Liberty's* first lucky break that the open-channel message got through to the Sixth Fleet and the *Little Rock*: "Mayday! Mayday! Am under attack from jet aircraft. Immediate assistance required." That was all. The rockets and the machine guns had silenced the radio.

For the next five or six minutes, the Mirages made crisscross attacks on the ship, hitting her with more rockets and strafing her with heavy cannon fire. (A later count was to show 821 separate hits on the ship's hull and superstructure.) There seemed to be at least three aircraft, but the speed of the attack and its fury left the crewmen and officers too confused to make an accurate count. A naval court of inquiry later found that, "In five or six attacks from various angles two or more jet aircraft at a time conducted strafing, rocket, and incendiary attacks."

Down in the communications room the men were concentrating on the one radar scanner still operating. It had picked up three boats moving at high speed towards the *Liberty*, and a report was sent up to the bridge just before the explosion that killed Lieutenant Armstrong rocked the starboard side. The captain was appraising this report when there was another explosion and shrapnel ripped through his right leg.

"I was not knocked off my feet," he said later. "I was only shaken up and it made me dance around a little bit, but my injuries did not appear to be of any consequence. I noticed slight burns on my left starboard forearm and . . . blood oozing on my right trouser leg. Since I could walk and there was no apparent pain, I gave no further consideration to these minor injuries."

At that moment, McGonagle had already earned his Congressional Medal of Honor. Badly wounded, but determined to fight, he refused to leave the bridge and the control of his ship. It was now 2:24 P.M.

Still grimacing with pain, McGonagle heard the lookouts report that three high-speed motor torpedo boats (MTB's) were approaching from the northeast—on the ship's starboard quarter. They were heading for the *Liberty* in triangular formation at an estimated speed of from twenty-seven to thirty knots, going like hell and in attack formation.

The captain ordered a man to the forward starboard machine gun to bring the boats under fire. He told the men close to him to pass on the word "Stand by for torpedo attack!"

Concentrating hard between flashes of pain, Commander McGonagle carefully studied his course. He decided to hold fast. Turning the ship to port would bring it closer to land, while moving seaward would bring it broadside to the attackers and give them a better target. He also noticed that the flag halyard had been shot down, and he told a signalman to hoist the ceremonial ensign from the yardarm. This ensign, seven by thirteen feet, was the largest flag aboard.

The men on the ship watched the approaching MTB's, and knew there was little they could do but pray. The Browning machine guns could never hold off a determined attack, and three MTB's making a kill-run together could send the *Liberty* straight to the bottom of the Mediterranean.

Now the boats were less than a mile away and the one in the center was seen to be flashing a signal light. Because of smoke and flames billowing off his starboard bridge wing, Commander McGonagle was unable to read the signal. Staring hard through the smoke, he saw what he believed to be an Israeli flag. But he wasn't absolutely certain.

The *Liberty's* starboard signal light had been knocked out during the air attack, so McGonagle now tried to signal with a hand-held Aldis lamp, hoping that it might be seen through the smoke but knowing that it was hardly powerful enough. The torpedo boats kept on coming and the forward machine gun on the *Liberty's* starboard opened fire. The gunner got off three long bursts before being hit by returning cannon fire from the MTB's. At the same time, the after machine gun opened up. This was a weird, ghostly action—its gunner was dead and flames had ignited the magazine belt. The gun was firing on its own—a firing that only stopped when the belt was spent.

The *Liberty* was under heavy fire from the MTB's. One of their bursts killed Quartermaster Francis Brown at the helm. As Brown fell, McGonagle saw a torpedo passing astern the ship and about twenty-five yards from it. Two minutes later, at 2:35 P.M., another torpedo struck on the starboard side immediately forward of the bridge and a few feet below the waterline. The ship shuddered under the impact of the explosion, which had torn a hole in its side that extended from just above the waterline to below the turn of the bilge. The hole was shaped like a teardrop and it was thirty-nine feet across at its widest point. The torpedo had hit the communications room almost dead center and this single blast was responsible for twenty-five of the final death toll of thirty-four. (According to survivors, the Major was one of those who was killed in the explosion. He had been reported on the ship's list as one of the three civilian technical experts. The only civilian fatality to appear in the final casualty list was Allen M. Blue, a "communications specialist.")

The *Liberty* immediately took a nine-degree list to starboard. Power and steering were lost. She came to a dead stop and lay crippled in the oily sea, waiting for the death blow. It was now 2:36 P.M.

As the *Liberty* stopped, the MTB's also stopped, less than half a mile astern. McGonagle watched them through his glasses. He expected a torpedo, but he saw only a lamp flashing out "Do you need assistance?" Being unable to signal by lamp, McGonagle ordered a signalman to hoist the international sign for "not under control." The MTB's made no answer but continued to drift silently along with the *Liberty*.

Half an hour later, two helicopters bearing Star of David markings approached and circled the ship several times. Someone shouted through a loudspeaker that they carried medical orderlies and a military attaché from the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv on board. McGonagle limped onto the open part of the bridge. "Go to hell!" he yelled. The helicopter voice shouted again, and McGonagle yelled back, "I told you to go to hell! You're not coming on my ship. Go to hell, you bastard!" The helicopters turned away.

Inside the *Liberty's* shattered hull the damage crew raced to patch up holes and the engineers worked fast to restore power. By 3:19 P.M. they had the engines turn-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

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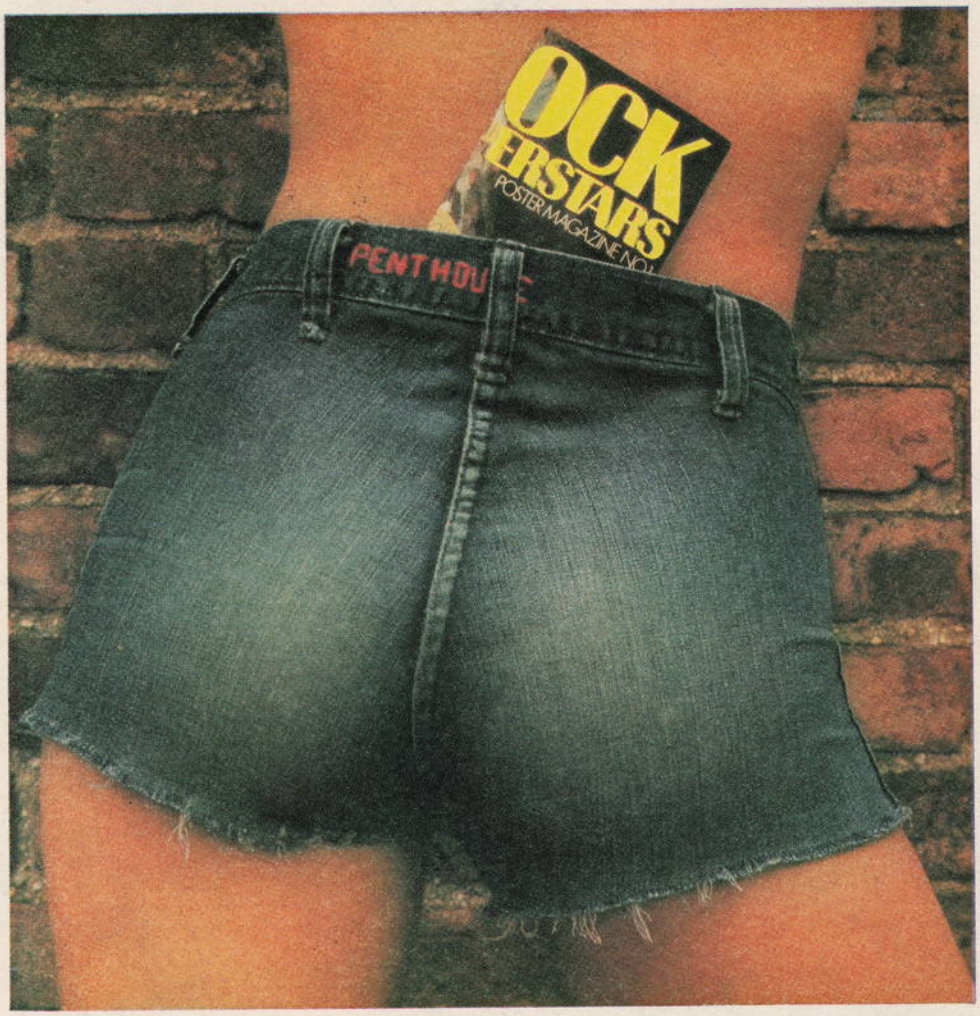

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE PENTHOUSE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The Vietnam veterans' problems still persist. Besides those involving "bad paper" discharges, delayed educational benefits, joblessness, and psychological difficulties must be added the alarming deterioration in the physical health of many Vietnam Era veterans. This constitutes a serious national medical problem for which there is no easy solution. Admissions of Vietnam Era veterans to Veterans Administration hospitals are up by more than 100 percent since the "official" end of the Vietnam War in 1973. Today, the number of Vietnam Era veterans who have been admitted to Veterans Administration hospitals in the past twelve months for serious illnesses and surgery is greater than the 150,000 who were hospitalized during the Vietnam War for wounds received in combat. The increase in outpatient care provided by the Veterans Administration hospital system to Vietnam Era veterans threatens to overwhelm it. Understandably much of the increase is because so many Vietnam Era veterans are unemployed and, therefore, are neither covered by any form of health insurance nor able to pay for private medical treatment. As a result the Veterans Administration hospital system has become their only resort.

These facts are dramatic proof of the delayed personal, physical, and emotional costs of fighting the Vietnam war. Also, during the war itself, more than 250,000 others were wounded and not hospitalized, thousands more were afflicted with such diseases as malaria, jaundice, hepatitis, and liver flukes. In addition, many thousands suffered serious skin diseases and combat-related injuries involving motor vehicles, fires, and equipment failures.

All of this helps to explain the overcrowding of Veterans Administration hospitals. But this overcrowding is not our immediate concern here. Ours is the growing number of Vietnam veterans who are faced with increasing physical disability caused by service-related injuries and illnesses. These men are eligible for Veterans Administration disability benefits and pensions, or, in the case of the many thousands already receiving such payments, to have their disability ratings increased. From much of the mail *Penthouse* has received in recent months there seems to be a great deal of confusion about how the Veterans Administration determines disability compensation eligibility and awards its ratings.

These are important matters and often involve thousands of dollars in benefits paid to the veteran and his family. Generally, to be eligible for Veterans Administration disability compensation the disability must be service connected. That is ". . . injury or disease incurred or aggravated by active service in line of duty during wartime or peacetime service." The physical examination at the time of discharge usually determines whether any service-connected illnesses or injuries exist. Therefore, it is difficult to claim compensation for medical problems that develop after a veteran has left the service unless these can be shown to be consequences of a condition which initially occurred during the period of service. Even if the veteran was experiencing problems while in the service there has to be a record somewhere for that time period, or it may be established by other means. For example, one case *Penthouse* encountered involved an air force helicopter gunner who was wounded while flying support for army special forces units in Cambodia. He was subsequently treated by army special forces medics, evacuated to a navy hospital ship, and returned to his air force unit by marine corps transportation. In his case, the record of his medical condition and treatment was almost nonexistent and it had to be established by affidavits and depositions from those with firsthand knowledge of his wounds and treatments. This kind of information is acceptable to the Veterans Administration in lieu of that which is usually found on a veteran's medical service record.

In many cases, at the time of discharge, the veteran failed to have the extent of his disability established. Sometimes this was because the veteran wanted to get out as fast as possible. Many veterans had medical problems while in service, but either did not receive proper examination at the time or did not bring their problems to the attention of physicians, thinking that their complaints were minor ones. In other cases, the extent of their actual disability was yet to be felt. Since their discharge, however, the physical and psychological condition of more and more Vietnam veterans has continued to worsen and this is often attributable to their in-service experience.

In addition to the "service connection" of a veteran's physical condition he must have a discharge other than dishonorable. A discharge under honorable conditions is binding on the Veterans Administration as to the character of discharge, but benefits are not payable when the veteran was discharged or released under dishonorable conditions. These include acceptance of an undesirable discharge to escape trial by court martial, commission of a felony, willful and persistent misconduct, homosexual acts, etc.

If the character of a veteran's discharge is suitable and it can be established that a service-connected physical or psychological impairment exists, then the amount of compensation a veteran will receive is determined by VA officials. Mr. Rufus H. Wilson, chief benefits director, has told *Penthouse*, "The degree of disability is determined by an official examination and by the application of the criteria of an approved rating schedule. The percentage ratings represent, as far as can be practicably determined, the average impairment in earning capacity." An eligible veteran is entitled to monthly tax free payments ranging from $32 for a 10 percent disability to $584 for 100 percent disability rating.

Penthouse suggests that a veteran who wants to prove a disability is service connected, to initiate a disability claim, to appeal a disability rating, or to seek specialized medical treatment from the VA should contact the local Disabled American Veterans (DAV) chapter nearest his home in preparing his request. It should be remembered that the Veterans Administration conducts an independent review of each veteran's case and they base their decision on evidence presented, both as to what occurred while in service and thereafter. A veteran is free to consult a private physician if he questions the VA examination results, or he may have more extensive medical tests conducted at his own expense in order to present evidence to support his claim.

If you don't know the address of the nearest DAV chapter, send a postcard to its National Headquarters at PO Box 14301, Cincinnati, Ohio 45214. They will provide that information.

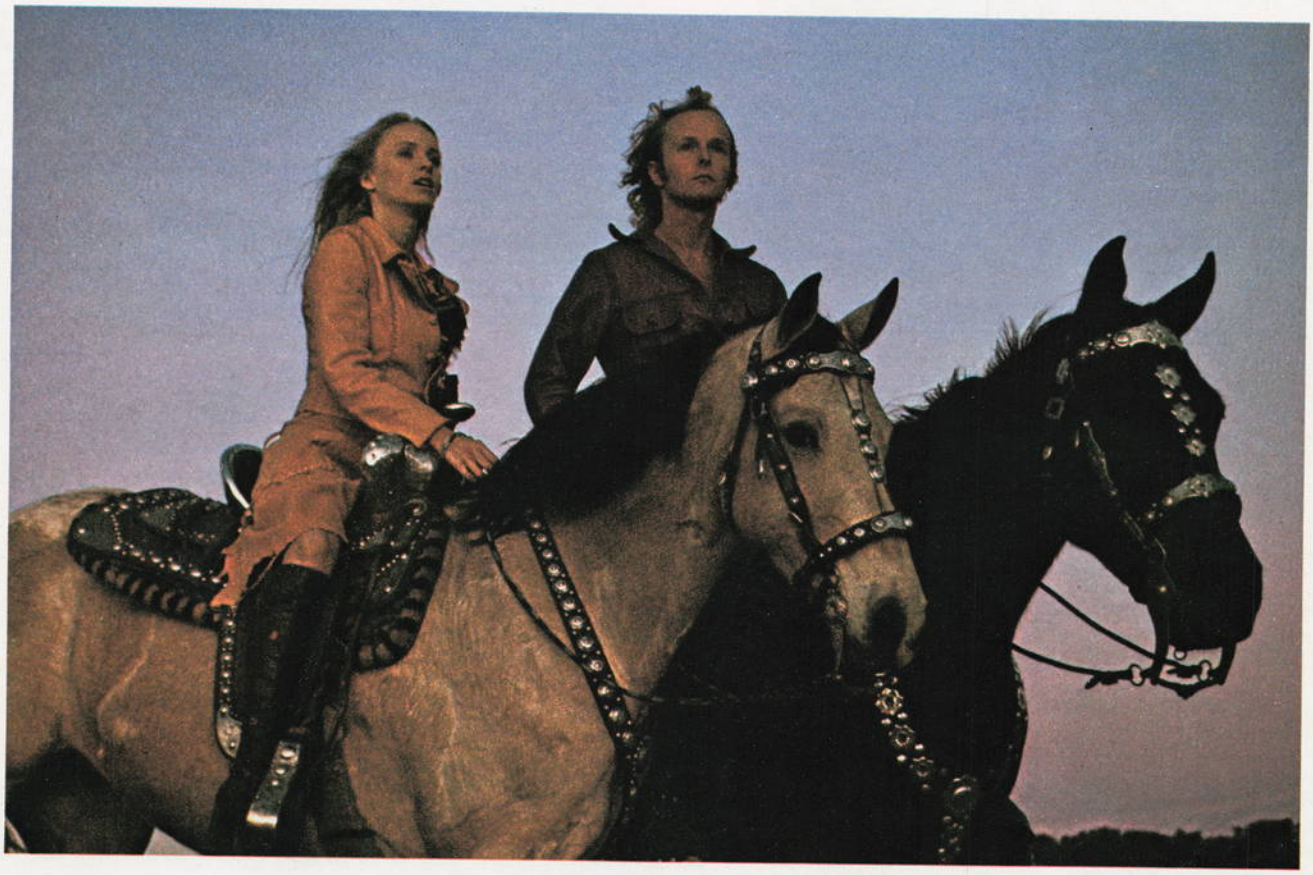
EASY RIDERS

There is a certain magic in a silence shared with someone close. The time and the place don't matter. Even the weather is unimportant. What counts is the companion, the closeness, and the sheer comfort of doing whatever it is that comes to mind—together. The simplest things somehow take on new importance. The way she looks—the secret, subtle things you notice again, as if for the first time. The soft fall of her hair, the richness of its color against her naked skin. The shape of her lips. The way she moves—with certainty, yet with the grace that is born in woman.

You see her watching you, half smiling, half serious, and in her eyes you see all the warmth there ever was. And you reflect it back. Not much is said, but in the corners of your mind—now free of all distraction—you think only of her, reassessing her, reappraising all she really means to you. Your body stirs; you reach out and she comes to you willingly, softly, meeting your embrace with her own arms. She has all the perfume of Woman—and yet her own fragrance is unique.

You feel the warmth of her body as her mouth moves over you. She is your lover, and she knows every part of you as though she had studied each sensuous area with the sole object of giving you pleasure. You touch and taste each other until your passion demands to be unleashed. You move as one, driving body against body,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Leatherwear by Northbeach Leather, Los Angeles, California

reaching deeper delights—swiftly, then slowly—savoring each sensitive movement. Then the senses burst and the mind swims as if groping for ways in which to express the magnificence of the moment. In the afterglow there's small talk that drifts easily from topic to topic, reaching no boundaries beyond the here and now. There are no other people in the whole wide world to worry about, there are no commitments to be made, and there is nothing more important than just to please

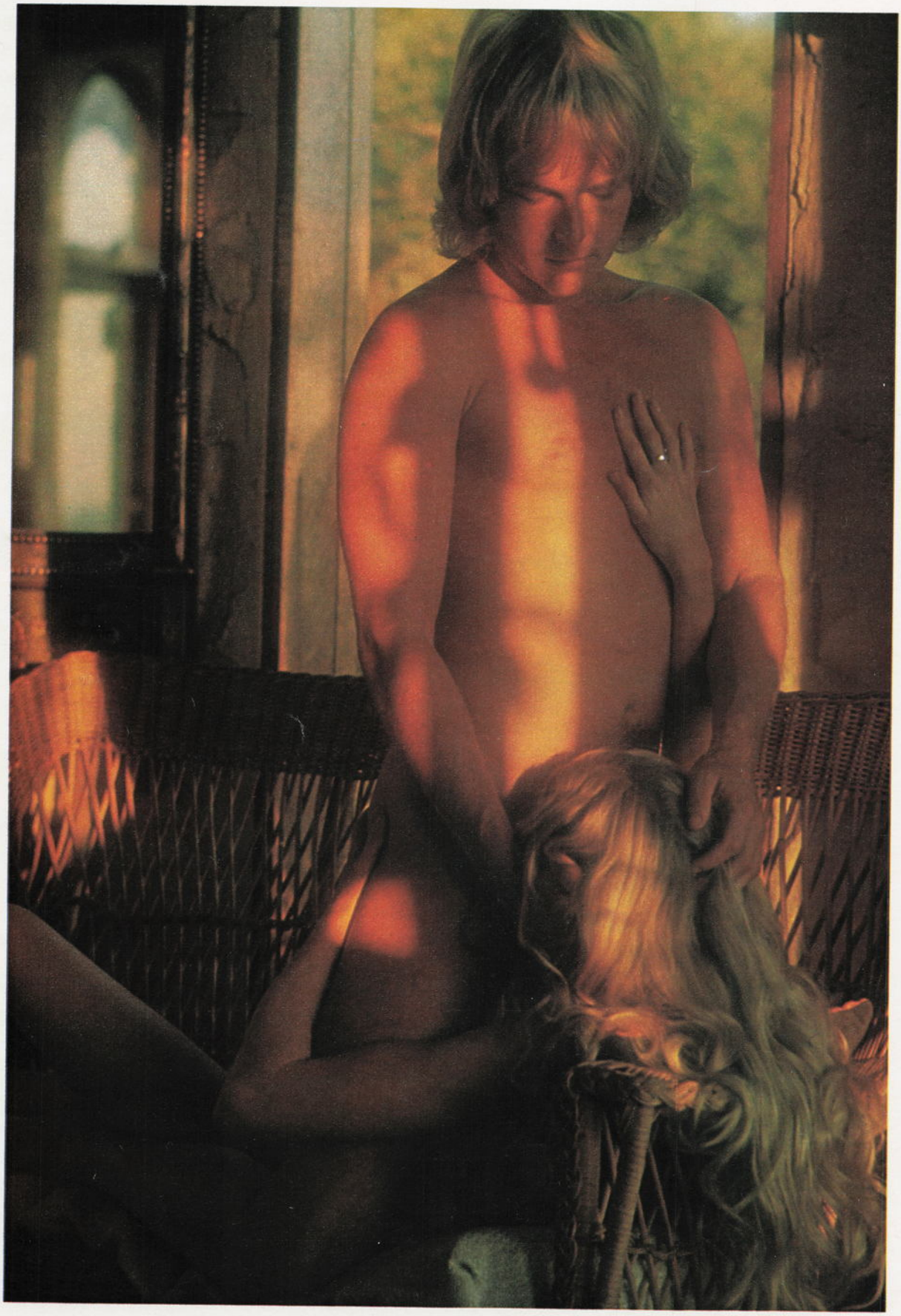
yourselves. There are horses in the paddock, so why not take an easy ride to nowhere? You throw on some jeans, saddle up, and then head out at a slow gait for open country, letting the horses have their heads. And all the while you look at the sun reflecting on water, at the country coming back to life with fresh greenery—and at her. She sits her mount well and you sense that she is secretly proud of her control. You ride, and you stop to take in the lushness of the day. Up there, on horseback,

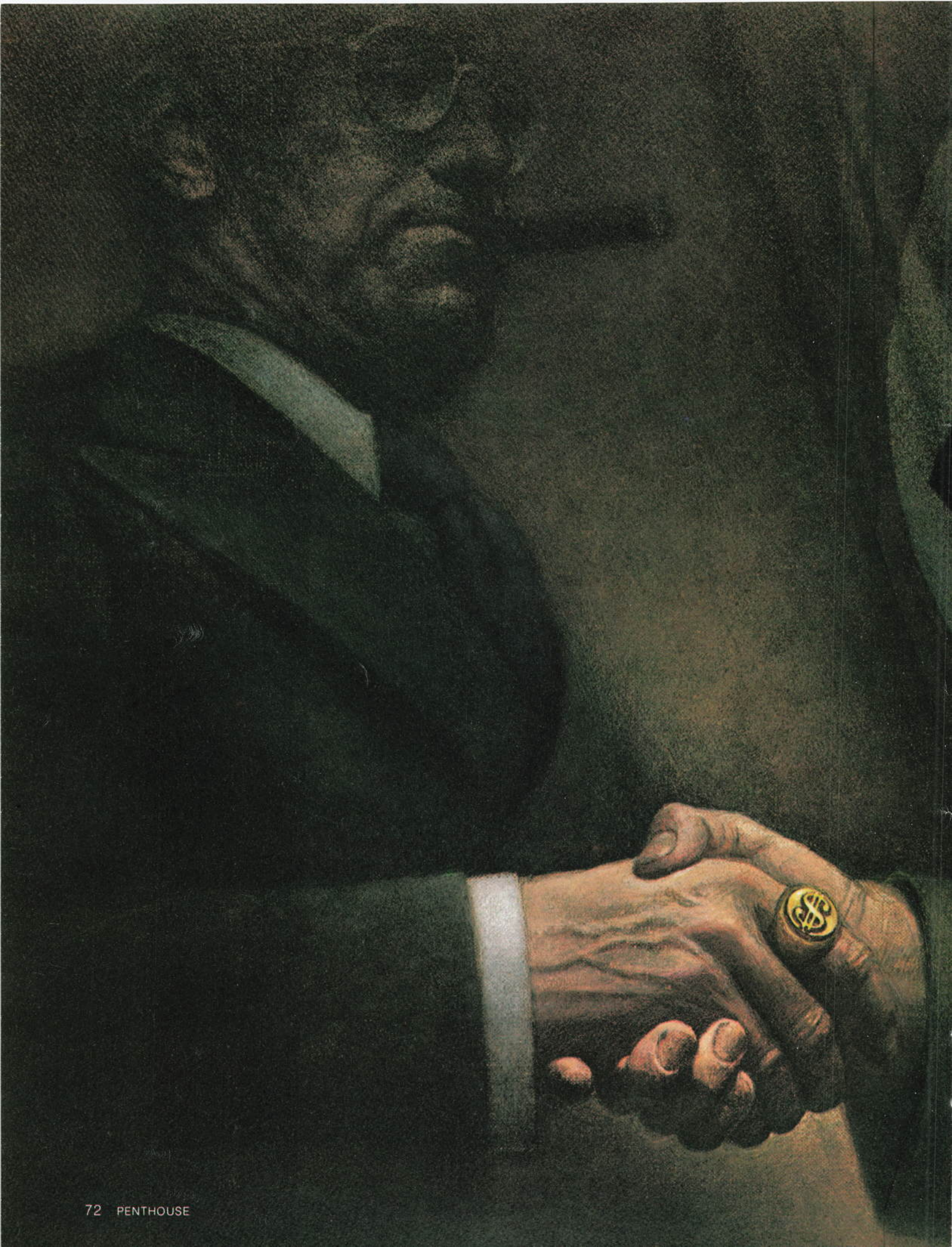
you think of the way the land must have looked to the settlers who first rode in, and then, in the quiet of the afternoon, you sense a bond with those men long gone.

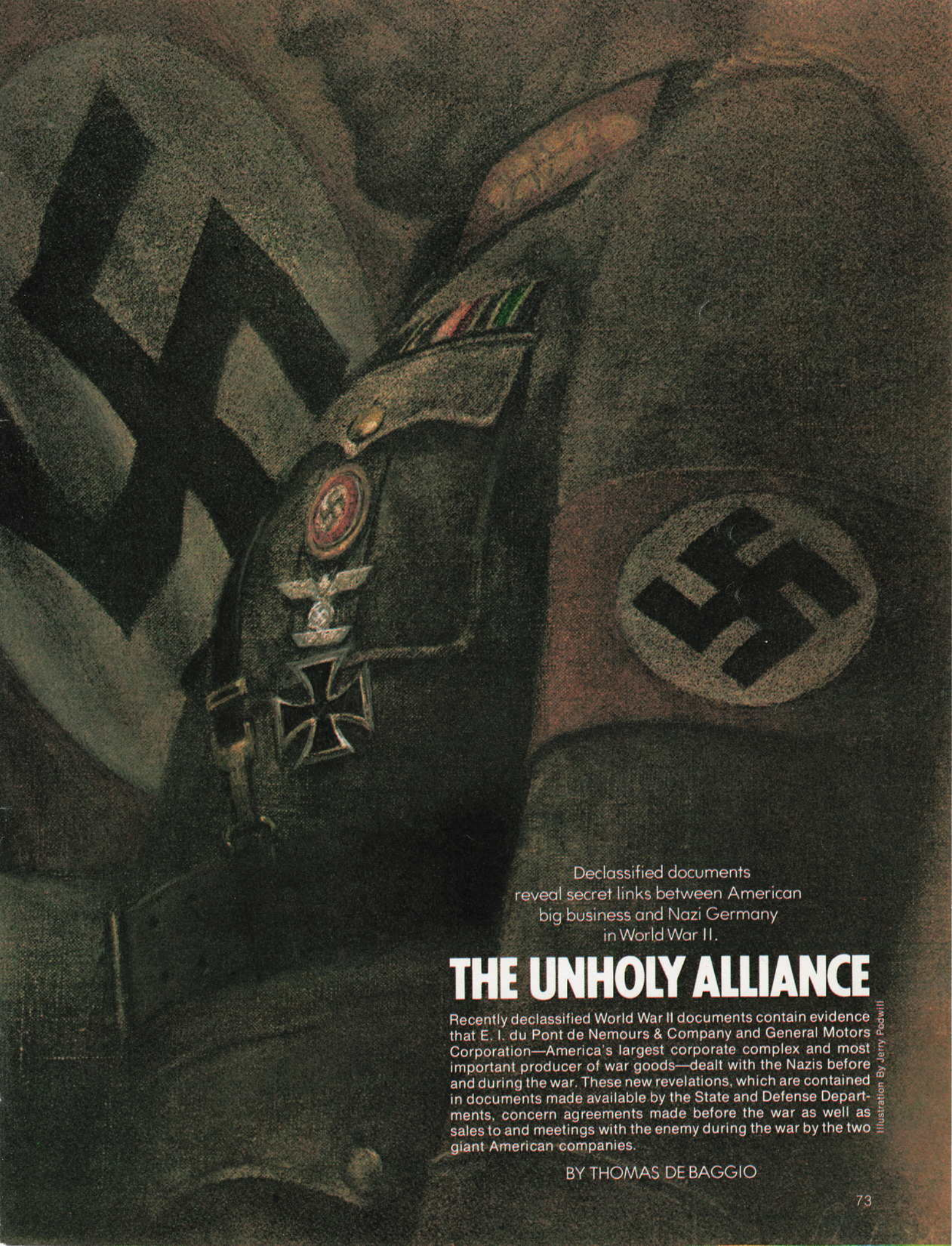
You watch her coaxing the horse back home, see her securely astride her steed, knees gripping his ample girth. You think about the strangely sexual movement of horse and rider. Your mind projects visions, and your loins stir again. She looks back at you, and she knows . . . and wants.

Now *she* cannot wait.

Inside the house, you are naked within seconds. She removes each piece of clothing quickly, takes you in her hands, warm lips open, and the softness of her caresses have an urgency that reveals the fierceness of her passion. You fulfill her—you fulfill each other—and when the tiny moans of sheer pleasure subside, you lie silent once again, secure in each other's arms, sure of your love and grateful to share such perfect moments with her alone.







Declassified documents reveal secret links between American big business and Nazi Germany in World War II.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE

Recently declassified World War II documents contain evidence that E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company and General Motors Corporation—America's largest corporate complex and most important producer of war goods—dealt with the Nazis before and during the war. These new revelations, which are contained in documents made available by the State and Defense Departments, concern agreements made before the war as well as sales to and meetings with the enemy during the war by the two giant American companies.

BY THOMAS DE BAGGIO

Illustration By Jerry Podwill

Until 1963, Du Pont, America's leading chemical maker, dominated General Motors, the world's largest auto manufacturer, through stock ownership and directors. Lammot du Pont, who was both chairman of GM and president of Du Pont, was probably America's most important industrialist during the two decades between the First and Second World Wars. He was intimately allied with far-right causes during the 1930's, which in some circles gave him the reputation of a superpatriot. (At the time of his death in 1952, he still held $28,000 in unpaid loans to the American Liberty League.)

However, in Germany after World War II, he was thought of by some Nazis as a friend. In a formerly secret intelligence report contained in the files of the military occupation government that is now in the National Archives, this reputation is spelled out graphically.

The report discloses a conversation that was held in a military prison between Georg von Schnitzler, Paul Hoefliger, and Günther Frank-Fahle, who were jailed as war criminals for the part they played as executives of I. G. Farbenindustrie, the giant German explosives and chemical combine which manufactured the poison for Hitler's gas chambers. The three were hunting for an escape plan and they hit on Lammot du Pont as someone who "could be depended upon to intervene in their behalf," according to the report.

A member of the du Pont family was an obvious choice for the Farben executives. The Du Pont Company had an intimate relationship with Farben dating from 1926. As a result of this close association, created through scores of business deals and joint ventures around the world, these Farben executives knew that Du Pont had:

- Surrendered the fruits of its research and technical know-how in a handful of agreements negotiated on the eve of the war. These included Freon for refrigeration (from the Du Pont–General Motors joint venture, Kinetic Chemicals), nylon, and synthetic rubber.
- Helped disguise Farben patents so that American authorities would think they were Du Pont patents. This prevented their seizure as alien property.
- Owned over $2 million worth of shares of Farben stock. Farben, in turn, owned $838,412.50 in Du Pont stock, according to records captured by the U.S. military authorities.
- Helped German munitions makers violate the treaty that ended World War I by keeping silent about the illegal trade in munitions conducted by German firms. Du Pont went so far, according to a formerly secret wartime Justice Department report, that it purchased over 11,000 shares of stock in two German arms makers to aid the firms in "consolidating their position and business in Germany."
- Put secret trade agreements before national policy by refusing to sell tetracene-primed ammunition to Great Britain in 1940 at a time when the British were begging American aid and President Roosevelt had declared the U.S. to be an "arsenal for democracy."

But I. G. Farben was not the only German munitions maker with which Du Pont had dealings that caused concern among America's war policy makers. A telegram sent to the State Department on March 21, 1942, some three months after the U.S. declared war on Germany, caused secret shock waves. The telegram was from the U.S. legation in Bern, Switzerland (a key European listening post swarming with members of the U.S. intelligence community, including Allen Dulles, who was to become head of the CIA). It reads:

"The following just received with special request that French sources be not (repeat, not) disclosed.

"Representatives of Du Pont de Nemours recently met with representatives of Hermann Göring Works. Meeting commenced at Montreux but has moved to St. Moritz for greater privacy.

"In reply to informal inquiry by my informant, high Swiss Foreign Office official readily confirmed the report adding that this was not the first time the parties had met; that Vichy was fully informed; and in conclusion reminded my informant that one of the president's sons had married a du Pont."

A notation in the State Department files indicates that a paraphrase of the cable was turned over to the Federal Bureau of Investigation "in strict confidence." FBI files and documents prepared during this period remain classified.

(The mention of the du Pont–Roosevelt marriage was a reference to the wedding of Ethel du Pont, daughter of Eugene du Pont, Jr., and Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., the president's son. The marriage ended in divorce.)

The Hermann Göring Works controlled hundreds of manufacturing firms throughout Nazi-occupied Europe. It was Europe's leading coal supplier and the second largest steel producer. Its armament division absorbed many of Europe's leading munitions makers. The huge conglomerate was designed to aid the Nazis in attaining the goals of Hitler's four-year plan of increased production for German rearmament.

It must be stressed that the Du Pont Company had for years maintained such a close relationship with the U.S. military that industry officials saw the company as "almost a subdivision" of the War Department. As early as 1919, U.S. officials agreed to give Du Pont unique access to secret gov-

WHAT WAS GOOD FOR GENERAL MOTORS WAS GOOD FOR THE COUNTRY...EVEN IF IT MEANT CONTRIBUTING TO THE NAZI WAR MACHINE IN EUROPE!

ernment military research.

(Germany was not the only enemy country with whom Du Pont had dealings. Another dispatch in State Department files details the 1943 offering for sale in Italy, through agents, of a patent owned by Du Pont which covered a process to treat metal—something that had possible strategic value to the Italians.)

Top State Department officials were even more concerned about the activities of Du Pont's General Motors, however. Papers in the National Archives disclose that these government officials suspected that key GM executives were pro-Nazi and that their proclivities were behind the automaker's secret trading with the enemy.

Assistant Secretary of State Adolf A. Berle, Jr., in 1941 expressed his views on GM Vice-President Graeme K. Howard to a colleague in a short memo. Howard, said Berle, "was endeavoring to defend the right of General Motors to maintain Axis propagandists as agents in South America on the ground that 'General Motors could not become concerned in political problems.' " Howard had written a book defending Nazi aggression in Europe and argued that the U.S. should acknowledge Nazi hegemony.

A second General Motors vice-president and director, James D. Mooney, came under suspicion somewhat later. A still-secret communication from the chief wartime censor in Canada to the U.S. State Department reveals an intercepted letter. This letter, according to a description of it in archive records, led the censor to feel that "Mr.Mooney of GM is pro-German." Censorship intercepts were sealed under presidential order and cannot be made public.

In a "strictly confidential" note, dated May 31, 1941, note to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, Assistant Secretary Berle requested "a most discreet investigation be conducted of Mr. Alfred P. Sloan, President of General Motors Corporation; Mr. Howard, vice-president of that corporation and president of General Motors Export Company; and Mr. James D. Mooney, who is connected with the General Motors organization."

The trio were all directors of GM and GM's German subsidiary, Adam Opel A.G. Sloan had made known his feelings toward the Nazis when he reportedly told a group of stockholders in 1939 that the war in Europe, soon to engulf the world, was a "petty international squabble."

When the U.S. clamped down on American corporate relations by prohibiting trade with foreign firms owned or managed by Germans or Nazi sympathizers, GM tried to thwart the blockade.

In Bolivia, according to a May 31, 1941, telegram, the U.S. legation had been told "in extreme confidence" that "arrangements are being made between General Motors Export Corporation and Gundlach [C.F. Gundlach, who also represented Du Pont interests in Bolivia] pro-totalitarian agent for that company in Bolivia, so that business may be operated nominally under the name of Viuda Velez de Otero."

In Guatemala, the U.S. Naval attaché reported in a secret intelligence report of February 14, 1941, that GM's replacement for a pro-Nazi firm was a "salesman named Montano" who was financed by German bankers.

A series of similar attempts to violate restrictions on trading with the enemy brought another State Department call for a "thorough" FBI investigation of Mooney and General Motors Export Corporation. The June 8, 1942 memo alludes to "previous grave suspicions attaching to the dealings" of the firm.

In June 1943 the previous suspicions were confirmed. The State Department caught GM trading with the enemy. The violation, as spelled out in a series of confidential cables, showed that General Motors' Swiss subsidiary had imported thousands of dollars of material from enemy territory. Moreover, GM also continued to receive sales figures, transmitted through its office in Switzerland, for cars and trucks sold behind enemy lines. The State Department looked askance at the practice.

State Department officials kept on top of GM affairs through secret telegrams sent to them from all over the world. But particular attention was drawn to the activities of GM's Opel subsidiary in Germany. Opel began aiding Hitler's bloody drive for world domination as early as 1935, six years before Germany declared war on the United States.

In 1935 GM built a large modern plant in Brandenburg, about 200 miles from the main Opel plant at Russelsheim. "The Brandenburg works was built . . . at the instigation of the [German] government with the object of building military cars and trucks and heavy commercial vehicles," states a formerly secret British wartime report on Opel. The vehicles produced at Brandenburg became, in the words of an American intelligence report, "the backbone of the German Army transportation system."

By the late 1930's the modern conveyor belts at Brandenburg and at the recently enlarged Russelsheim factories were whirring smoothly—but not with the precision and speed desired by the Nazis. In November 1938 the German auto industry, including Ford and Opel, was called to a special meeting with Field Marshal Hermann Göring. A memo on the meeting is contained in a confidential report prepared by the wartime U.S. Justice Depart-

ment. The memo, written by Dr. H. F. Albert, chairman of Ford Motor Company's German operations, reveals Nazi unhappiness that "the German automotive industries had not met the expectations placed in them." According to the memo, Göring dressed down the automakers for producing "too expensive cars, much too heavy units" which "were not fit, in their present composition, to carry through the increase in production which, for military reasons appears necessary." Automakers' profits of from 40 to 50 percent were also criticized by Göring.

Göring also went on to tell the automakers, according to the memo, that "the fortification of the western frontiers could not have been carried through if American units had not been reverted to. These American cars had met all the expectations placed in them." Ford and GM produced the bulk of the trucks for the Nazi military.

GM's Russelsheim plant was converted into a large-scale aircraft-parts factory in 1939, and a year later it was the leading producer of components for the GU-88, the Luftwaffe's most important bomber. Half of the propellant systems for this aircraft were assembled during the war at Russelsheim. The facility also assembled jet engines for the world's first jet fighter, the ME-262.

General Motors retained control of its German factories until the spring of 1941 when Cyrus Osborn, chairman of Opel's board of managers and the firm's chief operating executive, returned to America. Carl Luer, a former member of the GM-selected board of directors, was named as trustee a year later.

Before the outbreak of hostilities, Chairman Alfred P. Sloan, a Du Pont Company director, was an Opel director, along with Graeme K. Howard, James D. Mooney, and David F. Ladin, all GM officials. Opel's founder, Wilhelm von Opel, continued as chairman of the Opel board. His son Fritz, jailed in the U.S. during the war as an enemy alien, had been a GM director in Detroit until 1938.

Although its German factories were obviously important to the Nazi war effort, General Motors had already made an even more basic contribution to the conflagration that engulfed Europe. In 1935 it went into business with I. G. Farben making tetraethyl lead, the chief ingredient in high-octane gasoline. This was the first time the antiknock compound had been produced outside the United States since it was discovered in 1921 by GM's Charles Kettering.

The venture—joined by Exxon, then known as Standard Oil of New Jersey—was essential if petroleum-short Germany was to mount a war. "Without lead-tetraethyl," a captured I. G. Farben wartime document explained, "the present method of warfare would be unthinkable."

When part of the story of GM's aid to the Nazis was made public in 1974, testimony before the U.S. Senate by Bradford C. Snell, a Senate antitrust subcommittee counsel, General Motors reacted angrily. "Following the German declaration of war on the United States on December 11, 1941," GM said in a prepared statement, "the relationship with Opel was entirely severed. No Americans sat on the board of directors, even nominally, after that time."

However, documents in the National Archives disclose that General Motors was able to retain some measure of control over Opel—even during the war. This was done through Albin D. Madsen, a wartime director of Opel, who represented General Motors, according to a 1948 report by the U.S. military's decartelization branch.

Madsen was managing director of GM's subsidiary in Denmark, General Motors International, according to a company history prepared by the American legation in Stockholm, Sweden, in March of 1944.

The report discloses that after Denmark was overrun by the Nazis in April, 1940, GM's plant was *not* seized as the property of enemy aliens and run by a German-appointed trustee as the Opel plants were in Germany. On the contrary, GM continued to run the factory without German intervention until early 1943, according to the report. The GM management in Denmark tried to put off Nazi overtures with arguments that "consideration should be given to the fact of the American ownership of the company," the report explains.

State Department officials, relying on company managers for much of their information, tell of a set of complex negotiations which led to GM's relinquishing its new factory in Copenhagen to the Germans. The terms made it appear that the Nazis had used force; but in fact the GM factory was in effect *rented* to the Germans through the Danish government. The Germans used it as an aircraft engine repair facility. GM retained complete control over all its remaining manufacturing facilities in Denmark, according to the report.

In order to protect its wartime profits, the report notes, GM "purchased a . . . real estate company which owned a large block of modern flats in Copenhagen" in mid-1943. This was just one stratagem used by the GM–Du Pont complex to squirrel away Nazi war profits.

GM officials claimed in 1944 that they had resisted German entreaties as long as possible, but, the report acknowledges, "a considerable section of the Danish population views the company as undesirable by reason of the fact that many people believe it cooperated with the Germans in making available its plant."

Protecting Nazi war profits was difficult for America's premier corporations during World War II. GM's scheme of keeping the money under its control in the foreign country until after the end of hostilities was only one method.

After the war ended both Du Pont and GM made attempts to reap the rewards of their corporations' silent dealings with the Nazis. General Motors, for instance, was successful in obtaining more than $16 million in direct awards and another $16.8 million in tax savings as a result of bombing damage to its German war plants.

DuPont, without damaged plants to collect on, went to the Foreign Claims Settlement Commission in an attempt to get its share of profits on war goods sold to the Nazis by firms it partially owned in Germany.

The largest single pile of German war profits that Du Pont tried to tap was held by the German Foreign Debt Conversion Office. The money, $121,407.39, according to Du Pont, consisted of dividends from a majority interest in Duco, AG, of Berlin, a joint venture Du Pont owned with Schering, AG, Germany's second largest chemical and pharmaceutical firm. Although Schering had control of 51 percent of the voting shares of the company, Du Pont owned additional nonvoting stock which gave it a majority of the profits.

The profits Du Pont attempted to collect through the commission represented returns for the years 1940 through 1943. But in 1967 the claims commission rejected Du Pont's bid for the money because awards could be granted for damaged property but not for debts.

Du Pont also tried to collect $15,494.50 in royalty payments for the use of its synthetic rubber patents in Czechoslovakia. Under the licensing arrangement, Bata Corporation was to pay Du Pont $35 a ton. The corporation produced 442 tons for the Nazis, but the commission again thwarted Du Pont's lust to collect enemy war profits.

Du Pont also attempted to collect royalties through the State Department for payments on war material produced by I. G. Farben. The German firm was taken over by Allied military authorities after the war and Du Pont could only be compensated by appealing to the U.S government. Du Pont expected thousands of dollars in profits as a result of patent arrangements with I. G. Farben. Available records do not indicate whether the company was paid.

Du Pont had agreements with other companies producing war goods for the Nazis. Nylon patent rights had been sold on the eve of World War II by Du Pont in Germany, Italy, and France. How much was collected in wartime profits from these concerns is unknown since it was not necessary for Du Pont to take formal action with the U.S. government to collect the money. Presumably, the firms paid what Du Pont demanded as its share figured under contracts negotiated before the war.

Du Pont also owned shares in a number of important Axis firms. Aside from stock in I. G. Farben, Du Pont held about 4 percent of the stock of Deutsche Gold and Silber Scheideanstalt. Nicknamed DEGUSSA, the firm was second only to I. G. "in the range, variety, and importance of its manufacture of chemical products," according to an assessment made by military authorities after the war. Du Pont valued its DEGUSSA shares at $430,066.18 in 1930.

A list of foreign investments dated

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

SONNY

"I know what my body can do, what my hands and my breasts and lips are for . . . ."

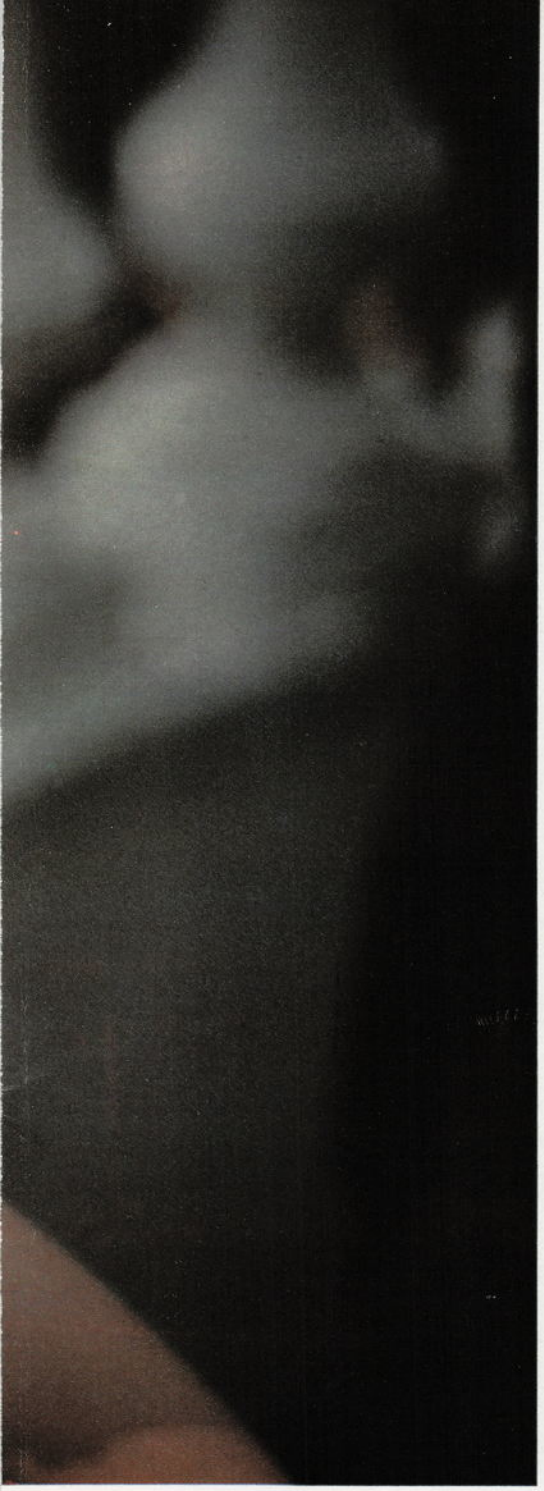
OLD-FASHIONED—WITH A TWIST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Sonny Smith is an outdoor girl, and when Sonny gets blue she just thinks about the rolling wheat fields and the clear blue skies of the Midwest, out where she grew up. "I can get high on sunshine and fresh air—I guess it just comes from my upbringing. I was raised in a rural community, and we lived so close to the land we could almost hear it breathe.

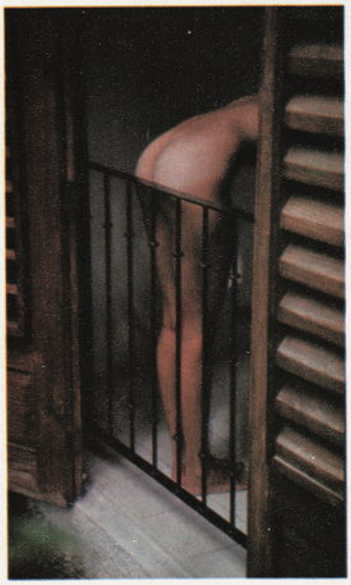
"But don't get me wrong," she adds. "I'm not a health nut or anything like that. I'm a fresh-food fanatic—you know, basic meats, fresh vegetables, crisp salads—but now and then I love a taste of the exotic. Doesn't everybody?"

Just about—which may explain why Sonny spends so much time in the kitchen, but *not* how she maintains



"I'm all for a long, serious, full-time relationship with a man before marriage...."

her trim 37-25-36 contours. Naturally enough, she likes to cook outdoors. "If that makes me a homebody...well, then maybe I am. But I love to party, too! And I thoroughly enjoy the luxury of being fed and fussed over in some tucked-away resort hotel."



She found just such a spot in Haiti, where she went with Bob Guccione on a location shooting. "I've never been here before," she says, "and I absolutely adore it. Habitation Leclerc in Port-au-Prince is the most voluptuous hotel I've ever seen. Maybe I feel that way because it's so different from where I grew up. It's that special touch of the exotic again....Yet somehow there are parallels—it's very organic. People today live in a man-made world, in plastic bubbles. We need to burst out of them every once in a while."

Out is where Sonny likes to be, where, as she puts it, "I really find myself and get back in touch with my body"

—with all five feet, seven inches of it. And staying in touch with herself is important to Sonny. "I know what my body can do, what my hands and breasts and lips are meant for, and the pleasure I can give with them. That's what I mean by having respect for my body. And if I share it, then it has to be with the right person. If that's old-fashioned... then *fine,* I'm old-fashioned."

At twenty-two, Sonny has had her share of affairs—not very many, she admits, but that's the way she is. "I have to know a man... really know him... before I go to bed with him," she says. "I realize that by today's standards,

a lot of people must consider me square, but I just don't see the advantage in one-night stands.

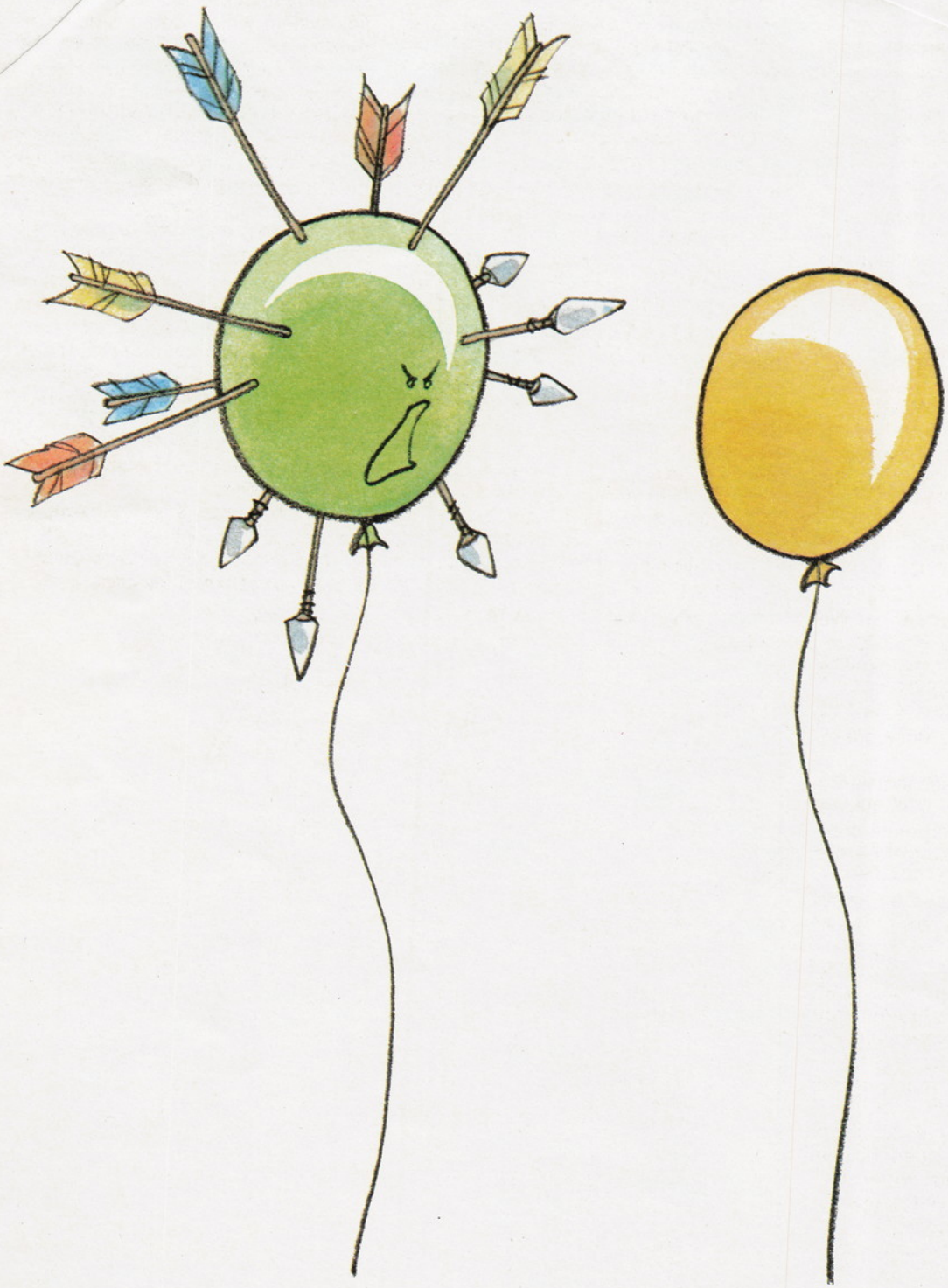
"It takes time for a man to really know a woman, to explore her mind as well as her body, and it takes time for a woman to learn how to please her man—in bed and out. That's why, even though I'm a firm believer in marriage, I'm all for a long, serious, full-time relationship with a man before marriage. When I take those vows, I want to *mean* them. I want it to be for keeps!"

There is, it seems, still a lot to be said for an old-fashioned girl—especially if she comes Sonny side up.

MISS SONNY SMITH/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Next time we parley with Geronimo you do the talking."

UNHOLY ALLIANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

January 24, 1944, supplied to the State Department by Du Pont, showed holdings in French and Italian chemical industries. In France, German-occupied during the war, Du Pont owned 17.5 percent of the stock in Société Français Duco, an outfit manufacturing Du Pont paint products similar to the German Duco firm.

Du Pont also maintained an interest in the Italian chemical giant, Montecantini, a firm which historians say had a large role in bringing about the fascist dictatorship of Benito Mussolini. Du Pont also held 16 percent of the stock in Società Italiana Delle Cellulòide, a holding company in which the firm had maintained a controlling interest prior to the war.

In addition to making money, these foreign investments had an indirect benefit for Du Pont. They helped the company divide the world into exclusive markets in which there would be no competition.

These formerly secret government documents help cast light on the hidden recesses of American corporate activity in times of international tensions. They show the actions behind the business axiom formulated by Pierre du Pont, the patriarch of the modern American corporation. "We cannot assent to allow our own patriotism to interfere with our duties" to achieve "reasonable profits for our stockholders," he said in testimony before the Senate Committee to Investigate the Munitions Industry in the 1930's.

"It may, of course, be argued that participating in both sides of an international conflict, like the common corporate practice of investing in both political parties before an election, is an appropriate corporate activity," says Senate Aide Snell in a study done for the Senate antitrust and monopoly subcommittee. "Had the Nazis won, General Motors . . . would have appeared impeccably Nazi; as Hitler lost, these companies were able to reemerge impeccably American. In either case, the viability of these corporations and the interests of their respective stockholders would have been preserved."

Snell, however, sees the inevitability of the conflicting loyalties created by this credo as having a "potential for abuse" which would suggest "that in the case of powerful concentrated industries engaged in war-convertible production multinational expansion may adversely affect America's legitimate interest in national security."

A special report by the Foreign Economic Administration prepared in 1945 came to similar conclusions about the activities of multinational corporations. It based its conclusions on World War II experiences.

"International cartel agreements were one of the effective means employed by the Nazis in preparing for World War II," the classified report said. "Such agreements were used not only to develop the Nazi military potential and to weaken the preparedness position of Germany's potential enemies, but also to provide a screen for espionage activities."

These cartel agreements were entered into by various corporations in order to protect profits by dividing up sales territories among them and to swap patented information. "Loyalty to such agreements is usually supranational and, consequently, exceedingly dangerous to national security," the report noted.

These business agreements among corporations "perform the functions of an international government," the report said. "International security demands the adoption of an international cartel convention designed to eliminate all restrictive measures imposed by international cartels and the creation of such international agencies as may be essential to the implementation of the convention."

No meaningful controls were ever placed on multinational corporations. Today, among the few congressional aides who have interested themselves in these problems there are two schools of thought. There are those whose idealism has been shocked by what they view as the inevitable threat to America by international corporations. They talk in hushed tones of legislation which would force these giant firms to sell their foreign holdings. While they talk about such a proposal, however, they are not optimistic about its success in Congress because they feel the case for such drastic economic action has not been made with sufficient force and drama to sway public opinion and votes.

Other congressional opinion favors less severe restrictions. Some type of monitoring system which would require disclosure of now-secret holdings and deals is a first step favored by some on the Senate Multinational Subcommittee. The proponents of this and other proposals to restrict and regulate American multinationals see American corporate power with some ambivalence. In their view there are good and bad corporations. The good corporations can immeasurably aid foreign nations in a variety of ways. Under their suggested scheme the bad would be weeded out. The catch is how to set up criteria to determine "good" and "bad" corporations.

Implicit in all the arguments is the idea that America's corporations form an unacknowledged world empire. Even a few first steps at regulating the nation's multinational giants would have to set some international standards of behavior for American companies.

That it has taken this long to even begin tentative discussions about the problem is a measure of corporate power as much as it is an indication of the complexity of the issue.

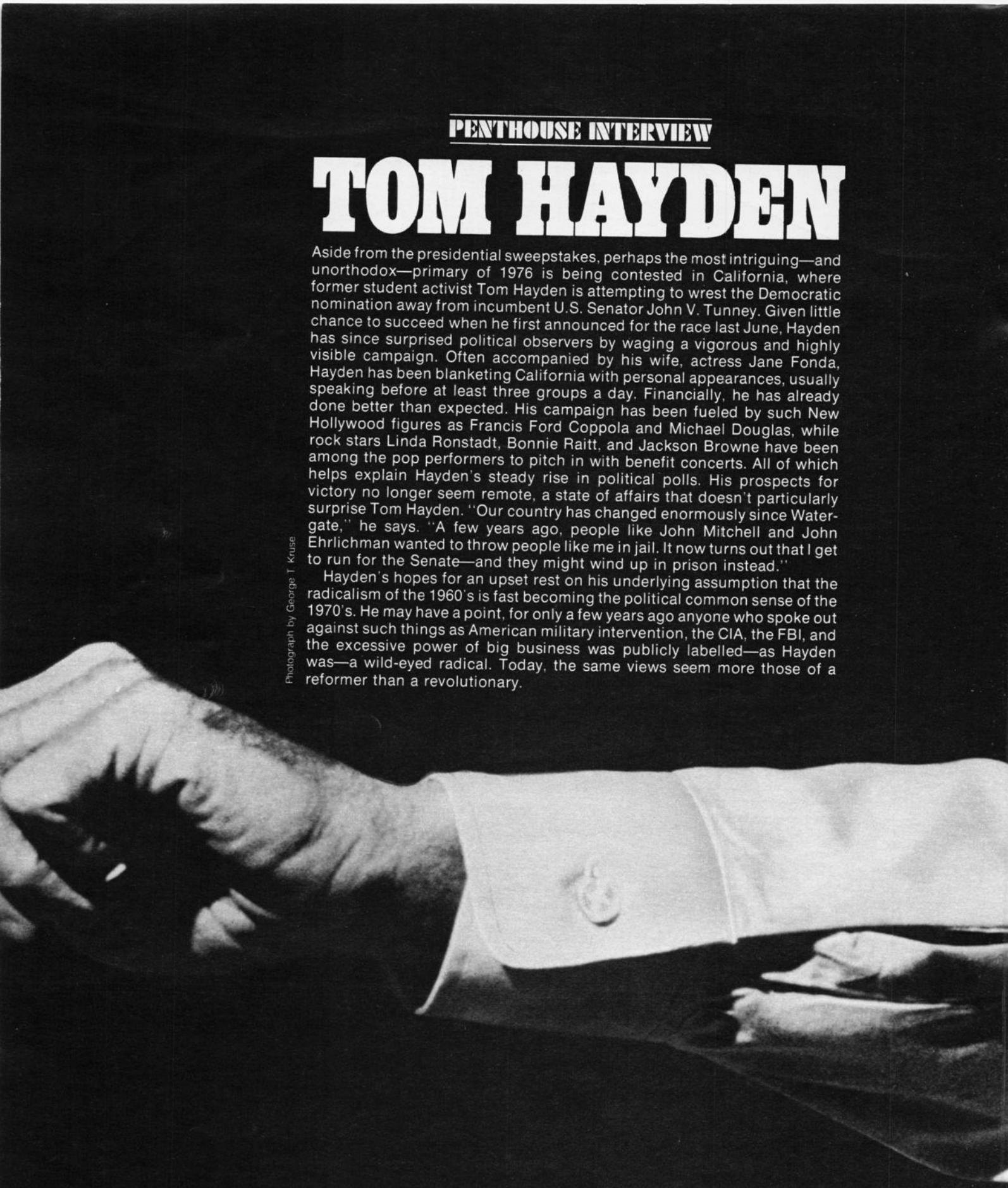
"I think we could safely rule out suicide, Watson."

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

TOM HAYDEN

Aside from the presidential sweepstakes, perhaps the most intriguing—and unorthodox—primary of 1976 is being contested in California, where former student activist Tom Hayden is attempting to wrest the Democratic nomination away from incumbent U.S. Senator John V. Tunney. Given little chance to succeed when he first announced for the race last June, Hayden has since surprised political observers by waging a vigorous and highly visible campaign. Often accompanied by his wife, actress Jane Fonda, Hayden has been blanketing California with personal appearances, usually speaking before at least three groups a day. Financially, he has already done better than expected. His campaign has been fueled by such New Hollywood figures as Francis Ford Coppola and Michael Douglas, while rock stars Linda Ronstadt, Bonnie Raitt, and Jackson Browne have been among the pop performers to pitch in with benefit concerts. All of which helps explain Hayden's steady rise in political polls. His prospects for victory no longer seem remote, a state of affairs that doesn't particularly surprise Tom Hayden. "Our country has changed enormously since Watergate," he says. "A few years ago, people like John Mitchell and John Ehrlichman wanted to throw people like me in jail. It now turns out that I get to run for the Senate—and they might wind up in prison instead."

Hayden's hopes for an upset rest on his underlying assumption that the radicalism of the 1960's is fast becoming the political common sense of the 1970's. He may have a point, for only a few years ago anyone who spoke out against such things as American military intervention, the CIA, the FBI, and the excessive power of big business was publicly labelled—as Hayden was—a wild-eyed radical. Today, the same views seem more those of a reformer than a revolutionary.



Photograph by George T. Kruse

For Tom Hayden, times have indeed changed. A graduate of the University of Michigan, Hayden first attracted national attention in 1961, when he was beaten up during a freedom march in McComb, Mississippi, and later jailed in Georgia. After working in the South for two years as a civil-rights organizer, Hayden became a co-founder of Students for a Democratic Society. Almost from its inception, SDS—with an eventual membership of nearly one million college students—actively protested America's military presence in Vietnam.

In the course of his antiwar activities, Hayden traveled to Southeast Asia four times, and in 1967 acted as intermediary in negotiations that resulted in the first release of American POW's. A year later he led antiwar demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention, for which he was arrested and put on trial as one of the "Chicago Eight." All the defendants were ultimately exonerated, and in 1970, Hayden became national coordinator of the Indochina Peace Campaign, a cause that occupied much of his time until last spring.

To interview the thirty-five-year-old senatorial hopeful, *Penthouse* sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with Hayden during two of his recent swings through northern California. Reports Linderman, "In the sixties, Tom Hayden was said to be an icily detached political theorist, but if that was the case—and frankly, I doubt it—Hayden has clearly loosened up. Instead of an introverted ideologue, Hayden comes off more as an engaging Irish-American with a well-developed appreciation for ironic humor and a growing gift for political oratory. His aides told me that when the campaign began Hayden tended to be stiff and professorial in his speeches, but at one rally I attended in Sonoma he was effortlessly able to turn on a standing-room-only crowd consisting mostly of urban and political dropouts. A few weeks before, I'd seen him receive similar receptions at a convention of San Francisco's Council of Democratic Clubs and at the annual officers' meeting of a state employees' union.

"Hayden wants to run the most active campaign in recent California political history, and he seems to be doing it. His campaign also has a good deal of glamour going for it, much of it in the person of his wife. Whenever Jane Fonda is along, the crowds are larger, the photographers are more plentiful, and the media coverage is more extensive. Still, Hayden himself is a genuine draw, and it hasn't been unusual for campus crowds of more than 3,000 people to show up at one of his speeches. The Tunney camp is particularly worried about Hayden's growing collegiate following, for whenever he appears at a school, campus registrars inevitably sign up scores of first-time voters.

"As this report was being filed, Hayden's campaign was continuing to gather steam, but the smart money was still on Senator Tunney. What Hayden had to say about his own chances of pulling off an upset provided a logical opening for the first of our taped sessions."

Penthouse: Although your senatorial campaign has attracted a good deal of interest and attention, most political observers predict you'll fall short of victory. Are they wrong?

Hayden: They usually *are* wrong, aren't they? Of course, when I first began exploring the idea of running last April, I also started with the assumption that I'd lose. At that point I was analyzing the value of entering a race I couldn't win. One possible reason for doing so was that my campaign might have strong political impact, but I finally felt that such an argument wasn't enough. Why spend a year running if all you can say is that you're running to educate? There are other ways to educate, and besides, you can't expect people to put their energy, money, and hopes behind someone who's just there to educate.

But meanwhile, people I respect kept telling me to run. These were community-based activists who planned to work on the campaign, and whose judgments I trust. They felt I could win it, so I spent the month of May exploring what my chances were of getting solid, grass-roots support, money, and a fair shake from the press. I was frankly surprised by how positive the indications were, and so I finally decided to run—but only because I thought I had a chance to win. I'm not running just so I can sweep Berkeley.

I'm still an underdog and a long shot, but I'm much more confident of my candidacy because of the gains we've made since I announced. The Field Poll, which is California's most respected poll, reported that Tunney's popularity among Democrats had dropped from 65 percent in early June to 55 percent in September, which was a real reflection of the organization and activity of our campaign. During the summer months I met with about 475 citizens' groups all over the state, and I've kept up that pace since then.

Penthouse: Senator John V. Tunney is a good-looking, bright, articulate, middle-of-the-road politician. Won't it be extremely difficult to dislodge such an incumbent?

Hayden: Let me answer you with our campaign slogan: It can be done. Our national disgust with politicians keeps growing, and as more information comes out about the hidden activities of the FBI, CIA, and multinational corporations, people will see even more clearly the unimpressive nature of the candidates they have to choose among this year. Tunney, because he is bland and a waffler, is not a villain, but he's perfectly representative of what's wrong with politicians.

Penthouse: Which is?

Hayden: They are essentially unreal. Politicians like Tunney hire high-priced advertising agencies to create a candidate image that voters supposedly are looking for. That image is then tested in voter samplings and finally sold to the public by purchasing television time and selling it the same way cars and detergents are sold. In the end, voters are asked to make up their minds and express a choice—but they can't make a *real* choice, because they can't ever find out what the candidate stands for. The best they can do is guess between images, and often these images all come from the same Madison Avenue firms. We do our own ads, incidentally.

Penthouse: Aren't you making Senator Tunney sound a lot like the character Robert Redford played in *The Candidate*?

Hayden: No, because Tunney doesn't have the roots of that film character—the guy Redford played at least started with the poor. Tunney is just a creation of advertising executives, who have become the key people in most campaigns. They aren't the powers that be—advertising men don't have great personal wealth—but they're the technicians who work on behalf of candidates who serve the money powers. Advertising has by now become a game in which we try to see through what the seller is saying to find out what the truth is, because we never expect someone to tell us the truth about a product. It's affected politics the same way. There are advertising agencies that promise to put you in office if you'll agree to allow them to have complete control over what you say, how you appear, and where you go—your entire campaign. The result is a packaged candidate like Tunney.

Penthouse: Don't you also have an image problem to overcome—that of being a student radical?

Hayden: I really think that anybody who sees me or goes to a meeting or watches television can see that I'm not a student radical. When that's brought up, I try to be as direct as possible by saying that I stood up for my beliefs in the sixties and that I intend to stand up for my beliefs in the seventies—and that we need somebody like that in the Senate. And when there are specific questions about my student activist days, they're answered. But basically, I assume that the antagonisms aroused in those years are on their way to being overcome. It's a gamble and a judgment on my part that times and opinions are changing.

Penthouse: Isn't that problem compounded by being married to Jane Fonda?

Hayden: I'm blocked from thinking about it because I love her. I really can't deal with Jane as someone in terms of campaign assets and liabilities, but if I had to guess, I'd say that the amount of hostility supposedly aimed at her is vastly exaggerated. I just don't feel any of that coming her way, and we don't lead a very insulated life. Going to the store, going to the movies, speaking somewhere—if the hostility was there, I'd pick up on it. What happened is that an impression was created and then

perpetuated in the press for a while. That's not to say there weren't attacks on Jane in the spring of '73; there were, but they were all orchestrated by a Nixon administration trying to cover its tracks in Vietnam. She was right about the war, and after Nixon was exposed for what he was, the case against her fell apart.

Penthouse: Candidates' wives usually sublimate their own opinions, personalities, and careers in order not to jeopardize their husbands' chances of winning elections. Has anything like that been the case with your wife?

Hayden: No, not at all. One thing I've liked about being married to Jane is that, in the way people and media relate to us, I've been treated more as an extension of her than she as an extension of me. That was new for me, because my past relationships with women had always been complicated by the fact that they were considered to be in my shadow. They'd be ignored by acquaintances and other political people, they were assumed to share all my opinions, and the effect was devastating—unless, that is, you're into being with women who are totally passive and submissive. I've never cared for that. I've always been involved with women who were independent, separate people, but they couldn't *be* independent, separate people and be involved with me because of how I was seen. The positive paradox of being with Jane is that it's all reversed, and for a change I've experienced the reverse role. And that's good for the relationship, because Jane isn't under any pressure to be an extension of me.

Okay, comes the campaign and the problem: there's only one person running, and that's me. Jane could be put in the secondary position of being a so-called candidate's wife, but we haven't allowed that to happen. It's been resolved by Jane becoming a separate, integral part of the campaign with her own responsibilities.

Penthouse: What are they?

Hayden: Principally, speaking and fundraising. Jane also takes on issue assignments, thereby helping our campaign arrive at positions on various subjects. She's one of the people who make decisions, which is quite a departure from the usual duties of a candidate's wife.

Penthouse: Is it really possible to talk about an antiestablishment movement when running under the banner of an establishment political party?

Hayden: Yes, because the Democratic party in California is different from Chicago or New Jersey: there's no party machine in California. And my campaign *is* antiestablishment; I don't identify with the Democratic party establishment—nationally or in California—only with the party's rank-and-file members and their aspirations. Most people who register as Democrats do it because they believe deeply in a state party figure. They do it only because the Democratic party is more flexible and more responsive than the Republican party. After confrontations or great periods of social unrest or mass pressure, Democrats historically make concessions necessary for the economic survival of most people—the kinds of concessions that Republicans have always been unwilling to make. Such concessions have often been the difference between economic life and death for many, many people, which is why most Americans register as Democrats. That's as deep as their attachment goes, and if the Democrats offered even more progressive programs and leadership, they would have absolutely no problem getting voter support.

Penthouse: For you to become senator, you're going to need massive support among young voters. How do you plan to get to them?

Hayden: The question isn't one of getting to them so much as it is giving them an opportunity to really express their feelings after having been written up and written off, after having gone through the best of times and the worst of times, and after having gone through the highest ideals and the worst frustrations. I would imagine that voters between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five represent the potential majority of the electorate in California's Democratic primary. The older ones are now in professions—teaching, law—they're all over the place. There's also a significant number of Vietnam veterans who are now back at the jobs they held before the war.

That's a very experienced generation, and if their voting percentage is moderately low—maybe even as low as 40 percent—it doesn't mean they're turned off. It's just that they're turned off what's been around, and that's because they really haven't had an authentic candidate of their own. But they're very involved in our campaign, because it's for them, something they understand easily. The younger ones—the current generation of students—invest their real feelings and emotions mainly in one-to-one relationships among their closest friends; they don't give their emotions to society or to causes. They are of the opinion that efforts to change society have failed, and that there's no way to do it externally.

They are also of the opinion that getting economic security is much more difficult today than it was fifteen years ago. They're correct, for they've come along just as we're sliding into economic stagnation, whereas before we were living off a boom economy. They're competitive in terms of grades because they have to survive, but I think they want to live by more human values than profit. They'd much rather have a job that serves society than a job that serves only to profit the hunger of private investors. So in a sense, they're our natural constituency, and we're asking them to give us their hope. I think students will do that, for our campaign has survived a lot of years of chaos and frustration and has achieved a measurable amount of experience and wisdom as a result. There hasn't been anything to replace the movements I came out of, and that gives a campaign like ours a certain stature.

Penthouse: One worry voiced frequently by younger voters has to do with campaign financing. Namely: can you accept the kind of money necessary to run a senatorial race without accumulating a bundle of political obligations?

Hayden: One look at how we're financing the campaign would convince almost anyone that such worries are needless. We're raising money through concerts, direct mass mailings, passing the bucket on campuses, and getting individual contributions at house parties and similar gatherings. One thing we'll prove—and we're breaking our backs proving it—is that you can run a successful campaign for senator in the most populous state in the country without corporate backing. And we don't really need as much money as Tunney does because we have so many volunteers. And because our paid political workers take low salaries—$100 a week when they can get it—we can stretch a dime as far as Tunney can stretch a dollar.

Penthouse: Thus far, you've talked mainly about your popularity among younger voters, but to win, you're going to have to attract sizeable support among older Democrats. Do you think you will?

Hayden: Yes, and I think a lot of people will be surprised about how well we'll do among older voters. What I see as the way to victory is to pick up the mantle of progressive reform that John Tunney has dropped due to his packaged aloofness and his stands on key issues. Tunney is in favor of raising the price of natural gas, is for the B-1 bomber and continued high military spending, is opposed to national health insurance, and has been censured by the United Farm Workers because of his faithful representation of grower interests. It's become very evident that Tunney is antagonizing voters in traditional Democratic constituencies and has moved out of the position we are now occupying. We're inheriting a lot of the party's longtime voters as a result, and we're also bringing in a great many people who've been nonvoters and independents.

Penthouse: What issue do you feel is of most concern to voters, not just in California but throughout the nation?

Hayden: I think most people believe, as I do, that the key question we have to deal with is how to confront the concentration of economic power and wealth in this nation. And the problem is going to intensify, especially when seen in the context of America's descending position in the world: in terms of military, economic, and political power, the U.S. has fallen back since Vietnam and the energy crisis. And as a result of this retrenchment—and for the first time in recent American history—our ability to grow through expansion has been curtailed. We will no longer be able to look at the rest of the world as a cornucopia of labor, resources, and markets.

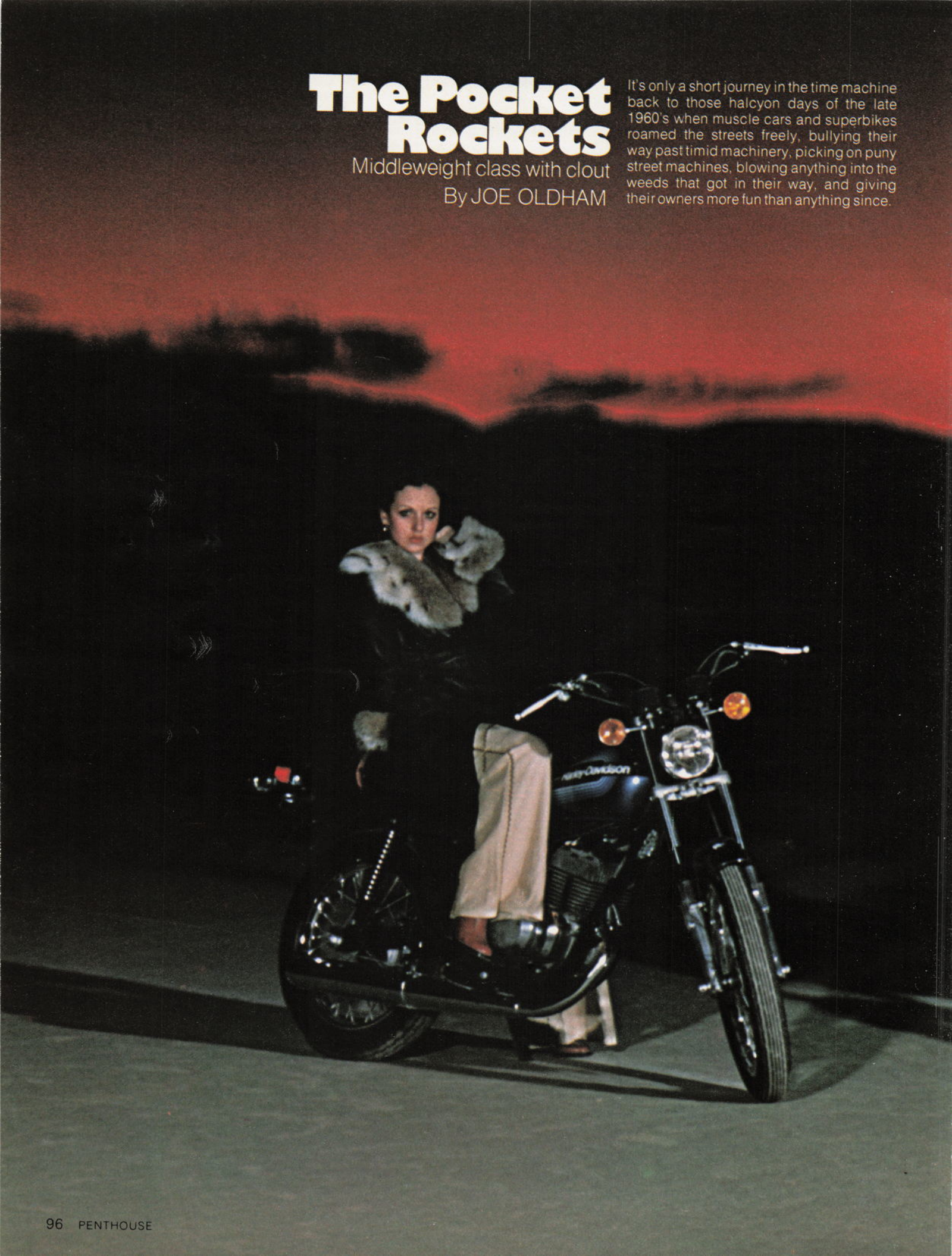
CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

The Pocket Rockets

Middleweight class with clout

By JOE OLDHAM

It's only a short journey in the time machine back to those halcyon days of the late 1960's when muscle cars and superbikes roamed the streets freely, bullying their way past timid machinery, picking on puny street machines, blowing anything into the weeds that got in their way, and giving their owners more fun than anything since.



In those performance-oriented days, all you needed to sell hot motorcycles was sheer, brute, eyeball-sucking acceleration and three first gears that would produce mind-blowing wheelies.

But this is 1976, not 1969. To say that things have changed is like saying this month's Pet merely has a fairly nice shape. Our lifestyle changes just as the seasons change. Brutal performance is almost antisocial during these times of national self-examination and social awareness. We're a nation slowly turning away from the notion that might makes right. It's not only reflected in our politics but also in our leisure activities.

Middleweight bikes didn't rate much attention five years ago. Sure, there were always a few medium-displacement machines in every manufacturer's line-up. But let's face it. They were pretty mundane. All the hot engineering and the super styling was saved for the big 750cc to 1,000cc fire-breathers in the line.

The lineup: at left is Harley-Davidson's model SS-175, a single-cylinder two-stroke machine. At right is Honda's four-cylinder four-stroke CB-400F.

This, too, turned around, and if you look at the new 1976 bikes, you're going to find that the neatest, keenest things going are the new middleweight sport bikes. In the past year or two they've been recognized by their own manufacturers who have finally let loose the engineering and styling departments on the medium-displacement machines. The result is a class of motorcycles that will get you anywhere you need to go without raising a lot of eyebrows, and do it quickly, efficiently, and with style. You'll have a lot of fun on the way, too.

Honda, perhaps, started the trend last year with the introduction of its CB-400F Super Sport. For 1976, the bike is pretty much the same as last year's successful model and has been joined in the Honda line-up by 550cc and 750cc versions of the Super Sport.

The Honda CB-400F was the first factory-built café racer sold in this country. It's still one of the sharpest bikes you'll see on the street, despite year-old styling. By the way, if you're not familiar with the term café racer, it originated in England several years ago where the fad was to customize the styling of your street motorcycle so it looked like an all-out road racer, then use it on the street to get from pub to pub with style and class—in the shortest possible time, of course.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

Honda adapted a few styling tricks to the 400cc four-cylinder bike that was already on the shelf (originally as a 350), and *voila*!—instant café racer. Some of the styling twists are the short racer-type handlebars (called clip-ons), the foot controls that are set further to the rear than those on more conventional bikes (so that you can lean forward and "tuck in" to cut wind resistance), and the tuned four-into-one exhaust system that not only looks hairy as hell but also helps the engine develop more horsepower because of the special tuning of the pipes. It's also lighter than a conventional exhaust system so the engine has to haul around less weight and performance is further improved. You'll also find a 3.7 fuel tank that is styled right after the road-racing tanks you're likely to see on the high banks of Daytona.

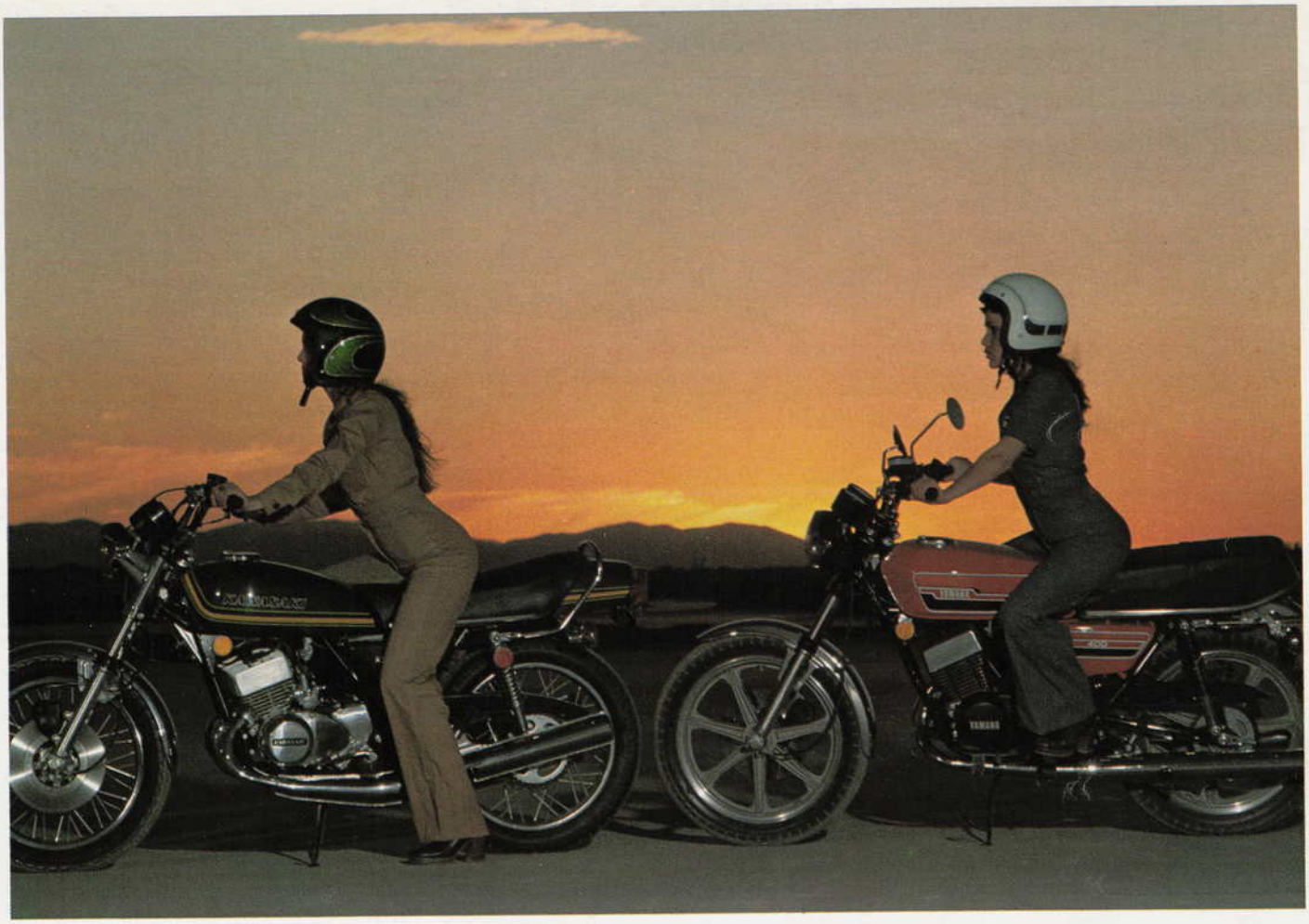
One ride on the 400 Super Sport and you're convinced that the bike can back up the racer image with performance to match. With a relatively light 400-pound curb weight, the CB-400F is as easy to handle in slow traffic as it is to punch around curves and over twisty back roads. The bike is easily capable of quarter-mile times of just over fourteen seconds with trap speeds of about 85 mph. The 400F can be tossed into tight corners without even turning a hair.

If you like more conventional styling in a middleweight package, you'll like the new 1976 Yamaha RD-400C. Though the bike is based on Yamaha's extremely successful RD-350, the 400C is an all-new bike. They didn't just punch up the engine 50cc's and let it go at that. They reengineered the whole package.

Which is really bad news for Yamaha's competition. Not only was the RD-350 generally considered to be the quickest, fastest, and best-handling middleweight bike for sale in this country last year, but it also was the king of the 350's in racing, too, completely dominating its class and bikes with twice its displacement. Many a 750 has had to suck the exhaust of the giant killer RD-350.

Now as a 400, the bike is absolutely a pocket rocket—ready, willing, and able to spit on the competition. What's also nice about the '76 RD-400C is that it's even more refined than before. The low-speed tractability is better and you'll find that the added displacement makes the 400 much more comfortable when pressed into service as a long-distance tourer.

Unlike the Honda 400 Four which gets its power from a four-stroke, four-cylinder engine, Yamaha's 400 engine is a two-cylinder, two-stroke unit. It's all a matter of engineering-and-design philosophy.



At left is Kawasaki's three-cylinder two-stroke, the KH-400; at right, Yamaha's RD-400C, a two-cylinder two-stroke with mag-styled alloy wheels.

Honda has traditionally tuned their engines for smoothness and power with the accent on smoothness. Yamaha's middleweights have been tuned for power, and everything else takes a backseat.

Styling is new for the Yamaha, too. The tank and side covers are the same shape this year, but the colors are more contemporary than earlier models. But what really makes the RD-400C an eyepopper are the mag-styled alloy wheels and front and rear disc brakes. Till now, handsome alloy wheels have been an after-market accessory only. You couldn't get them on a factory-installed basis and all the manufacturers stayed with the traditional chrome-spoke wire wheels. Only Yamaha would have the audacity to put them on a production bike and beat everyone else to the punch by a couple of years.

Those twin discs give the Yamaha one of the best braking systems in the industry. Its lightweight, rigid frame also contributes to the Yam's outstanding braking characteristics.

But when you're on a bike like the RD-400C, you're mainly concerned with things like blasting off quarter-mile times and seeing how long you can keep the wheelie going. The Yamaha is almost a full second quicker through the quarter mile than any of its competitors, getting through in under fourteen seconds with a trap speed of about 90 mph. This is one bike with a quick fuse that's ready to go off every time you drop the clutch lever a little too hard.

It is fitting that we include a Kawasaki in this middleweight roundup. The Big K is the company that started the superbike era in this country when they introduced their startling 500 Mach III back in 1969. The three-cylinder, two-stroke Mach III was the first production motorcycle that was capable of smoking through a standing-start quarter mile in under thirteen seconds and over 100 mph. It spurned a mad scramble among all the other manufacturers to catch up and market a superbike of their own. But by the time they had caught on to what was happening, Kawasaki had moved on to other, bigger things like 750's and 900's, all of which had even more spectacular performance than the original 500.

Which brings us to Kawasaki and 1976. With an aggressive marketing operation, Kawasaki recently moved into the number two slot in motorcycle sales in this country. They're constructing a plant to build bikes here to avoid importing them from Japan. And they seem to have the right bike at the right time for the American public.

Kawasaki's KH-400 is just such a motorcycle. It's without question the best triple Kawasaki has ever produced. No, it's not the quickest through the quarter-mile traps, and it doesn't have the highest top speed, and it won't pop the longest or the highest wheelies. But somehow, those criteria have less relevance today than they did five or six years ago.

The KH-400 is the best 'Saki triple ever in terms of refinement. For instance, the early triples from the Big K were hot in a straight line, but cantankerous on the corners.

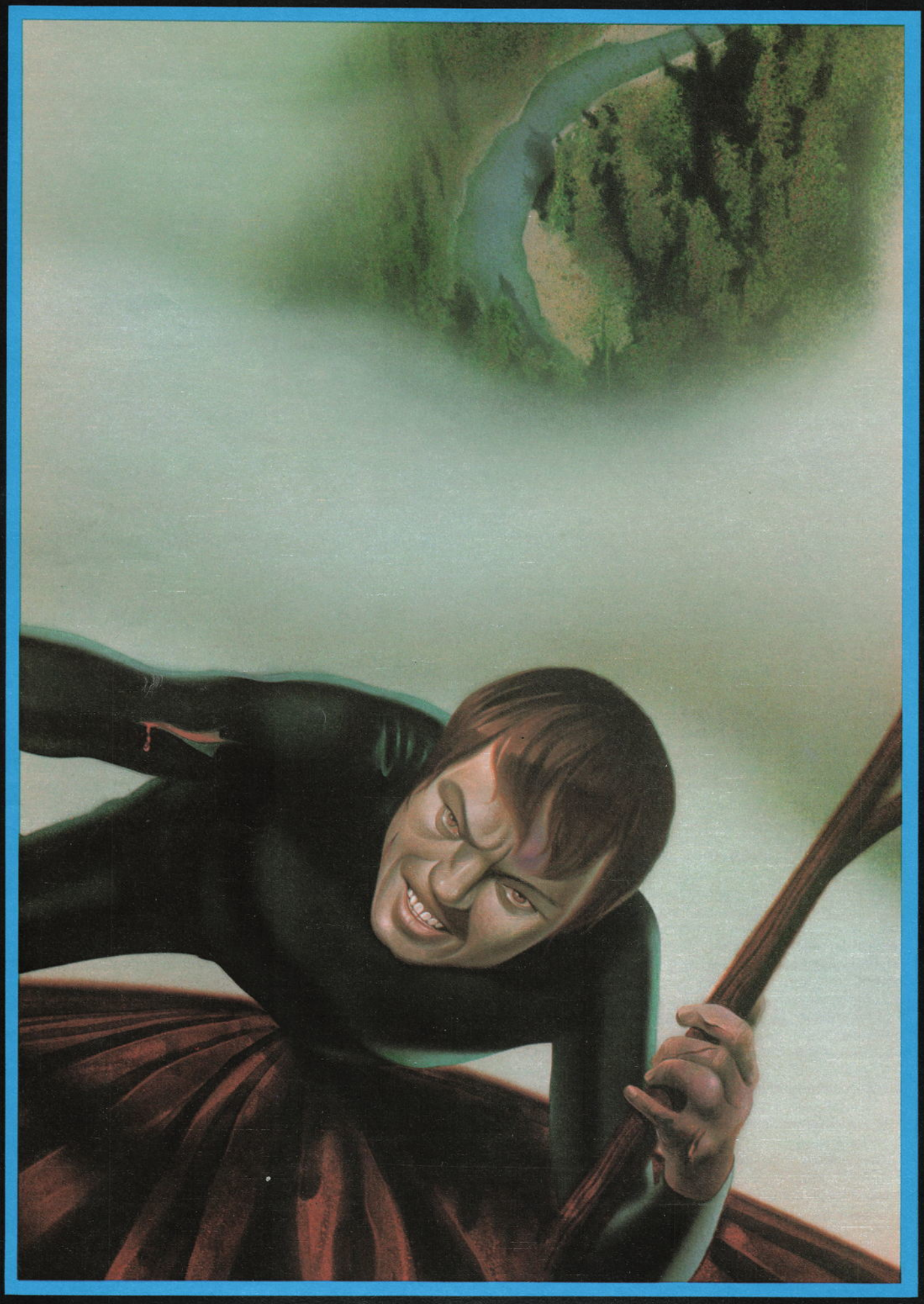
Such handling quirks of the early three-cylinder Kawasakis were well-known to 'Saki engineers who redesigned the frame and suspension of each of the triples several times over. In the KH-400, they've got it down. You can really corner the KH-400, as hard as you want and as long as you want. And when you get tired of turn, turn, turn, the big front-disc brake will haul you down swiftly and smoothly.

Not that handling is all the Kawasaki has going for it. In terms of sheer performance, the KH-400 can traverse the standard quarter-mile in just over fourteen seconds and will be going about 88 mph when it crosses the finish line.

But more than other types of motorcycle engines, this three-cylinder two-stroke needs plenty of air to produce

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

Clothes By North Beach Leather/Jumpsuits By "Amber"



THE SQUIRREL

BY DAVID ELY

They stood in a semicircle at the base of the oldest living thing in the world, watching the man in the skintight black suit go meticulously through his elaborate ritual of preparation.

If the scene could have been frozen, as in a series of photographs, there might have been something religious about it—the man in black with his arms spread wide and his head either flung back or bowed so low that his face nearly touched the ground, while his audience stood silently in the dusty golden light that streamed down to the forest floor—but in the fluid and unbroken reality of movement there was nothing reverential about what was going on.

The man in black was a thirty-seven-year-old circus acrobat named Jack Rutherford, known professionally as the Human Squirrel because of his unrivalled skill in climbing nets and ropes and such upright objects as flagpoles, smokestacks, water towers, and the naked girders of skyscrapers under construction. Since he used no equipment other than his bare hands and feet—and, of course, his remarkable physical strength—his performances were perilous and spectacular, and always attracted crowds of people pleasurably horrified by the possibility that he would fall.

Rutherford defied danger by exploiting it. Sometimes he would pretend to lose his balance, just to hear the spectators groan far below. His manner was cocky and aggressive. He challenged what he climbed, he flung out dares—this always helped to work up excitement in his audience—and especially on this day, as he went through his extensive muscle-flexing exercises before the oldest living thing, he seemed to be mocking its majesty, insulting it even.

What the Human Squirrel was about to climb was the greatest of trees, a towering red monster of a *sequoia gigantea* rooted in a grove high on the eastern slope of the San Joaquin Valley in California. Its tremendous trunk thrust a sheer two hundred feet up to the first branches, then ran another hundred feet through a gray-green mist of spiny foliage to the top. The coastal redwoods are taller, but they did not attain the girth of their inland brothers. The greatest tree measured forty feet in diameter—larger than the famous General Sherman Tree some sixty miles south—and thus biologists estimated its age at close to four thousand years. The tree had been ancient at the time of Christ; it was far older than Rome. It had been venerable when the Assyrian Empire crumbled and Nineveh was destroyed. It dated, or so it was generally believed, almost from the time of the Pyramids—and might be older still. The only way to establish its exact age would be to kill it—which would be illegal as well as unthinkable, the sequoias being protected by federal law—in order to count its annual rings of growth.

The big tree's primacy had gone unrecognized until the previous year. It had long been known as one of the larger sequoias, but an early measurement, mistakenly subtracting a good eight feet from its diameter, had only belatedly been corrected. When the tree was found to be thicker than the General Sherman, it was rewarded with a plaque and a marked path and close surveillance by forest rangers. It was also given a name—the President Eisenhower Tree—even though after forty centuries of anonymity the tree hardly had any need for such an honor. Few persons called it by that name. It was referred to simply as "the tree," as if there were no others; and although the fact was not widely known, this was precisely what it had been called for centuries by the Indians whose ancestors had been present when it was no more than a seed shaken down from its maternal cone.

To the Human Squirrel, the oldest living thing was just a big pine tree—that was what he said in the preclimb television interview. "Pines ain't smooth

Illustration By Dennis Luczak

He was a little man whose one great gift was his uncanny ability to climb *anything*—with no equipment other than his bare hands and feet. This was to be his toughest ascent—a climb against the clock and a timeless tree. . . .

and slippery," he'd said. "They got rough bark, which gives you something to grab. I don't anticipate no problems." And it was true that the big tree's bark bore deep vertical grooves into which a climber could wedge his fingers and toes. An ordinary man might be able to inch his way up a few yards until his flesh was scraped raw, and his strength failed—but to scramble up that massive trunk and down again without the use of pitons and a rope or lineman's boots seemed patently beyond mortal powers, at least to those who had never watched the Squirrel perform before.

He was short and wiry, and his arms were of unusual length, as if they'd been stretched by his years of climbing. When he walked, he bent forward, his arms curved before him as if he were not so much walking as executing a horizontal climb. Beneath the tight black suit, his muscles stood out powerfully, but not with the harmonious balance of an athlete's body. The Squirrel was misshapen by his strength; he was a ropy little man of twists and knots, with a small mashed-in-looking face from which black eyes looked out askance.

For this climb, there were no more than two hundred persons present, but Rutherford's manager, an ex-sideshow barker named Newton Beaumont, was satisfied. He had sold the television rights to one of the networks, and although National Park Service regulations prevented his charging admission, there were some well-known gamblers among the spectators and betting provided an important part of the Human Squirrel's earnings. Beaumont had bet five thousand dollars of his own and the Squirrel's money, and he stood to win four times that if the Squirrel completed his climb, up and back down again, within twenty minutes.

The Squirrel wasn't expected to climb to the top of the tree—his goal was that first branch, two hundred feet from the ground. Above that point the foliage would block him from the television camera; besides, that unbroken rampart of trunk was the hardest part to climb. He had estimated that he could reach the first branch in five minutes, then take a three-minute rest. That would give him twelve minutes for his descent—plenty of time.

He backed off from the trunk a dozen paces, ready for a running start. His manager, Beaumont, had provided two forest rangers with stopwatches and held a third one himself. "Remember, you don't begin timing until the Squirrel actually makes contact with the tree," he reminded the rangers. Several gamblers got their own stopwatches ready. The television crew were working the lights and the camera, and the sportscaster was speaking into the microphone with the same hushed urgency he used at tennis tournaments. From far away came the clatter of a Park Service helicopter on fire patrol. The Squirrel poised his crooked body, and raised his arms, a parody of a ballet gesture. The spectators sighed in anticipation; some absently opened their box lunches—tension was a stimulus to appetite. Then the Squirrel took a slow deep breath, and hurled himself at the tree.

"I climbed before I walked," the Squirrel had told the television sportscaster. He'd grown up in a logging family, deep in the Montana woods, and his father had trained him early as a topper—one who trims off the tips and upper branches so that the trees won't get tangled with their neighbors and rip and snap as they come crashing down. It was rough, hazardous work. The Rutherfords topped trees even in the snow, when the bark their knees gripped was sheathed in ice. Jack's father drank against the cold—drank too much sometimes. He was drunk the day he fell to his death from the top of a Douglas fir, one hundred and eighty feet from the ground.

Jack Rutherford quit logging and went on the bum, taking odd jobs, thieving sometimes, before he ended up as a roustabout with a circus in Texas. There, in time, he worked his way into the performers' ranks. He tumbled, he walked the high wire, he performed on the trapeze—but climbing was what he did best. He went shooting up the circus nets and ropes and poles. But climbing wasn't an act—or at least it wasn't before Newton Beaumont saw what Rutherford could do. It was Beaumont who got him to scale the east tower of the George Washington Bridge, *and* who made sure he was arrested for trespassing, for the publicity value. After that there were other public and illegal climbs—the Eiffel Tower, the Statue of Liberty, St. Peter's in Rome, the Golden Gate Bridge—followed by tours and exhibitions and unsuccessful challenges by his imitators, all those various lesser Human Flies, Spidermen, and Lizardmen who flourished in the sun of the Squirrel's international notoriety.

The Squirrel seemed to climb almost without effort, but few knew the bodily shock of the effort, few guessed the pain. He was paying for his struggle against the physical limitations of his species—man is *not* a climbing animal. In past climbs he had broken fingers, and ripped off nails. Already he felt the first bolts of an arthritis that would certainly cripple him within a few more years.

He climbed out of pride and professionalism, and instinct, too. There was something in him that urged him up, a hunger in his heart, a voice shouting along his veins. . . . And yet he had climbed too often and too long. He was beginning to think about the descents, and he knew this was a bad sign. "The worst thing about climbing is you got to go down again," he once said to an interviewer, but he'd known he hadn't put it quite right. The worst thing wasn't going back down, although that was the risky part—no, it was thinking about going back down, it was the sheer idea of descent that made climbing dangerous, because a man who thought about going down when he was fighting his way up was weakened, he was in trouble, and he had in his mouth the taste of death.

When he was younger, the Squirrel had never thought of his descents. He'd climbed like a crazy man—wild climbs, often on impulse. He'd even climbed at night, in the blackness, and he used to laugh and yell as he went up. But in recent years he had become cautious. He planned his climbs. In preparation for the big tree, he'd practiced for a week in secret on another sequoia in a grove a mile away, so that now, clawing his way up, he knew he could beat the time. He knew how to work his body slanting back and forth to take advantage of the grooves, but still there was a dead, sick spot in the center of his mind where the thought of descent was rooted. Descent was the world below, and the money he'd have to make for that old age that would hit him earlier than other men, and for his tax problems, and for the alimony he was paying his ex-wife, and the nursing-home bills for the care of his mother. . . . And worse than all that, even, it was what he himself became when he did come down.

Rutherford did the climbing, but Newton Beaumont had created the Human Squirrel. Beaumont was cunning; he knew what people would pay to see. "Listen, Jack," he'd told Rutherford at the beginning of their partnership, "there are two kinds of performers—the ones the public love and the ones the public don't love. Whoever wants to be a star, he's got to pick which kind suits him. In your case, Jack, they won't love you." By which Beaumont meant that, since Rutherford was short and ugly instead of being tall and handsome, he must necessarily play the role of villain. "A real star is bigger than life!" Beaumont said. "A star exaggerates!" He had the Squirrel wear nothing but black and coached him to be arrogant. "You want them to hate you, Jack," said Beaumont. "They'll come hoping to see you fall." This hadn't troubled the Squirrel in his early years—he hadn't cared why anybody wanted to see him climb—but lately he'd been bothered by the thought that there actually were people who wanted to see him fall, and that in a way he was responsible. He had cultivated their dislike. It was as if he had forced this evil from out of them. He'd made them hate him—made them want him to die.

He hadn't climbed a tree for years. He had made his reputation climbing steel or stone or wood that was long dead. But he remembered that trees were different. A tree either helped a climber or resisted him, but as the Squirrel fought up, sweating and gasping, his arms screaming in their sockets and his fingers on fire, he couldn't tell about this, the greatest tree. Maybe he was too long out of touch with trees, or maybe this one was simply too old to care. Ah, but it was cold up there . . . and

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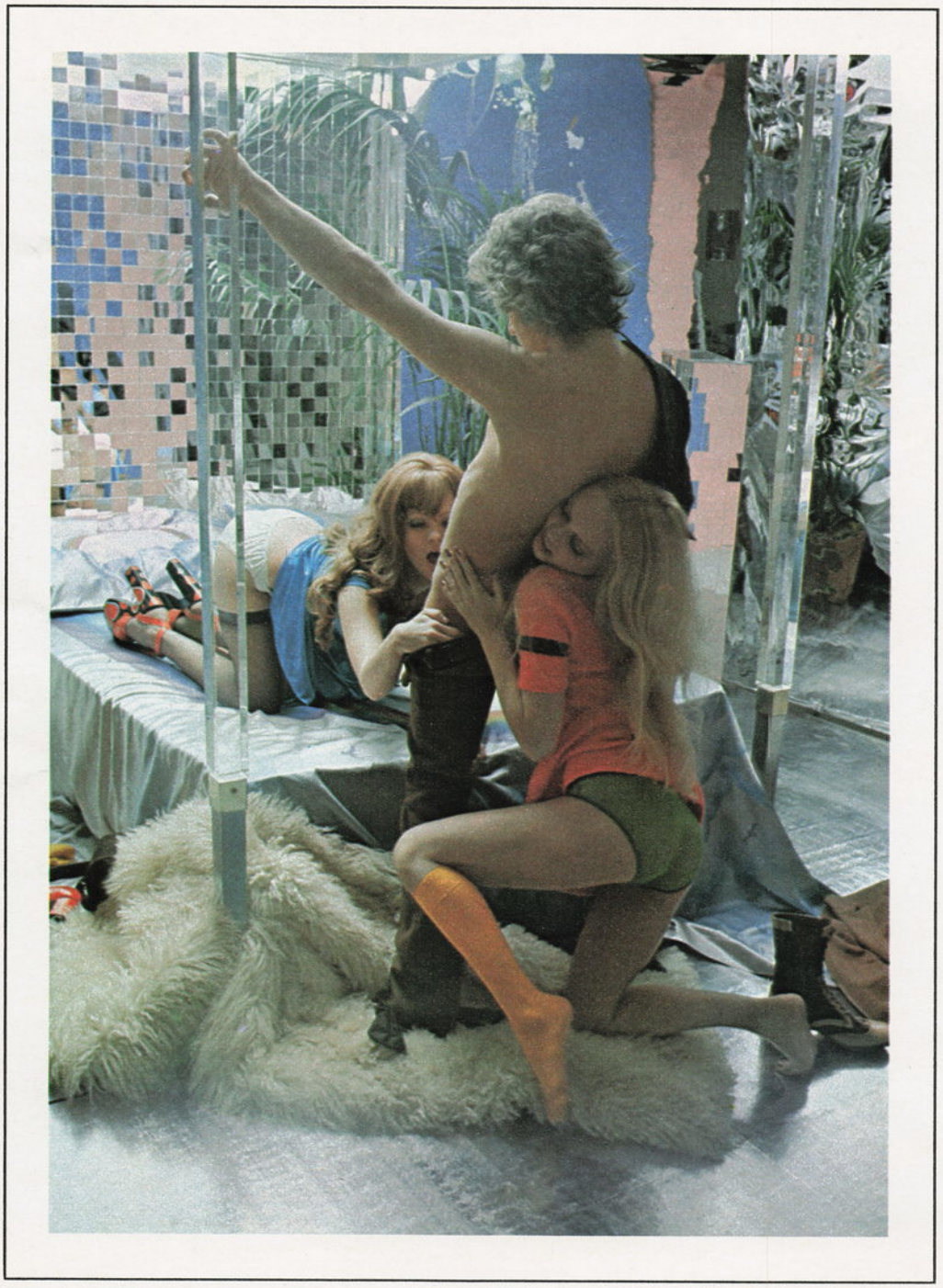
THREE'S COMPANY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MINDAS

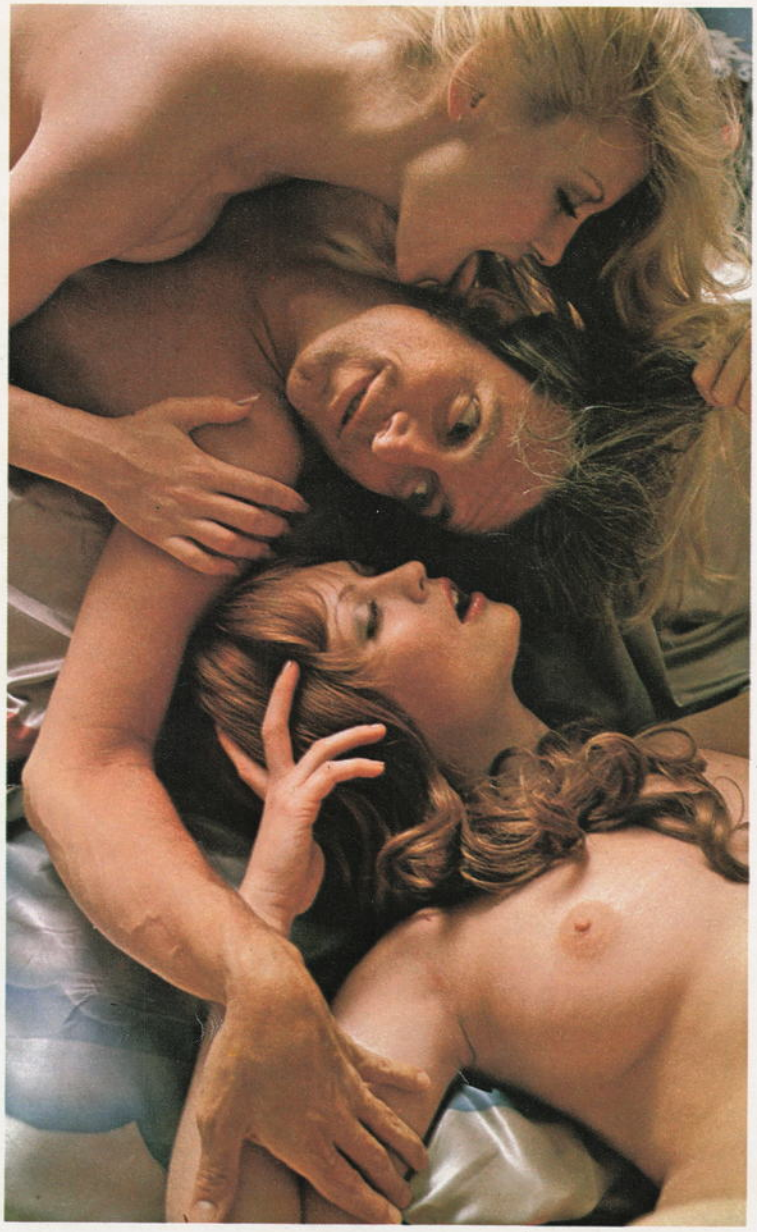
There's something wild and wonderful about the unpredictability of women, especially in those all-too-rare turnabout situations when the chaser becomes the chased. The chase in point is a double date that started as a dinner rendezvous—and has wound up as a delightful dessert.

Now, there's no doubt that even the hardiest meat-and-potatoes man will find room for some of those incredible concoctions created by masters—or mistresses, as the case may be—for the supreme enjoyment of the gourmet. For our hero, the dishes—and the sauce—are even more tantalizing than he could possibly have imagined.

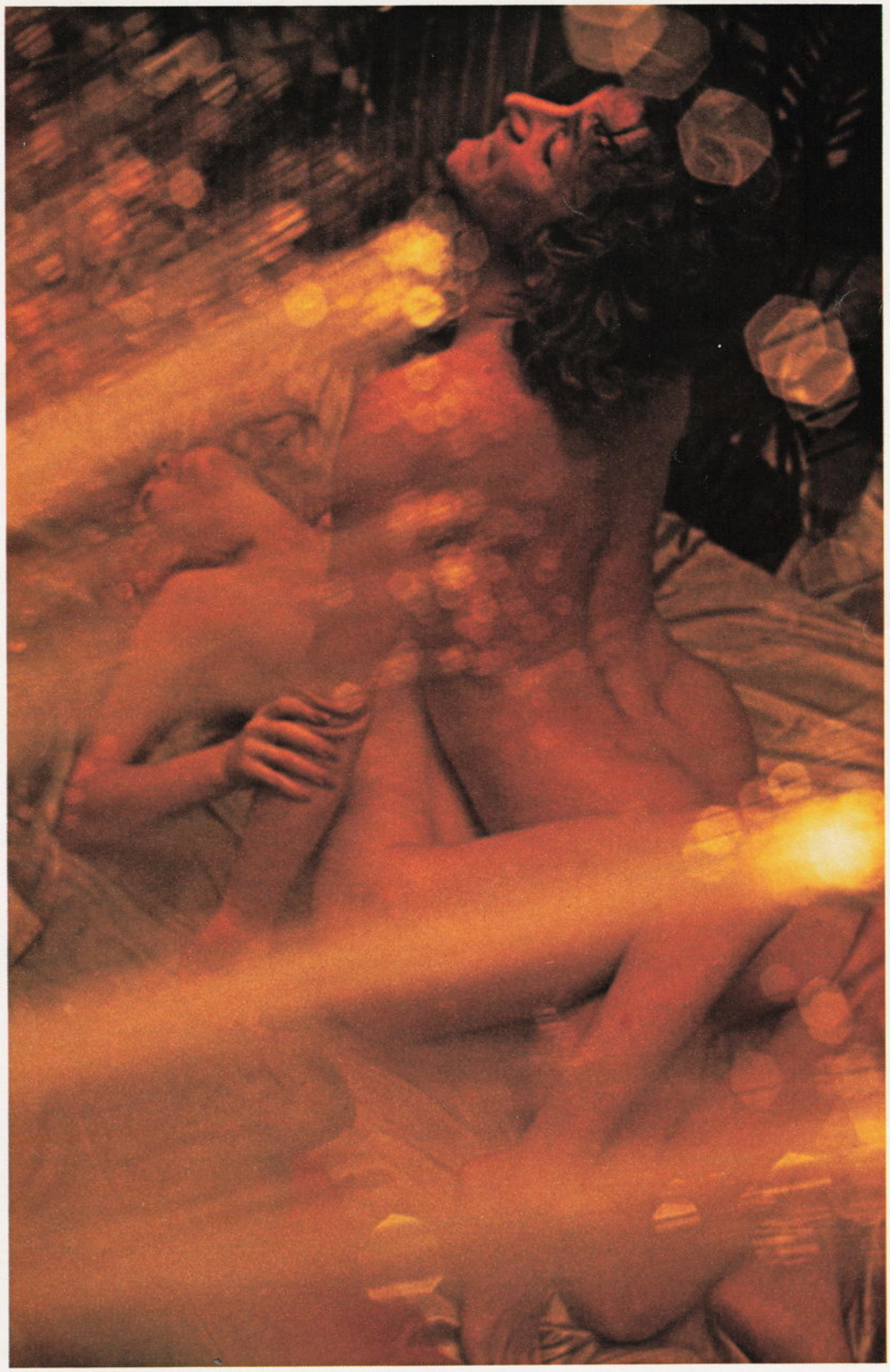
When the ladies decide that a nightcap or three might be in order, our host, being a man of parts, is well pre-



pared to indulge his guests in the libations of their choice. Once inside his apartment, however, their more immediate wants become obvious. It isn't so much the brew that seems to be their main concern as the mix—in this instance, two to one—along with all those very special and savory ingredients that combine so well to make up a first-class cocktale.



With a thirst bordering on total desire, the ladies take the situation in hand and unwrap their host as if he were a magnum of sparkling wine, taking great care not to pop his cork and thus lose his effervescence. The trio adjourns to the bedroom for a sampling, and in no time at all the ladies' taste buds tell them that this is indeed vintage stuff, with just enough age and—by now—a distinct fullness of body that they can't help but remark on.



Once over his initial shock, our hero plies his shaker with great relish. Settling into his role, he enjoys the sweeter, deeper delights of his partners in an enormous variety of servings. The party goes on for hours—from bed to bath and back again—and when the last foamy bubble finally pops, our hero is heard to moan softly, but with feeling, "You can say what you like about single shots, but make mine a double—*any time*."

SQUIRREL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

darkening as he hauled himself into the shade; the air was thin too—the sequoia grove was nearly a mile above sea-level—and he was gulping, to feed his lungs.

But he reached the branch, and pulled himself up on it, and lay there dizzy and panting, his head roaring so that he could barely hear Beaumont's voice booming up, amplified by a bullhorn, giving him his time: "Four minutes, Squirrel! It's four minutes!"

He lay still, counting off seconds: thirty . . . fifty . . . sixty. . . . When his breathing had slowed, he sat up. He had planned a stunt—to stand on his hands and work his way out along the branch, just to give the watchers a thrill before he started down—but he didn't think he had the strength for it now, and beyond that he had the feeling it would be wrong. He might have done it on a bridge or a tower, but the tree was alive. That made a difference.

He still felt a little lightheaded, and while he waited for this to pass he looked up and around at the other great sequoias that formed the grove. A breeze was slipping through their upper reaches, and the sun spun down veils of light that flickered as the clouds passed by. He thought about how deep the roots of these tremendous trees must go, and of what a weight of snow their crowns must bear in winter. As he sat contemplating the great trunks standing around him, he felt he had climbed again into a world he had known many years before. When the Squirrel was a boy, he had gone alone into the forest. The trees were his only companions,and he had named his favorites, the ones he climbed most often and among whose branches he had sat for hours watching the birds and the sky and the sun. . . .

The raucous voice of the bullhorn was summoning him to begin the descent. The Squirrel rose to a crouch, testing his leg muscles. Still, he didn't start down. It seemed that the true forest began where he was now; the air had a rich, cool freshness and the shadows soothed and deepened his thoughts. The longer he stayed, the more he sensed the sequoias as a single presence, something greater than he could see . . . greater than he could imagine. It was as if they were but the branches of one enormous parent tree whose roots stretched down to the very heart of the earth, a being that had lived since the beginning of time.

The bullhorn spoke again, peremptorily, and he shook his head and sighed as he crouched there on the branch, one hand resting against the trunk. He was dreaming, dreaming as he'd done when he'd been a boy, high in a living tree, and listening to the wind. And he remembered the secret pride he'd felt then—that he had climbed where no other had ever been. If only now he were a boy again, he could stay here as long as he wanted. He could climb higher, too. He could climb to the top! And yet he knew he had to go down, down to Beaumont and the money, down to where he had to be the nasty bastard people hated, down . . . down . . . down to age and pain and death. A man couldn't go up forever.

He straightened to flex his legs, and it was then that he saw what was on the trunk, just above the level of his eyes.

Someone *had* been there before. Someone else had climbed that tree, had stood where he now stood, and had laboriously carved in the bark a pair of initials, and a date—"R.Y. 1884."

The Squirrel ran his fingers over the cuts, as if to be sure they were really there. Who had he been, this R.Y.? What sort of man had climbed so high? Had he used spikes and a rope . . . or had he done it barehanded? And how had he gotten down again?

That was a long time ago . . . 1884 . . . but for the tree, the Squirrel thought, it was like yesterday. Those initials which had cost the unknown R.Y. so much risk and effort were now mere scratches, already crumbling and weathering away, just as R.Y. himself had gone to bones and dust, while the tree lived on and on. And—who could tell?—maybe R.Y. had fallen, fallen alone there in the great grove, with no one about, and had lain season after season at the foot of the tree until he'd become part of the soil, sunk down to the roots, and so helped nourish what had, by its greatness, drawn out of him his one magnificence—his final climb—then sent him down to death and back into life again.

The bullhorn sent Beaumont's voice screeching up at him: "*Six minutes . . . six minutes!*"

The Squirrel looked up. Suppose R.Y. had kept going? Suppose he'd cut his name at the next branch up? Beyond his curiosity about the man who'd climbed the tree almost a century before, the Squirrel was held by something he couldn't yet define. He knew he should start down—but he sensed something that grew from his closeness to the tree. He couldn't come down until he knew what it was.

He gazed about at the other sequoias. Their immensity absorbed all space. The people below dwindled away; they became circles . . . specks . . . then ceased to exist altogether. And the silence of the trees drowned all other sound. The bullhorn croaked, chattered, squeaked, and was lost. He heard it no more. He was listening to the voice of the tree within him, listening as he had listened long ago to the whispering Montana forest, and as he stood spellbound, he felt a slow-rising elation, a lightness of limb and a certainty of mind—the sense of fearlessness and freedom possessed by a climbing, immortal boy. It seemed to come to him from the tree itself, as if the oldest living thing were granting him its secret . . . perpetual renewal, the seasonal reflowering of youth. He smiled, and looked up toward the top.

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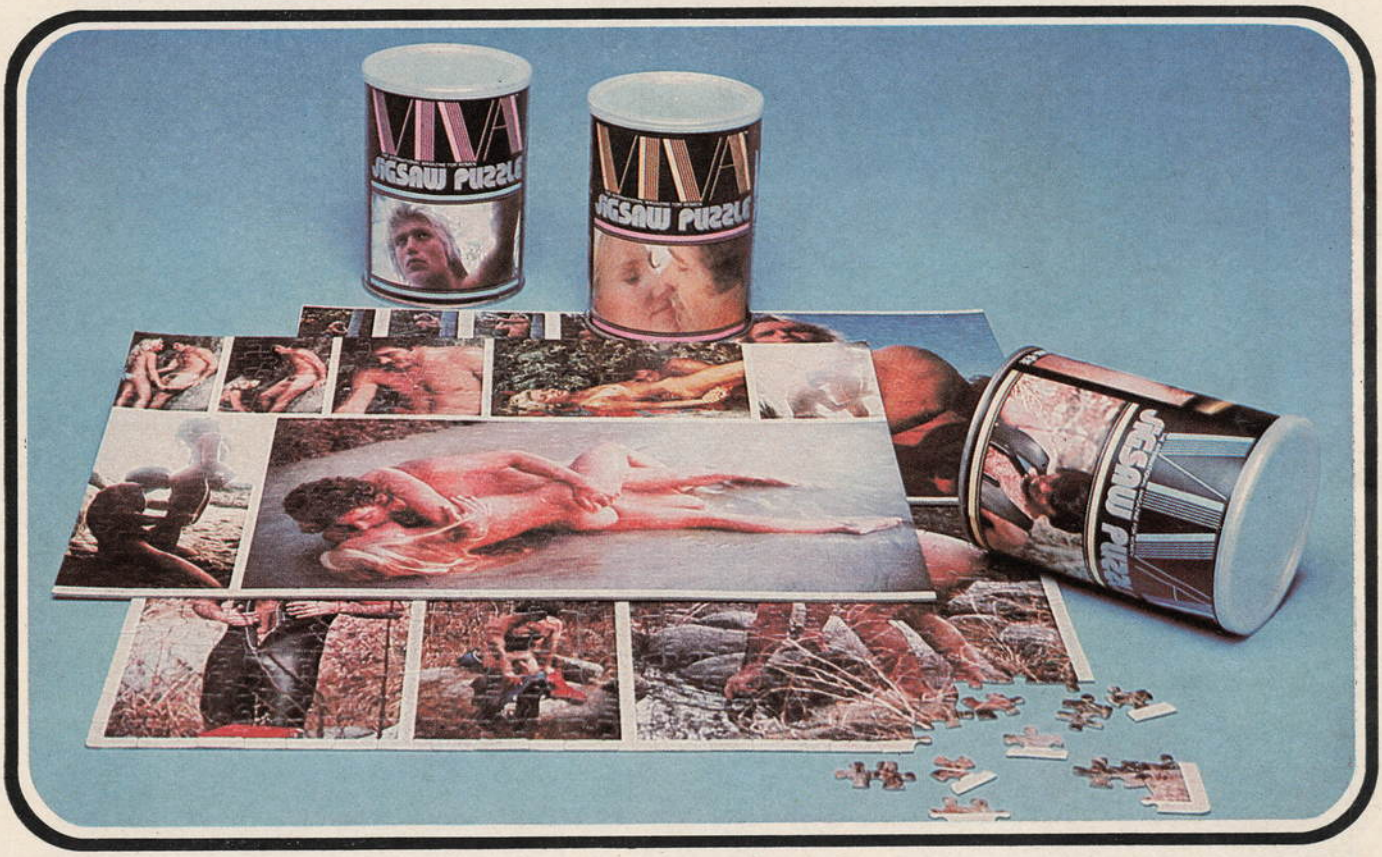

by piece

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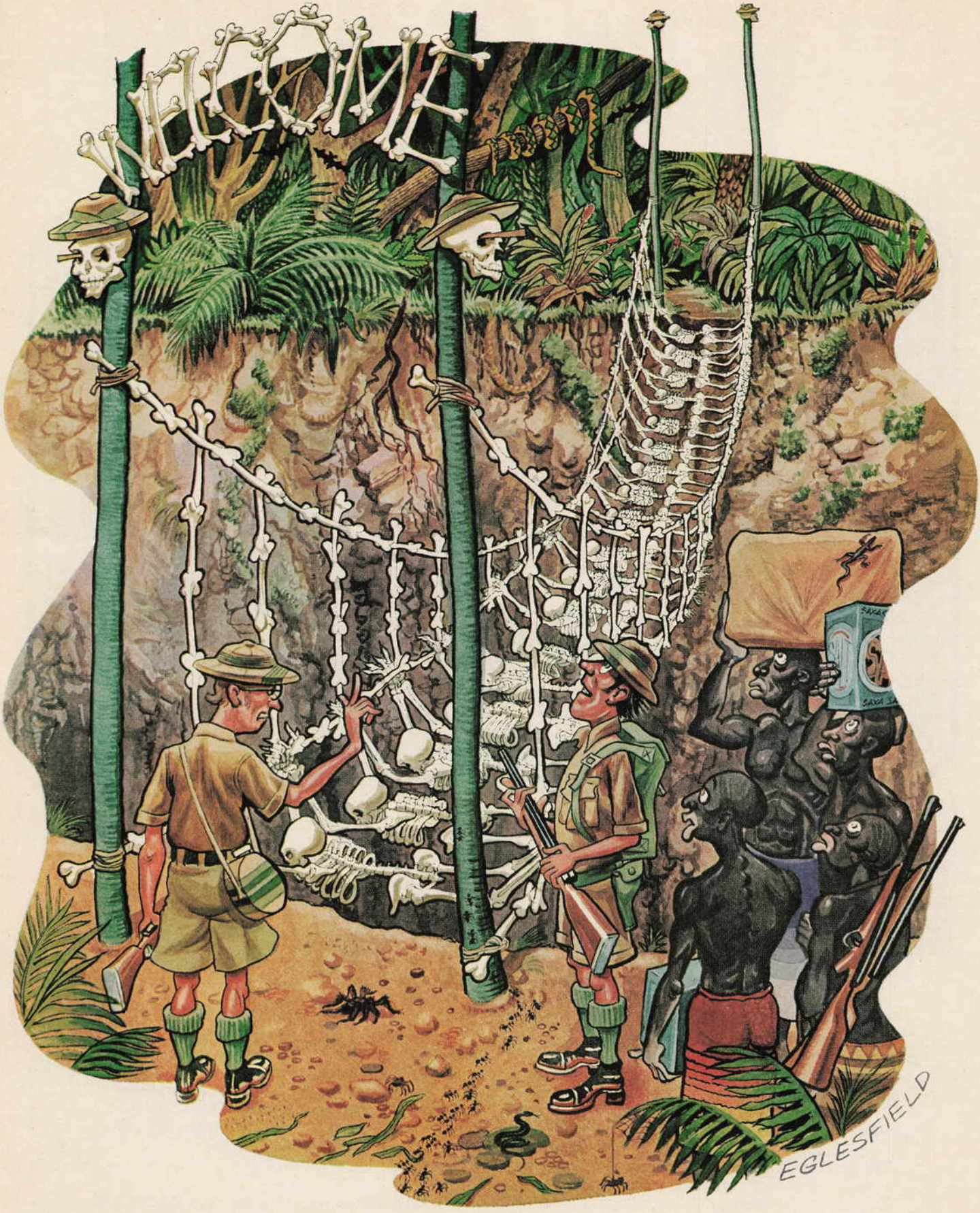

"Just a moment, Potterson, it could be a trap!"

Are you ready for a sexual vacation?

The world's first X-rated travel guide—for the man who's looking for something different.

by Jack Raines

Let me tell you about a Polynesian paradise that *really* exists.

It's in Hawaii, on the island of Maui, at the end of a narrow road that runs along the isolated southeast coast. It's called McKenna Beach. And it's a place you will never, ever, forget.

You drive over a small hill—and there it is: a mile-long beach that's one of the most beautiful in the Pacific. And hundreds of people, most of them young, all of them nude. Sunning themselves...swimming...playing...and making the most perfect love they've ever known. Openly and joyfully. Couples, and in groups.

Believe me—it's like nothing you've ever experienced. Inhibitions drop away, quickly and easily. Total strangers meet, and become lovers.

But the really amazing thing is this: Everyone who comes to this legendary beach hears about it from a friend. Nothing has ever been written about this greatest of all adult playgrounds— neither in the press, in travel magazines, nor in advertising.

Why?

Because the travel industry pretends that sex doesn't exist. Culture, sports, food, shopping—you name it, they write about it. But not sex.

Which brings me to the point of this advertisement. I'm a freelance writer, and I do a lot of travelling. I'm 32, single, and nothing special to look at. But I *do* love to make love.

I travel over 60,000 miles a year doing research for articles. And over the last 5 years of travelling, I've kept a notebook about things to do, places to return to—things you *don't* read about in any travel guides.

Little-known spots like McKenna Beach. Far-out places throughout North America, in the Caribbean, on the West Coast, in Canada, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, San Juan, Mexico—everywhere! My notebook grew and grew.

Then, one day six months ago, I was showing my notebook to a friend. We began swapping stories about favorite places when, suddenly, we were both hit by the same idea.

Why not produce a travel guide for the sexually adventurous? We figured the guide should include all the places never advertised—where we, and people we know, have found our sexual fantasies turned into reality. It should be accurate, up-to-date on prices, locations, names and addresses, even phone numbers where available. *Plus*—our personal observations about what to expect.

"Who could ask for more?"

And that is how the world's first X-rated travel guide came about. It's called SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH.

Look at what you'll find:

- 'Fertility Week' (!) at a Caribbean hotel. All rooms open, 24-hour parties. Reservations 6 months in advance. From $22.50 a night.
- Rocky Mountain 'Ski and See' resort. Heated pools, saunas, nudity, orgies—from $155 a week for room, board, and 'extras'.
- 'Encounter' weekends, with emphasis on the art of lovemaking.
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- Old plantation mansion near New Orleans, with a 'goldfish' bowl—a huge one-way mirrored bubble in which every variety of woman (white, black, Chinese, Mexican) waits to satisfy your every desire.

And this only scratches the surface! Because thousands of great places are mentioned—all of them in graphic detail. (Including a dude ranch that's so kinky, it's positively perverted!) Quite honestly, SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH is unique, mainly because this has been a genuine labor of love. I've even decided to publish it myself, so that I can print the kind of candid photos that belong in this kind of book.

And the price? Only $10.

But there's *more*. Because new places are always opening, new real-life fantasies being created—I've begun publishing a limited-circulation magazine called TRAVEL TIMES. It appears every three months.

TRAVEL TIMES is an up-date of the book, packed with features and stories, and all the latest developments on the sexual front. It's lavishly illustrated, and it will turn you on as much as SEXUAL VACATIONS.

If you'd like to subscribe, and give yourself a year-round experience, send an additional $5 with your book order. (It's not available separately.) And I'll rush you a magazine that's like nothing you've ever seen.

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Ok, Jack, it sounds good—so please rush me SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH. I also understand that I must be delighted with what I receive, or you will refund every penny of what I paid. So it had better be good!

☐ I enclose $10 for SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH.

☐ I enclose $15 for SEXUAL VACATIONS plus a 1 year subscription to TRAVEL TIMES.

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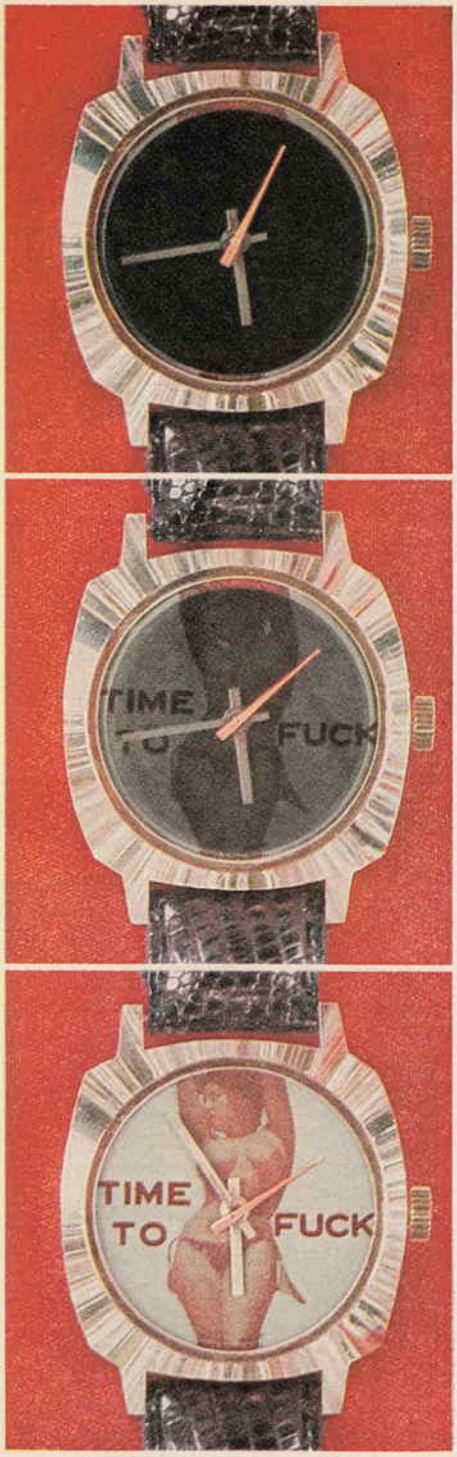

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HAYDEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

And in the face of this new reality, if people who have reaped the largest share of our nation's affluence of the last thirty years intend to keep enjoying the same profits, they'll only be able to do it at the expense of the majority of Americans. The case in the 1970's and the 1980's—unless we act to change it—is going to be that the great majority of Americans will have to sacrifice more and do with much less if the wealthy few are to keep their privileges. I think this is already true in the individual lives of Americans, because we've all been living more carefully during the last two or three years, yet the price of everything has continued to go up. For instance, during the inflationary kick of 1973, people remember Richard Nixon telling us we should all eat less. Well, Americans have *had* to eat less, and they've *had* to shop more carefully—but ask yourself if the price of food has come down in response to this national consumer savings, and the answer is no. We now drive fifty-five miles an hour and plan our vacations closer to home because we can't afford long drives. But ask yourself if *this* form of consumer saving has resulted in lower gas prices, and again the answer is no. The price of gas keeps shooting up even as we try to figure out how we're going to meet future energy needs, a question few politicians seem willing to address.

Penthouse: How would *you* deal with it?

Hayden: The first move is to break the control of the oil monopolies. We have to get rid of the image they're trying to create, which is that of risk-taking entrepreneurs fighting their way through the frozen wastelands of Alaska or trying to overcome the underwater dangers of oceans as they plow all their money into oil exploration. The truth is that the public subsidizes oil exploration, and it's literally staggering to find out what the oil companies actually do with their money. For one thing, they buy up coal companies and uranium reserves and thereby become *energy* companies. Then they buy politicians—dictators in South Korea and Saudi Arabia, $5 million or $6 million in illegal funds to a Nixon. The rest of it they use to play the stock market in venture enterprises totally unrelated to energy and they also invest in things like condominiums in Texas, all to generate a greater surplus of funds. Then they have the guts to turn around and tell us we have to save energy because oil and gas are precious and scarce.

Penthouse: Do you doubt that?

Hayden: All the talk about shortages was created by the oil monopolies. There is oil and natural gas underground, under the seas, and all over the world. When the oil companies say there's a shortage, what they mean is that they're not getting enough money—in *their* opinion—to take it out of the ground. There's just no way to accept the doomsday argument that we're running out of oil and natural gas until you first determine how much there actually is. And the oil companies are the *last* people to trust in terms of making that determination. The initial step is disclosure of the truth—and we won't be able to know it until we shatter the oil companies' grip on that information. Additionally, we have to change the priorities of the energy research and development agencies, which currently are sinking their funds almost entirely into nuclear power plants. More time and money should be put into the search for solar, wind, and thermal energy, and it should have been happening by now. The fact that it isn't is symptomatic of our national problem: we have an economic system that allows people at the top to reap unbelievable rewards while keeping everyone else frustrated and turning against each other.

Penthouse: Don't you think you might be overstating your case?

Hayden: If you think I'm exaggerating, let me refer you to a couple of quotes straight out of the bible of American business, *Business Week* magazine. In a recent report they noted that in the future big business will need to take more and everybody else will have to make do with less and that it will be "a hard pill for the majority of Americans to swallow." A hard pill, indeed. Among other things, they're asking us to swallow the idea that business can take more even if it means our cities going down the drain as a result. *Business Week* argues, "Cities and states must either cut spending and services or go the way of New York."

That's the line we're getting this year from the business community, the Republicans and some Democrats. The reason for it is that as the economic pinch gets tighter, some national scapegoats have to be found. But I think we have to turn all that around and say that whatever the costs, we can't afford to have America's cities become underdeveloped colonies administered by welfare agencies. That is no society. That is not only immoral and insane, but it's totally unnecessary. We have the greatest productivity potential as well as the greatest wealth in the world. Our problem is the distribution of that wealth. We can save our cities and take people off unemployment and off welfare, and we can create full employment, full production, housing, health care, transportation, and all the other services that go into making a decent way of life. We are actually capable of doing all that—but only if we take the multinational corporations and the Pentagon off welfare. It's a clear choice.

Penthouse: The choice might become clearer if you'd explain why you think multinational corporations and the Pentagon are on welfare?

Hayden: Fair enough. To begin with, multinationals currently remove jobs from our country by finding cheap labor in South

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Korea, the Philippines, and other underdeveloped countries of the world, and then selling their products at inflated prices. Their gift to us is unemployment and inflation—and our government's gift to them is tariff advantages, tax shelters, and various tax loopholes. By now, their enormous bankrolls are not only beyond the control of the tax collectors in Washington, but they're also almost beyond the control of the Senate and the House, both of which have to struggle for disclosure of the multinationals' assets. There's probably more than $50 billion in untaxed wealth that multinationals are holding beyond the reach of our treasury—and that's fine for their welfare, but not ours. That money could be used to invest in the development of our country, rather than being held abroad to fatten the purses of the few.

And yes, military spending is also a form of welfare for big business. Military spending is profitable for the corporations involved, but for the rest of us it means continuing inflation: military spending puts wages and purchasing power into the hands of people without creating goods or services that we can buy—unless, that is, you want to buy a tank to protect your neighborhood.

Penthouse: Who knows, maybe you've hit upon an answer. In any case, given the political muscle of the oil and Pentagon lobbies, how do you think they can be headed off?

Hayden: It'll only be done by developing a concerted public program that will take the concentration of power out of their hands and transfer it through politics back to the majority of people who live and work in this country. This is where we wind up dealing with America's only energy problem, which happens to be a human energy problem—the lack of a way for people to make their energy matter. If they're Democrats, they've been voting for people like Lyndon Johnson, who promised them peace and gave them war. If they're Republicans, they've been voting for people like Richard Nixon, who promised them law and order and gave them Watergate. People are so confused by this that in many cases they prefer not to vote for fear they'll wind up with the exact opposite of what they're voting for. On that score, I think our campaign makes a very sharp break from the business-as-usual type of politics, and I also think it's different in terms of the economy.

Penthouse: What other economic measures are you proposing?

Hayden: The most important is our need to extend the concept of our Bill of Rights to the economy. The Bill of Rights insures our political freedoms—to assemble, to speak, to worship, to follow one's conscience, and to be protected against political tyrants. But if the tyranny is in the marketplace, then maybe we ought to talk about guaranteeing people the most basic economic freedoms. Without them, how can people really be free in a society that revolves around money?

Today, both the middle class and the working class are threatened because people are experiencing a continued decline in their ability to purchase the goods and services of our society. They now have an anxiety about whether they'll ever be able to finish paying off their houses, or, if they're young, whether they'll ever be able to afford to buy a house in the first place. These are people who always believed in the material definition of the American dream, and we're now at a point where it almost becomes radical to demand that the traditional values be secured—the *right* to a home, the *right* to a job, the *right* to things like education for your children, decent health care, and transportation. All of these are currently in doubt, and the only way we're going to regain them is to attack the inequity of our federal spending and tax system. So the economic program I have is very simple: a heavy emphasis on health care, housing, jobs, transportation, and education—to be paid for not on the backs of the majority of people, but by taxing wealth equally and by cutting the military budget. It's all beginning to happen, too—for we're entering a new political era. Campaigns like mine are not simply descendants of the McCarthy or McGovern races. The issue then was war; now it's the system that gives rise to war.

Penthouse: How do you want to change the system?

Hayden: We have to reorganize our politics and economy in such a way that our principal concern becomes the human being. We can no longer let our society simply be guided by the pursuit of the almighty dollar as the central goal of our personal lives. And that's not even a question of right or wrong, it's now a question of stability and survival. America is going to experience a series of cultural and economic shocks in the latter part of this century, and they'll be impossible to recover from unless we restore our traditional human values. I'm talking about things like respect for the elderly, instead of treating them as an embarrassing nuisance. And respect for the young, rather than treating them as naïve, impudent upstarts.

And because we're going to have to improvise new solutions in the years ahead, we'll need to be pragmatic, inventive, and adaptable—as we were when the New Deal was created overnight. We're heading into a period of economic breakdown that we may have to live with for the next fifteen years, and we'll need our traditional values if we're to put together a survival program. So those of us who consider ourselves radicals will be fighting for such things as full employment, housing programs, and national health insurance, while even the liberals will be saying that such programs are costly and that we just can't afford them. What we can't afford is *not* to have them.

Penthouse: What you're proposing would appear to require fresh infusions of tax dollars—and don't you think Americans are tired of giving more and more of their incomes to government?

Hayden: I'm not talking about raising taxes, because we could fund most, if not all, of these programs just by cutting back on the military budget and by cutting out the tax loopholes that exist only to benefit the rich. We also have to reexamine our priorities in terms of government spending. We're fascinated by our ability to land people on the moon—and I'm caught up in it, too—and that ability is awesome, but it's not *human*. We know how to get astronauts into outer space, but we don't know how to get old people to the movies at night.

Our problem is that we excel in the purely mechanistic world of computers, but when it comes to solving social problems, we have no capability. We pride ourselves on being able to develop cobra venom into a lethal weapon, but on the human side, we have yet to develop a delivery system to get necessary medicines to people who are sick. Health care probably symbolizes better than any other issue the fact that we're overdeveloped technically and underdeveloped socially. We have higher infant and maternal mortality rates and lower male life expectancy rates than most other countries with a comparable level of science and technology. The reason for this is many of these other countries have instituted a system of national health care—and we haven't.

Penthouse: Don't you think it's now just a matter of time before such legislation gets passed?

Hayden: No way. And even if the idea becomes law, it will be perverted in implementation, for you just don't change a multibillion-dollar system of health delivery overnight by declaring, "Okay, we'll have national health insurance." You first have to produce a new generation of doctors whose goal is medical service and not a big house in the suburbs, which is about what we have now.

That's not just true of doctors, of course, but the situation becomes extremely sensitive when we're talking about medicine and health. Beyond that, I believe we have to break the American Medical Association's power over the profession of medicine. I think it's almost criminal that there's a shortage of doctors, for the shortage has essentially been created by the AMA to maintain a seller's market when it comes to our health. I don't have strong enough words to tell you what I think of that. The only answer to such a situation is to begin convincing people that it's all right to live by more human values than profit. And once we realize that it *is* all right, you'll begin to see great changes in our nation's domestic affairs.

Penthouse: Do you think you can cause any of these changes to come about if you're elected to the senate?

Hayden: If we're talking about getting a specific piece of legislation passed on arms control or health insurance for that

matter, no, because you need a majority of congressmen on such questions. But the only way to get that majority is to start electing people who'll vote in favor of things like national health insurance. What we're really talking about is getting a new generation of congressmen, and that's slowly beginning to happen. *Very* slowly; for the most part, what we have now are people who see the senate either as a career or as a stepping stone to the presidency. In just too many cases, congressional service has been prostituted into a job that one measures in terms of salary. Something else: I've been to the Senate and it needs simplifying. The ceilings are too high, the rugs are too deep, and everyone speaks of The Senator; they're not allowed to use the person's first name. A citizen who votes and pays taxes and goes to see The Senator winds up feeling intimidated about taking up his senator's time. That's because the image of our senators is authoritarian and powerful. That is not the image public servants ought to have. In the *Federalist Papers*, Alexander Hamilton mentioned that senators should be people of foresight and virtue who are concerned about the future of the country. Too many of our senators are totally concerned about their own futures.

Penthouse: How would voters be able to tell that you're any different?

Hayden: By the way I'd use the office. There are three things I plan to do if I'm elected. The first is to get government back to the people. I'll take the $875,000 that Tunney gets for administrative salary expenses and hire several dozen Nader Raiders to staff community center offices in various parts of the state. These offices will be places where we can process grievances, answer mail, check up on whether federal dollars are getting to the people, and show up in the community. And in line with the idea of getting government back to the people, I'm going to turn upside down the pyramid of status that suggests the closer you are to the senator, the more status you have. I'll take the best people I have and put them in the community, in the same way religious movements have done with worker-priests.

The second thing I'll do will be to organize around certain issues like full employment and health insurance, issues I think you can win on if you stay with the strategy of putting community pressure on government. You can't allow yourself to think that just because you're in government, parliamentary tactics will allow you to get these things through congress.

The third thing I'll do with my office will be to help elect members of that new generation to congress—people who'll be far beyond the usual run of politicians. Electing enough of them will give us a majority and will also allow the senate to function the way it was designed to function. The senate was meant to be a kind of secular national pulpit, whose members are given six years to talk about and help shape a long-range vision of America. At the moment, we're very much in need of people who will perform that task.

Penthouse: What is *your* long-range vision of America?

Hayden: I think it begins with a look back at our nation's history. We were created by Spanish and then English explorers and traders who were searching for the wealth of Asia and stopped here; they went on to settle an entire continent through gradual conquest. We wound up with the built-in idea that other people's needs could be neglected or pushed aside in the name of manifest destiny or survival of the fittest or whatever you want to call it. But our frontiers have all been conquered now, and our period of outward expansion is at an end. The truth of the situation is that our sole unlimited frontier isn't in outer space or in Asia, but in the only place that's truly limitless: one's own consciousness. That's going to mean new policies and a whole new national philosophy pointed in the direction of improving the quality of our own lives. That's my long-range view of the United States, and achieving it may be ultimately less difficult than it seems at the moment. All we have to do is structure our society according to values more human and worthwhile than profit and personal power. ○

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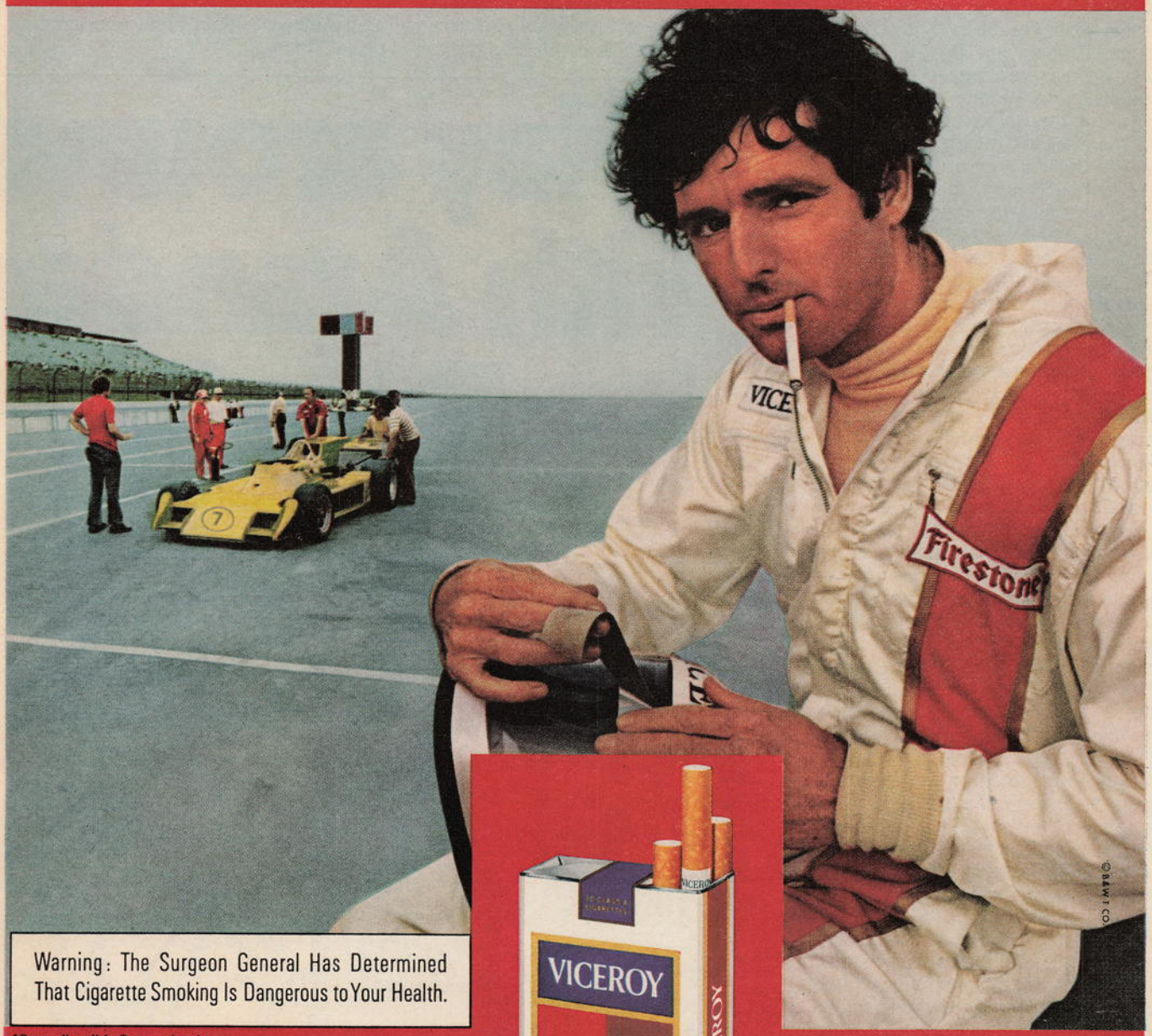

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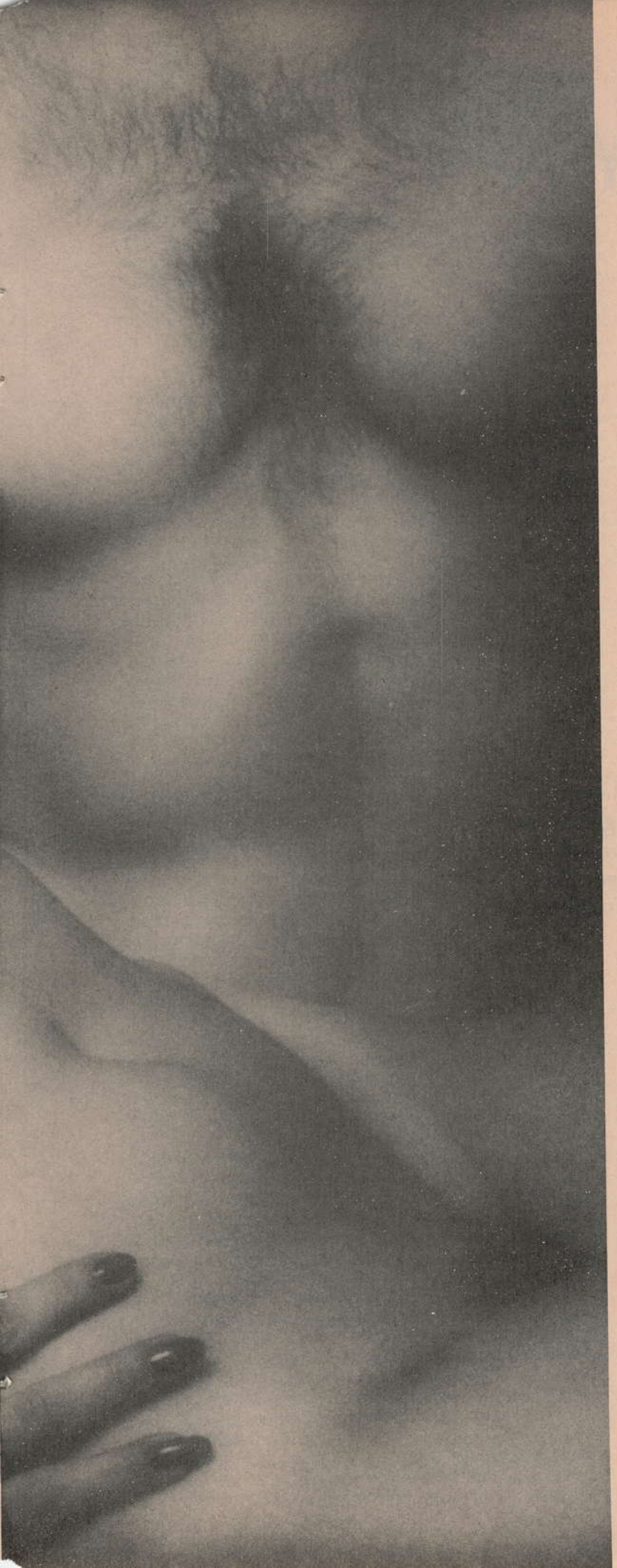
Thom is an aspiring actor.



REGINA'S STORY

Where do people get the idea that money can really buy you power? So many of my friends talk of nothing else. Sure, cash can give you a kind of security, a certain convenience. I must confess I feel pretty lucky to have accumulated so much at my age, but you can't buy genuine relationships with it. Sex, yes—there are lots of prostitutes around and certainly enough people's bodies can be bought—but you can't buy a relationship like the one I have with Thom.

I hate even to speak of Thom and the subject of money within the same sentence, but there are a few things that must be discussed here whether I like it or not. Lots of people have either suggested or said right to my face that Thom is interested only in my money. If it weren't for that, they say, he'd be living with some other wealthy woman. Little do they know how much my money really upsets Thom and how little I can help him financially.

He won't take anything from me willingly. Thom can lecture me for hours on the evils of the "American way," and I must say he makes some very persuasive arguments, but Thom's ten years younger than I am. A lot of his rhetoric I have to shrug off as the expression of one man's rebellious nature. I can remember when I was his age—I criticized the system quite a lot too. When you're a teenager and attending college, the establishment can seem awfully frightening; you don't know if you can make it on your own. I think in a few years Thom will come to see that money helps, regardless of where it comes from. Is that being patronizing? I suppose so. You see, I used to be very defensive about our age differences. After all, Thom was only sixteen when we first met.

In the beginning our dates had to be secretive; friends and family are never as understanding as you'd like them to be. Thom was eighteen and he looked sixteen. I met him in one of those awful singles bars. One of my girl friends from work hits every singles bar in town on any given weekend. I'd just broken up with my husband Jack, a Wall Street broker, and Eileen thought a night on the town would be good for me. She's really a very sweet person, but on this particular night Eileen was stoned out of her mind. She took me to one place that was a real teen dive. I felt like a nursemaid and wanted to leave immediately, but then I noticed that Eileen had cornered some young guy. She later blamed it on all the alcohol she'd drunk, but Eileen was making an absolute fool of herself. I really had to feel sorry for the young guy involved; even for this teenybopper place, he looked awfully young. And here was Eileen, very tall, towering over this poor kid, her breasts practically sticking him in the face. She had trapped him in one of the club's darkest corners, her body pressed up against his skinny legs. A bunch of the boy's friends were watching and laughing; I must say I found it pretty funny myself. I didn't get upset with Eileen until I saw one of her hands go down on the guy's crotch. I don't mean she was feeling him up *through* his jeans. No, she had her hand right down *in* his pants and was tugging away at the zipper with her other hand. If she'd been sober, I'm sure she'd have had his pants off in no time. It was then that one of the boy's friends yelled out something about a hard-on. I was so embarrassed for the boy that I had to break up Eileen's little orgy. It wouldn't have been bad except the guy was so obviously inexperienced with women . . . well, at least aggressive ones like Eileen.

It was then that I said something to Eileen about getting home before her husband suspected any foul play. She was pissed but got the message. The boy looked awfully relieved, and I can almost remember him sighing a kind of "thank you" to me. Well, of course, the young man was Thom. I didn't say anything to him except to nod good-bye. And that was that, for the time being.

I didn't see Thom for awhile, and then one night a few months later we met again under very different conditions. I

Photographs by Frank Lafitte

had been trying for weeks to convince this West Coast company to invest heavily in one particular stock—it couldn't miss! Finally, they went along with my plans, although not to the extent I'd hoped. Regardless, it was a great success for my company. It had meant a great deal to me personally, too. You see, my former husband Jack had pretty much gotten me this job—he pulled a lot of strings—and I felt I had to prove myself without his help. Finally I had.

I stayed in the office late that night to finish some paperwork, and I really wanted to celebrate but everyone had left for the day. My victory had made me hungry, so I stopped off at an all-night deli. It was practically deserted and the place was so seedy I remember thinking that I should cab uptown to eat. Just as I was about to walk out the door, I noticed the busboy. It was the boy from the disco! I felt like running right up to him and saying, "Hey, you're the guy my girl friend tried to seduce. Remember me?" Of course, I couldn't do that, but I had to get a closer look at him. It's strange how well I remember that evening. I ordered this king-size Coke and a big pastrami sandwich and sat down right in front of him. Naturally, I chose the dirtiest table in the place so he'd have to clean it off. When he cleared the table, I heard him sniggering, then he burst out laughing. I was a little stunned by his outburst when he said, "I don't mean to embarrass you, ma'am, but aren't you the lady I met at the Coliseum a few months back?" I feigned surprise, exclaiming, "Oh yes, I remember you now."

He was really very cute, asking me about my friend, if her husband had been upset, and so on. We talked for a long time and then he invited me to preview a show that his theater group was presenting. At first I shook my head "no," but then I thought, "What the hell, why go home to an empty apartment?" and so we were off.

The theater was in a dingy warehouse way over on the west side of town. Thom was the light technician, and we watched the play from the light box, which was about the size of a small telephone booth. After the show, Thom was upset about some equipment which wasn't working. The other people had left the theater by now, and there we were in this tiny light booth. Thom got very hot working on the equipment and so he took off his heavy sweater. Underneath he was wearing only a skintight T-shirt. It was then that I realized how really well built he was. Even though Thom looked sixteen, his body was very mature; I just hadn't noticed it before.

Perhaps this all sounds like some prearranged seduction routine on my part. After all, there the two of us were in a deserted theater, only inches away from one another, and it was late at night. Thom was working like crazy trying to splice some wires when I accidentally brushed my hand across his back. Really! It was an accident. I could tell he was nervous by the way his muscles tightened. I was thinking it would be best to leave this guy alone when I tripped over some of the wiring and fell against him. At that point I thought to myself, "Why not go all the way and really seduce this boy?" After all, he was already expecting the worst. I grabbed onto his arm to help myself up and got a good look at his crotch. Not that I go around checking out every guy on the street, but I couldn't help noticing how really well endowed he was. In fact, his crotch was bulging, and I assumed he had an erection. So I started kissing him! I must say it took him awhile to get over the shock, but he finally did respond. I wanted to reach between his legs but instead positioned my legs between his. I couldn't believe he was flaccid!

I really hadn't intended for much to happen that night, certainly not up in that tiny little light booth. Thom, however, turned out to be one of those very eager teenagers who just needed a little push to get him started. He undressed me below the waist and set me on this stool. I tried to remove at least his T-shirt but he motioned my hands away. With me seated on the stool, Thom spread my legs and pushed his tongue right into me. From his kissing I would have guessed him to be a very inexperienced lover. Who'd ever have thought some eighteen-year-old could ever be such an artist at cunnilingus? Thom knew exactly what he was doing between my legs. A lot of guys, particularly younger ones, are really uptight about performing oral sex on a woman. They say it's dirty, that they don't like the way you smell, or they ask why do it since it doesn't get *them* off? But Thom obviously enjoyed what he was doing to me with his tongue. It felt long and thick inside me, much bigger than any man's cock I'd had, so I sat back and enjoyed his thrusts. When I looked down a few seconds later, I noticed that Thom had unzipped his fly and was masturbating this magnificent erection. I tried to get off the stool so I could sit on that hard cock, but Thom pushed me to my place. He was stronger than I'd suspected. His tongue didn't miss a beat as he continued to jerk himself off. He spit into his palm, rubbing the saliva against his cock. The sound of his masturbating drove me wild, and as he approached his climax the beating of his hand was practically a frenzy. I wanted to lie down on top of him so I could take that cock myself, but his hand remained firm against my hip. His tongue continued circling in my cunt, tingling against my clit. My juices were all over his lips and mouth. Finally he came, letting out this tremendous cry. His tongue remained inside me and then I came too. Usually my orgasms with my husband had been quiet, but that evening I let out a scream that came close to matching the intensity of Thom's. His orgasm was loud and it sent a shiver running through me. Finally he drew his tongue away from my dripping cunt, much as some men withdraw their limp cock after intercourse. He bent over, still kneeling, his head lowered before me. I gathered my clothes and put them back on, but he stayed in that crouched position for what seemed liked minutes.

Who'd ever have thought some eighteen-year-old could ever be such an artist at cunnilingus?

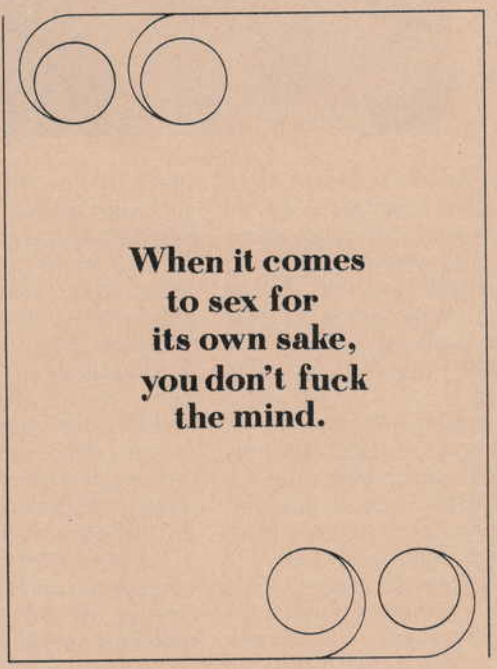
Finally I had to ask him to see me home. He looked up and asked if he could go to my apartment for the night, and so we cabbed home. Over the next few months we met after work to attend some theater or art film. Within those first six months we probably didn't have over a dozen dates. Quite often he'd just see me to the door of my apartment, kiss me good-bye,

and leave. Of course, on a few occasions he would spend the night. Our sex was always oral—never did we actually screw. That might seem a little strange, but like I said, Thom knew what he was doing with his tongue. It didn't bother me—at least, not at first. Sometimes, Thom would turn me over after eating out my cunt and go for my anus. Oh, not with his cock, mind you, but his good old tongue. I'd never had a man rim me before, and it seemed very exotic, even a little forbidden. He'd circle his tongue around the outside of it and then plunge it deep into me. Sometimes I felt as though I could feel the tip of his tongue tickling my pelvis. Thom was that good.

I took a number of precautions to make sure no one found out about us. Luckily Thom's parents didn't live in the city, and he was living with a couple other guys—friends, but not very close. He was attending junior college in the city, part-time. He'd graduated from high school and was now working in this horrible deli. Some life!

After a time, I decided it was silly for him to knock himself out night after night in that delicatessen. I thought, "Why shouldn't I pay for this guy's education?" I certainly had plenty of money, and God only knows it must have been hell for him to work as a busboy. Well, I brought up the idea to Thom and he refused. Yet he wanted the chance to pursue his education full-time, I knew it! Thom wants to be an actor, and so I remember telling him that he couldn't work at his career part-time. If he wanted to be a success, he'd have to work at it full-time, with voice, acting, and dancing lessons. He really wants to be an actor, more than anything else. If it weren't for that I don't think he'd ever have accepted the money from me.

Thom talks now of living with me, but I don't think I can handle that scene—not yet. I suppose it's very shallow of me, but I don't know how to explain living with an eighteen-year-old to all my friends. Most of my close friends know about us now. They think I'm nuts, but they've accepted us as a couple.



Thom might as well move in, I guess. He certainly spends enough of his time here. We sleep together most nights, holding each other while we listen to music or watch TV. Sexually, we are still not completely compatible. Thom is truly into oral sex, but not much else, I'm afraid. He's improved, but it's not an ideal situation for me. At first I didn't think so much of it because we really didn't sleep together all the time. As we began to see each other more frequently, however, I began to fancy some versatility in his lovemaking. You see, it was always the same, like that night in the theater. Occasionally, he would turn me over, prop me up on my knees and rim me, but even that was rare. Although it began to worry me, I didn't say anything for fear I'd upset him. After all, he was an inexperienced lover and maybe he needed to learn gradually. Instead of talking it over with him, I decided one night that I'd sit right down on his hard cock when he was tonguing me. When I tried to ease myself onto it, he resisted strongly, of course. At that time we'd been seeing each other for close to a year, and do you know I'd never actually held his erect cock! I always sensed that he didn't want me to touch it. Now and then when I placed my hand in the area of his crotch he'd position himself so I couldn't touch it. I guess I was beginning to feel used, that I was just a cunt for him to stick his tongue into. Okay, he was great when it came to oral sex, but I needed more than his tongue.

I then decided that this was the night, regardless. His tongue was flicking against my clitoris, but I didn't care. I moved my pelvis away from his face and brought his mouth to mine. We kissed for awhile and then I began kissing his face, running my tongue across his lips and eyes and right into his ear. Thom's ears are a potent erogenous zone, and I can always turn him on by sticking my tongue in there. He loved what I was doing to him, making all sorts of kissing noises in his ear. His head was practically writhing in ecstasy when I grabbed his hard cock. I couldn't believe how really thick and hard it felt between my fingers. God, how I'd wanted to hold it and there it was! At last it was all mine to feel and finally to possess. To hell with what he wanted; I'd tried to please him for far too long. Now I wanted it my way, for at least one night. With his cock in my hand, I quickly slid up alongside him so that he'd have to enter me. I couldn't believe how incredibly strong and aggressive I felt after all those months of complete passivity. Not that I actually felt angry with Thom; I just desired something more from him. I was so excited that I was sure I'd come immediately, as soon as his cock touched my clitoris. I could not wait any longer. Funny . . . I almost hate to relate what happened then. There his cock was between my fingers, hard and erect, when all of a sudden it went completely limp. Even then, I held onto his hips so that his flaccid cock would not slip out of me. Even though it was soft, Thom's cock was still large, and I stuffed it into my cunt. Holding it within me, I masturbated my clitoris until I came. It took me only a few seconds to achieve orgasm.

Now I feel ashamed that I didn't come right out and discuss my problems with Thom. At first, I thought he was inexperienced. Later, it seemed to me he was being selfish. In fact, Thom has a very serious impotence problem. Luckily, he was willing to look to me for help. I should have known from the way he performed cunnilingus that he was no inexperienced lover. On the other hand, Thom was a virgin. Let me explain: Thom cannot achieve or maintain an erection unless he is performing cunnilingus on a woman. Naturally, when he told me this, I suggested he see a psychiatrist. I couldn't believe his reaction! He exploded and threw the most incredible tantrum I've ever seen from any man. Somewhere amidst all the fireworks I said I'd be happy to pay for it. I didn't care how much it would cost. At that point he practically spat at me, screaming how I thought I could buy off everything, including his problems. At that moment I was terrified that I might lose Thom. I've never felt that way before, but right at that moment I was desperate—I couldn't see him walk out the door. I feared the worst, he was so upset. What could I do? I only wanted to help him.

The solution I came to was certainly a strange one, but

when you think about it, I guess there is no other way. After Thom cooled down a bit, I was able to discuss both our sexual needs. I explained how I needed more than oral sex, and I asked him if he'd ever had group sex. He said no and I responded likewise. My proposition was for the two of us to find another woman to share our bed. You see, I thought if he could perform cunnilingus on her—which would in effect produce an erect cock for him—maybe the two of us could have sexual intercourse. Needless to say, Thom liked the idea. In fact, he liked the idea a bit too much. The next day I thought I had been crazy to suggest such a thing. After all, he might grow fond of this other woman. Also, where was I going to find an attractive young woman to share our bed? I didn't want just some old prostitute from off the street.

The only solution was a high-priced call girl; I certainly didn't want to do this with anyone I knew. At first I couldn't force myself to employ a call girl; the embarrassment would be too much. Finally, I took a few tranquilizers, shot down some wine, and made the telephone call. I had to be good and high to make *that* call. I kept telling myself that these women had done everything. How could they be shocked by my request? I suppose what I really didn't like about the whole thing was the possibility these girls might think me a lesbian. I was doing this for Thom, you understand.

The madam I use for these girls is pretty respectable—at least, her manners are pleasant enough. I've used about six of her girls. After a few sessions I prefer to change girls. It's silly, but you see I'm afraid Thom might become involved with one of them. They're not bad girls, just a little too frivolous for my taste. I don't like crawling into bed with any of them, and I actually try not to make any physical contact. To me, making love must include sexual intercourse. Everything else is foreplay in my book. These girls are all right for now, but of course, I hope that someday Thom and I can make love without them.

THOM'S STORY

Regina and I talk so much of marriage that I'm beginning to think it will always be just talk. People usually think of women as being more romantically inclined than men. With us I suppose just the opposite is true. I've always taken a more emotional approach to life than Regina. Maybe that's why I'm into theater and acting. I believe in first impressions; people should act on impulse.

Right now I'm ready to marry Regina; in fact, I was ready a year ago. But Regina's always so damn practical. Every situation, every consideration has to be analyzed to the nth degree before she makes her decision. Maybe that's why she's such a successful business woman. She also fears marriage. She had been married to this guy Jack and it didn't last for much over a year. I think the divorce proceedings lasted longer than the marriage. Now she's worried about making another mistake like the first one.

Oh yeah, of course she does have her emotional side. After all, I do love her, and really I'm continually surprised that for all her practicality, she seems to live her life in extremes. Look, here she is extremely successful with the stock market; one would expect her to be ultraconservative, and yet she has a lover ten years her junior. God, does she hate hearing me say that! You'd expect her to be with somebody . . . well, somebody like her former husband Jack. I actually think he was born in a grey pin-striped suit. An older man, you know, distinguished and conservative.

Regina will try anything at least once. Take the time I shaved her crotch. I'm into oral sex and she has this healthy bush between her legs. It's nice but just a bit too much. I'd never shaved a woman before and Regina had never been shaved, and I thought it would be a unique learning experience for both of us. I explained to her that I couldn't eat her cunt the way I wanted to. I guess "eat" isn't the right word. I'd say you "eat" a woman when you stick your tongue in and kind of scoop around inside. What I had in mind was more like kissing. You kind of "suck" the girl.

I shaved her pussy with a safety razor, using lots of soapy lather. I didn't want to nick her, of course, and so I spread her legs wide—she was seated on a chair—so that her skin was tight and easy to shave. At first I kind of played around, making little designs out of her pubic hair: a heart-shaped pussy, next a little triangle, and then I shaved her bare. I spread a little Vaseline over her crotch to make it nice and slippery. Placing my mouth right on her vaginal lips, I began ever so gently to blow through my lips so they'd vibrate. It wasn't long before her "lips" were quivering in anticipation. But that's the thing: you don't fuck her; anyway, not right then.

I started making more overt kissing motions so that her cunt started contracting and flexing. It was like two "mouths" kissing, in effect. Well, it drives the woman wild, and by this time Regina was begging for me to stick something up her twat. I guess I was being something of a cunt teaser because I just kept sucking away. I didn't use my tongue that time around.

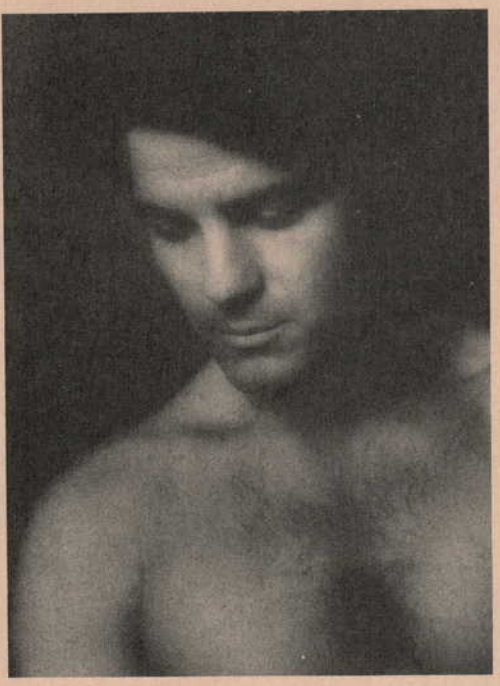
A few days later her pubic area started itching, so she never let me shave her again. Too bad. But like I said, she'll try anything once.

I'm sure most of her oh-so-proper clients would freak out if they knew what we were into. Most of them would probably not even approve of me, much less the girls we use for our little threesomes. Oh, we don't always go in for multiple sex—just now and then, for novelty's sake. We certainly have never considered establishing any kind of a permanent ménage à trois with anyone. Regina and I have a very stable relationship, and the third person—always female—is interchangeable with some other girl. They're just sex objects. Nothing wrong with that, is there?

Jack's somewhere in his late thirties, and I guess after banging around with him, Regina felt she needed a *real* change of pace. It used to bother me at first. I thought maybe she got off on having a teenage lover, that it would be chic for awhile and then she'd be finished. At first I felt insecure, but

not any more.

This sounds hypocritical, but at first I was a little worried about having to share Regina with another woman. I'd never had any reason to believe she was a lesbian, but you don't know sometimes. I wanted to talk to her about my fears. After all, it was really pretty much her idea to invite these girls in for a threeway. But I couldn't bring myself to discuss lesbianism with her. I'd always noticed she really made quite an effort never to touch any of them in bed. Oh sure, they'd occasionally brush up against each other, but no real petting or caressing. When one girl finally tried making it with Regina, well, it was total disaster!



This particular girl had been eyeing Regina and me at a bar-restaurant we go to. She was looking at each of us with equal intensity and she seemed sexually interested. I wouldn't have paid much attention to her, except she was the very image of Regina—an exact double! I suggested we proposition her; Regina just shrugged. It was then that the girl stepped up to the bar to order a drink. She didn't look at me—not even a smile—but I liked the idea that she could have stood anywhere at the bar yet chose to stand by me. That was as good a sign as any! I went through the usual bar stuff: what sign are you? do you live around here? going to school? Finally I invited her to a party that I said we were on our way to. The way I said "party," though, gave her every indication of what I meant. She giggled a little, threw her blond hair around, stared at me for awhile, and then came out with *the* all-original, "Sure, why not?" When we got to our apartment about ten minutes later, I think she was genuinely surprised to find no party. "Well, where are the other people?" she asked. Regina just rolled her eyes and made for the bedroom. "Well, we're it!" I said, "how about a drink?" She came out with another, "Sure, why not?" In fact, I remember her saying that all night, everytime I suggested anything.

When it comes to sex for its own sake, you don't fuck the mind. This girl was obviously into anything, and it was a wild sensation to be in bed with look-alikes. When I dimmed the lights a little, lit some incense, and drank a few more shots of booze, the image of twin Reginas stood before me. It was a fantasy come true.

I started eating the girl, and I could not believe how really tight her cunt was! It wasn't just tight but also tiny. She was lying on her back so I grabbed her legs and spread them into a wide V, so wide, in fact, that she was practically doing the splits. It excited the shit out of me how really tight that twat was, and I wanted now to really get down into her with my tongue. With her legs in splits she didn't have so much control, and so I could really swirl my tongue around in her cunt. God, it was small, though. Well, she started going wild on me. She had these long fingernails and she grabbed onto my hair and started pulling. Knowing that I had such a violent effect on someone really got me going. I felt that I had to stick my cock into her. It wasn't enough just to eat her. Usually that's all I do with these other girls, but I'd never experienced any cunt like this. I couldn't imagine what would happen to her if we screwed. I mean, could I even do it? I've got a thick seven inches between my legs and I was thinking I might split her right open.

At this point my cock hadn't even been touched and yet it was dripping a little from all the excitement. I guess Regina decided that she'd watched enough and she slid right under and took my cock into her cunt. I tried to continue tonguing the girl, but I guess she didn't care who was eating her. It was then that she sat right down on Regina's face! I was about ready to shoot off into Regina, but when that girl sat on her face, Regina freaked out! She pushed the girl off and jerked her hips around so that my cock came flying out. I grabbed onto myself and with a couple of jerks beat off into the sheets. I was that excited! So there I was having this incredible orgasm, Regina was screaming at the girl for being a dyke, and the poor girl didn't know what the fuck had hit her. I can still remember Regina screaming, "Get that girl out of here!" Believe me, it didn't take much persuasion on my part to get her out of there; she left of her own accord.

I thought Regina would never again go in for another three-way. We didn't get together with another girl for about a month. When we resumed our multiple sessions, we used only call girls. The sex is pretty much the same each time: Regina and I have intercourse while I eat the girl. It's more impersonal using call girls, but I suppose that's the point.

So why all the oral sex? I guess when it comes right down to it I prefer using my tongue. My first sexual encounter was oral—a girl I knew in high school. She was a couple of grades ahead of me, and I think she'd had some close calls. Maybe she'd even had an abortion. I don't really know; we weren't all that close emotionally. Anyway, she was scared of becoming pregnant. It was always on her mind. I remember trying to dick her a few times, and just when I was about to get in there, she'd come out with, "You don't want me to get pregnant, do you?" She was a real cock teaser, and so we did everything but fuck. I guess she didn't believe in birth control. I tried using rubbers but she didn't like them. I remember her opinion that the tongue was more "personal" than a cock. She said that whenever your mouth touched something it was as though you'd surrendered yourself to that object. Maybe she had a point. I can't imagine any part of your body that's more sensitive. When you've stuck your tongue up some cunt, you know you've made contact. Perhaps I like that feeling of submission that comes when you've stuck your head between a woman's legs. I remember she liked to keep my head stationary when I performed cunnilingus. She'd say, "Now stick your tongue out." And that's about all I'd do. She'd flex her hips up in the air and just kind of twist them around. I guess she liked to think she was in control. My tongue would just touch those lips of hers and she'd be off; she seemed to be in a state of perpetual orgasm, at least whenever my tongue was between her legs. We never did get down to any serious screwing.

Regina enjoys oral sex but not the way I do. When we first started going together I think she just put up with my sexual

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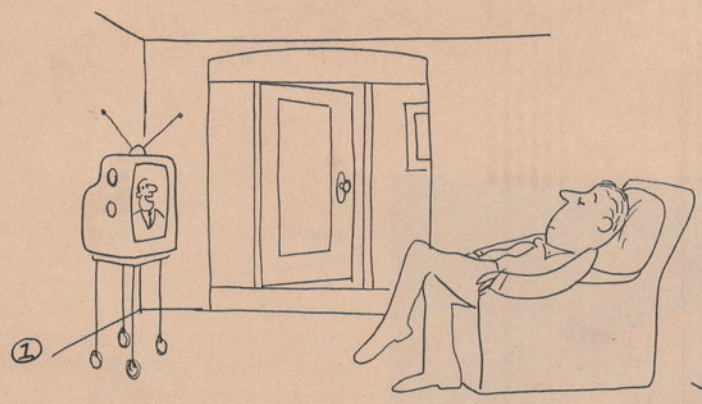
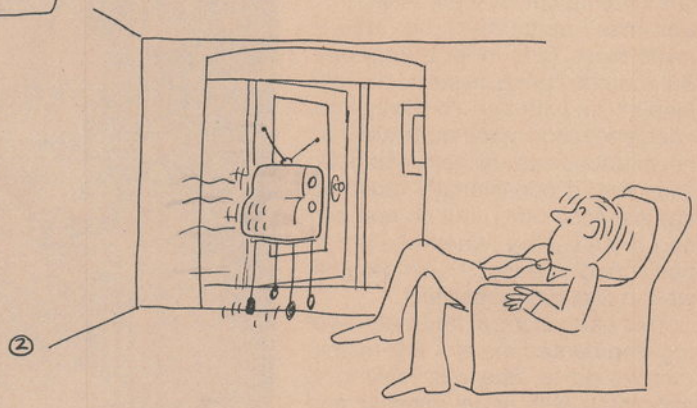
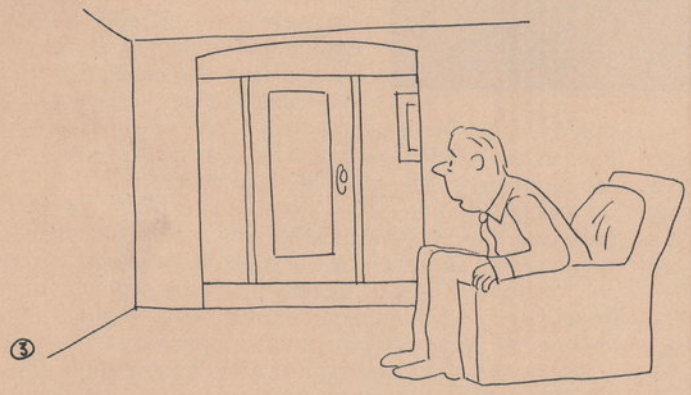
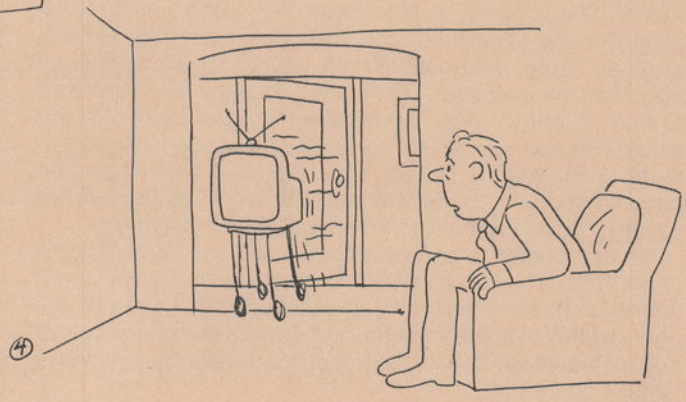
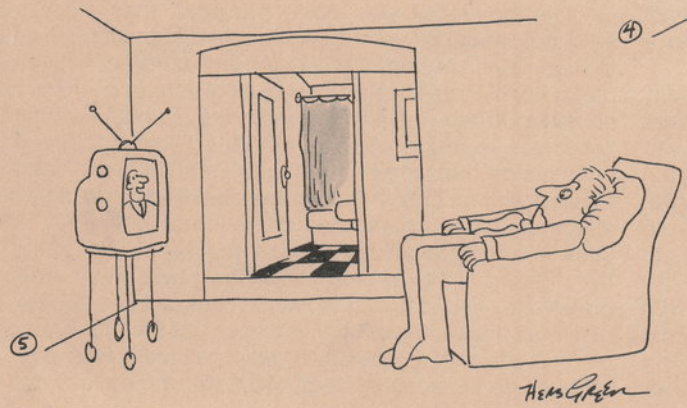


"Don't go away. We'll be back in a moment!"









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Pocket Rockets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

power. Lots of air rushing into the three carburetors and out the three exhaust pipes lets the engine "breathe" well. And a good breathing engine produces gobs of horsepower. Unfortunately, it also produces gobs of noise. As a result of Federal noise regulations, Kawasaki engineers had to mute the engine, which resulted in a commensurate power loss. But this bike can more than hold its own. And it's the only middleweight on the market that gives you that balls-out hairy image beloved by some aficionados—all those exhaust pipes sticking out the back of the bike.

The fourth member of our middleweight quartet is the Harley-Davidson SS-175, a viable alternative for the bike buyer who is totally turned off by pipes, hard acceleration, and multicylinder engines.

The SS-175 is as unpretentious as you can get. The bike is powered by a single-cylinder two-stroke engine that breathes in through a single carburetor and out via a single exhaust pipe. Further simplification is evidenced by the use of a simple drum brake at both ends of the bike rather than a disc with its attendant but necessary hydraulic tubing and pipes.

Most of you probably didn't even know that Harley marketed bikes with such small displacement engines. It's okay. Though Harley is known primarily for its fire-breathing Sportsters and roadhauling Electroglides, the company has had a line of middleweights for years. Last year, the middleweight and lightweight line was completely redesigned. This year, the SS-175 was added.

Always a company concerned with convenience, Harley builds the SS-175 with such features as a larger-than-normal saddle for easy cruising; big, wide handlebars for comfortable road use; and a primary starting system that allows you simply to pull in the clutch in any gear and kick the bike over. Not every bike has this feature. If you stall out on some bikes, you must first find neutral, then kick the bike over. It can be a harrowing experience if it happens in heavy traffic and you can't find neutral. The Harley's system prevents this.

Naturally the SS-175 won't be able to keep up with the bigger 400's featured here, performancewise. But it wasn't intended to. The SS-175 is a delightfully smooth motorcycle for the guy and the gal who like a leisurely ride on a warm summer day, and want to go the distance, so to speak. It won't grow hair on your chest, but it won't make the hair on the back of your neck stand on end either, as another motorcycle journalist once said.

Four bikes. A single, a double, a triple, and a four-banger. You'll hit a home run by choosing any one of them to do your two-wheeled bidding this year.

SQUIRREL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

On the ground below, everything was consternation and disbelief. Instead of starting down, the Squirrel had gone climbing up—*up*—and now for some minutes he had been completely hidden from sight.

Newton Beaumont had yelled himself hoarse. He was a big fat man who perspired easily, and now he was drenched with sweat. Fifteen minutes had gone by. *Fifteen minutes!* The Squirrel could never, never make it down in time now, and all bets were lost. The Squirrel must have gone out of his mind!

The television crew had stopped filming. There was nothing to film—except for the big tree—but the cameraman kept his lens trained up and stayed alert—just in case. The sportscaster bit his lips and looked furiously at Beaumont. The gamblers and the other spectators were massaging their necks, stiff from gazing up.

Beaumont bellowed again into the bullhorn, his voice cracking in despair. He hurried over to the base of the tree—as he had done repeatedly since he had first seen, to his amazement, the Squirrel vanishing among the branches. He peered up, but he could see nothing at all in those high shadows. There was no revealing sign of movement. "Oh, God!" Beaumont groaned, still with the bullhorn at his lips, and his words went echoing dolefully off through the forest.

He returned to the others, wiping his face. The thought of all that lost money stunned him. He could think of nothing else. He tried to remember the terms of the television contract. Could the company refuse to pay?

"Maybe the guy's hurt up there," said one of the forest rangers.

Beaumont stared at him. "Hurt? How could he get hurt?" The idea hadn't occurred to him, he had been too tormented by the passage of those costly minutes.

"Well, he might have got cut and be losing blood," said the ranger, "or maybe he got stuck in a place he can't pull loose from."

Beaumont glanced up the tree, then down again at his watch. Eighteen minutes now . . . but the time, of course, no longer mattered. "You mean he could *die* up there?" he said. "You mean Jack could die?" He let the bullhorn fall from his fingers. The money lost this day could be made up—but not unless the Squirrel lived to climb again. "Listen," Beaumont said to the ranger, "how can we get up there? How can we get him down?"

"Well, there's that 'copter on fire patrol," the ranger said. "It's got a rope-ladder. We use it to pick up hikers and skiers if they get lost in the mountains. There's a radio down in the car. Want me to call them? They can fly over and take a look down and see what the situation really seems to be."

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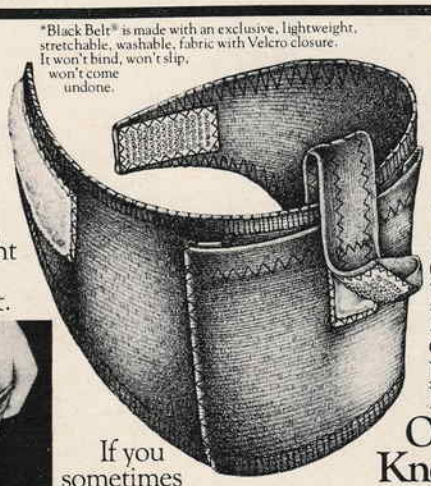

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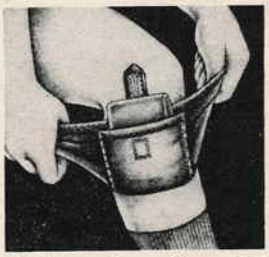

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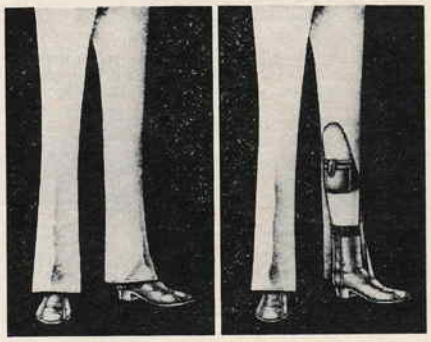

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"Go ahead," said Beaumont. "Yeah—hurry up and call. I don't want Jack killed." He was sweating even more. "Get 'em over that tree and pull that bastard out alive!"

As the Squirrel climbed, he looked for more marks, but found none. Had he come higher than R.Y.—higher than anyone?

The branches now were more closely spaced. He rested among them, scanning the trunk with his eyes, and feeling it with his fingers. There were no cuts or notches, and yet there were irregularities in the bark that puzzled him. They seemed to be scars, mostly grown over, but what could have caused them? Lightning? He gazed at them, wondering. No, he thought, lightning hadn't made them. They were too small for that . . . and too regular. They appeared in groups of three or four on the trunk above each branch, at about the height of a man. But these must have been made long before R.Y. had carved his mark down below . . . centuries before maybe.

The Squirrel stood staring at these mysterious markings as if they were whispers across the ages, whispers that only he could hear. Indians had made them, he thought, but he wasn't sure. All he knew was what he sensed, not so much from the carved places as from the tree he clung to. It was as if he had entered a place sacred to a vanished race of climbing men. The tree was their destiny, their immortality. It had summoned him, too.

He kept his ear against the bark as though listening to the pulse of life deep within. The sap rose—the tree, too, climbed. So did the others. They climbed through centuries in long, slow, majestic steps, mounting the air inch by inch, reaching toward the sky, the sun—up . . . up . . . up. This was the word, the message—*up*! He, too, was rising, even now when he did not move. The tree was carrying him upward in its arms.

He looked up to the crown, radiant in the sun, and he climbed eagerly the rest of the way. There, at the top, he found that the oldest tree was young, its highest branches small and delicate, its spiny foliage fresh, and as he swung there in the sunlight, it seemed to him that the old tree was rustling with laughter. He, too, burst out laughing. His brothers had marked the way, and the tree had called to him—he had heard its voice at last. Now he perched in its very fingertips and they were celebrating together.

When he heard the racket in the sky, he was confused at first, then angry. The machine came lumbering close. He scrambled out along a branch, quick as a real squirrel now, and he rose, his arms upraised as though to ward it off. He himself was unprotected; he wasn't holding on. The pilot saw him suddenly emerge, and veered—too late. The downdraft from the rotors flung him back; and thus, betrayed in his triumph, he fell spinning down to the forest floor through the outstretched arms of living time. O+

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MAYDAY!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

ing but they still couldn't fix the steering gear. McGonagle was determined to take his ship home, so he put some men in the after steering compartment to take rudder orders by telephone in order that the ship could be hand-steered. Slowly, the *Liberty* began to limp westward. At 4:15 a pair of Mirages circled the *Liberty* but made no further attempts to press an attack. The men on the ship didn't know the reason; but the Mayday message had gotten through to the carriers *Saratoga* and *America* six hundred miles to the northwest, and two flights of four jet-fighters each had been launched to drive off the Israeli planes and MTB's. The Israelis had monitored the transmission and had pulled back while there was still time to make the only excuse possible—error. Mistaken identity.

By four o'clock Commander McGonagle's wounds were giving him severe pain and he was suffering from loss of blood. He lay on the deck while a tourniquet was applied to his thigh. He wouldn't rest, he said, until his ship was safe.

At 6:45 an Israeli helicopter again appeared and hovered over the ship. Someone attempted to lower himself by ladder to the deck, but McGonagle signaled that he should stop. Ten minutes later, a calling card was dropped from the helicopter. It carried the name of a U.S. naval attaché with the American embassy in Tel Aviv. A message on the back read, "Have you any casualties?" Since there were at least three bodies still lying in full view of the helicopter, McGonagle made no serious attempt to answer and gestured to the helicopter to leave. As the sun set, just after seven o'clock, the helicopter turned back toward the land.

Lieutenant Kiepfer had asked McGonagle to go below to the sick bay, but he didn't insist in the face of the captain's violent determination to remain in command. Of McGonagle, Kiepfer later said, "The commanding officer . . . was like a rock upon which the rest of the men supported themselves. To know that he was grievously wounded, yet having to conn and helm the ship through the night, calling every change of course, was the thing that told the men, 'We're going to live.' When I went to the bridge and saw this, I should say that I knew I could only insult this man by insisting that he be taken below for the treatment of his wounds."

When he felt faint, McGonagle lay on the deck of the bridge wing with his leg propped high and continued to conn the ship, sometimes by watching her white-water wake in the darkness. In this way, he steered the *Liberty* through the night—determined at all costs to get her home.

Inside the ship, Dr. Kiepfer, aided by two corpsmen but having himself to bear the

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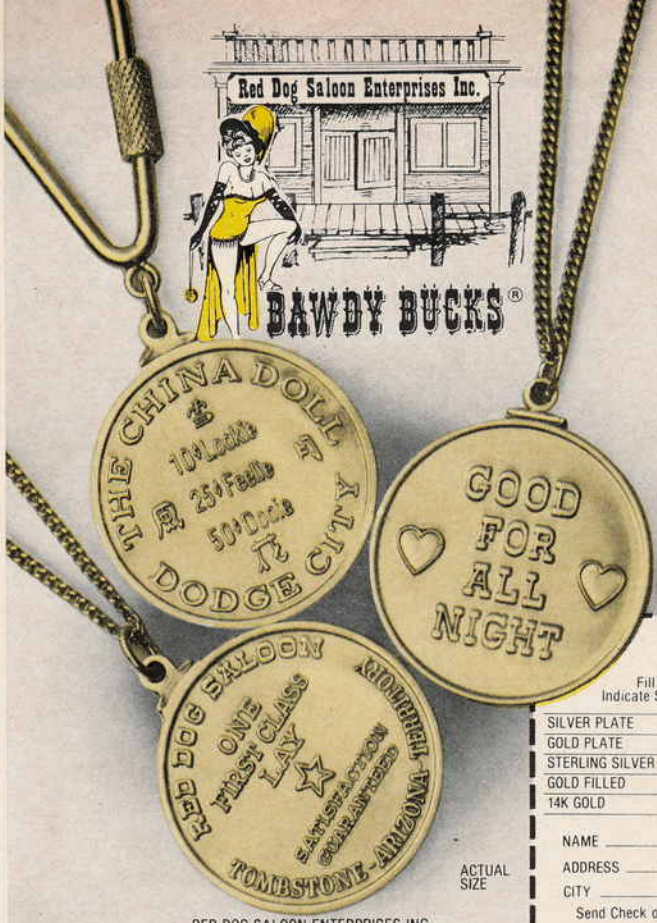

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BRAVO VINO!

Where wine's concerned, the Italian Boot is bottomless—and the grape is something to grapple with. . . .

BY KEN GOULDTHORPE

The Greeks, naturally, had a word for it. They called it Oenotria—the country of wine. Long before there was a Rome the vine flourished in Italy, and it still does—everywhere from the snowy northern top of the Boot to the lazy warmth of its Calabrian toe.

"Drop a grape, and you've got a vineyard," the old saying goes, and it's not that far from the truth. The vine thrives here almost untended, needing little of the coaxing and cajoling which brought forth classics of the vintner's art in less fortunate climes. Traditionally, the Italian peasants made good, robust wine from sound grapes, with a skill and talent born of centuries on the land—honest wine of good color, fragrant and pleasing to the palate. Their lineal descendants still do, in ever-increasing abundance.

There is more wine grown in Italy than any other place on earth. The Boot is literally brimming—bursting at its very seams. One tiny region alone—Piedmont—produces as much or more wine in any given year than all the vineyards in these United States. Though California dwarfs Italy, the Boot will squeeze out close to ten times as much wine as the Golden State—more than a billion gallons a year. The French and Germans drink Italian wines in prodigious quantities, and we import more of it than any other wine in the world.

And lest you should think that *all* of this is simply everyday wine for the table, be assured that the range of Italian wine is enormous—and the best have qualities which rank them among the world's most palatable and pleasurable. Rich, full-bodied reds which roll smoothly off the tongue; dry whites with a tang to tease the taste buds; sparkling wines, apéritifs to perk the appetite, fruity dessert wines heavy with the flavor of the grape.

Wending your way through the enormous variety of Italian wines is a little like going on a pub crawl and trying to remember which were your favorites in the haze of the morning after. Even the nomenclature is crazy. Such is the proliferation of the grape—and the bounty of the soil and climate—that the same varieties grow equally well in totally different circumstances, often hundreds of miles apart. Obviously, a grape growing in warm southern regions will not produce the same wine that an identical grape will produce in the foothills of the Alps. Yet both will bear the same name. Place names are not always positive identification. Some wines are named for towns and villages that have nominal counterparts elsewhere. Others have names sounding so similar that one is constantly confused with the other. In short, the simple fact of opulence has confounded us for years. What can you say about a region that produces some forty-five Chianti types alone? The only safe course is to chart a basic route through the vineyards, and if you are just beginning on what I insist is a totally rewarding and delightful journey, be certain to take note of a few signposts along the way.

True enough, the way is a little easier than it was before. The Boot made a seven-league step forward in 1963 when the government—obviously as confused as all of us—passed a law which set out not only to define zones of production (as in France) but also to improve standards of quality overall, though it should be noted that some of the great Italian wine houses had taken this law into their own hands long before. Denominations were set for those wines meeting the new government requirements, and qualifying wines bear that denomination on their labels as a hallmark of quality. There are three grades: *Denominazione Sémplice*, which is a statement of where the wines are produced; *Denominazione di Orìgine Controllata*—called the DOC—which means that the wine was made from grapes traditionally grown in the ascribed region and is subject to government testing, and *Denominazione di Orìgine Controllata e Garantita*. Wines so marked are required to meet rigid standards of excellence set by the government and are sealed with a government stamp.

Now, this very law confounds those critics who would have us believe that there are few wines in Italy worthy of such classification. There are connoisseurs whose finely honed palates seem to follow national boundaries. This is not written for them. I prefer to judge a wine not by origin but by how it affects my more plebeian tastebuds. Italian wines have a marvelous rustic quality to them. They are robust and earthy—and if I had to grope for a word, *macho*. The reds in general are better than the whites, and a northern wine will tend to be better than its southern cousin.

Thus it is that the north—specifically, the region of Piedmont—harbors the king of Italian wines, a big, round, full-bodied red which takes its name from the hilltop village of Barolo. Here is a wine with its roots deep in ancient times, a wine deserving of a place in any cellar, rich, yet velvety smooth. A fragrant wine which ages well, a wine to lay down and wait for. It takes its time. It spends three years in the cask before bottling, and it is even better after a few years in the bottle. Give it ten and it's superlative. (There are those who say that Gattinara—a wine closely related to Barolo but produced in limited quantities—rivals Barolo and even bests it at times.)

Barbaresco is made from the same Nebbiolo grape, though grown in the hills northeast of Alba. An excellent wine, it is softer than Barolo and matures much faster—at three years old, it is perfect. Barbera (there's that same similarity we mentioned) is frequently called the half-brother of Barolo. Dry, hearty, and rich in alcohol, it is inclined to be a little sharp when young.

These are but three of the more than sixty wines produced in Piedmont alone. They include reds, whites, dessert wines, and sparkling wines, the most famous of which is Asti Spumante. Here is a delicate, sweet, sparkling white wine that has become a party staple in this country. It is excellent on the table with fruits and desserts, and as with other fine Italian wines, production is carefully controlled by inspectors who represent a consortium of the growers (this and similar societies grant the neck labels and devices you will find on the better Italian vintages).

The north is also the home of Bardolino, a fresh, bright red wine grown along the shores of Lake Garda in the Veneto region. Light and refreshing, it is all too often overshadowed by one of Italy's most delightful table wines—Valpolicella, the best known of all the wines of the Veneto. It is a fine, soft, ruby-colored wine that tends to be better when sampled at less than room temperature—cooled, not chilled. And if you come across a Recioto Amarone della Valpolicella in your corner wine store—buy it. This is a superior wine made (in limited

Photograph by Klaus Lucka

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quantities) with the choicest grapes from the upper part of the bunch, the so-called "ears," hence *Recioto*, which means just that in Italian. Another *Recioto*—Valpolicella Valpantena—has always held my great respect. The *spumante* overcame my latent prejudice about sparkling red wines. The Valpantena's light fruity flavor, with a hint of sweetness and prickle, elevates my palate, and certainly, me.

No less entitled to its reputation as one of the very best of Italian white wines is Soave, suave, as its name implies. A light, dry wine with a freshness reflected in its flowery bouquet, it is often compared to Chablis, and indeed, in my view it can often reach that French wine's delicacy. But I prefer to drink it for its own singular merits, and best of all in the Veneto itself, in the ancient walled city from which it takes its name.

To the south of the Veneto lies the region of Emilia-Romagna, with the city of Bologna at its center—a region as famous for its gastronomy as it is for another sparkling red wine: Lambrusco. This luscious, grapey wine only confirms what the Valpantena taught me—that sparkling reds should never be lightly dismissed, but respected and enjoyed on their own much deserved merits. If recent import figures are anything to go by, a great many Americans seem to agree.

The best-known product of the Marches province is Verdicchio dei Castelli di Jesi, a distinguished dry white wine enormously popular in this country. It takes its name from the grape which flourishes in the valley of the Esino river, on whose banks the little town of Jesi stands. The neighboring province of Umbria is the home of Orvieto, another fine white which is made in dry and semi-dry varieties. The color of pale straw, it has a slightly grapey, fruity taste, and it should be served well chilled.

The Etruscans were winemakers centuries before the birth of Christ, and it is no coincidence that the most famous Italian wine of all comes from the region now known as Tuscany. The wine? Chianti, of course. Its distinctive wicker-covered flask (*fiasco*) became a veritable symbol of Italian wine over the years, if not of Italy itself. There are three qualities of Chianti produced. The lesser wine is made to be consumed young, and this is usually double-fermented. A small amount of "must" is added to the wine at the end of the first fermentation, setting off a second fermentation which gives this wine its unmistakable tang. The next in rank is the one you doubtless know. Bottled in the traditional *fiaschi*, it's also double-fermented and ready for the glass while young. The finest Chianti, however, is *never* put into the wicker-covered flasks and *never* fermented twice. This wine is always found in the round-shouldered Bordeaux-style bottle, since to reach its peak it must acquire bottle age, and the design of the old flask makes storage impossible—proof enough that such wines were meant to be imbibed at once.

The Chianti vintners—like their Piedmontese cousins—have long been in the forefront of progressive viniculture. Much of the credit for this goes to Baron Bettino Ricasoli, the man who a century ago discovered what was to become a standard formula for the making of the wine, a standard that other winemakers of the region were quick to emulate, much to their credit—and profit. Their wines became so distinctive that geographical boundaries were thrashed out to determine the area in which the wine could legally bear the name, and a number of internal subdivisions. For instance, *Chianti Classico* is produced only in the historic central district of the region. Many other subdivisions—*Aretini*, *Fiorentini*, *Montalbani*, *Pisane*, *Rufina*, *Senesi*, etc.—were organized, and the wines were protected by growers associations so that the quality would be maintained.

All this simply means that *you* have an assurance of quality if you take the time to read the label. This will clearly state the vintner's name and where the wine was produced (*Chianti Classico*, *Chianti Rufina*, etc.). It will also carry a DOC mark, a vintage date, and usually the growers' consortium device and a serial number on the neck label. The word *Riserva* means that the wine has aged for two years in the wood.

These older wines are soft, full-bodied, and capable of great subtlety, in contrast to the heartier young wines shipped in the flask, excellent wines in their own right, and delicious with rich, well-seasoned foods. The youngest Chianti is good, honest wine to be drunk straight from the vat, and it has just enough tartness to make it ideal with highly spiced, oily foods. If I seem to have belabored the point about Chianti a little, it is to dispel the popular misconception that all Chianti is pretty much the same—just one of those honest, everyday wines we mentioned earlier. It can be, but it can also be a wine of great refinement. There's a Chianti to suit both your mood and your food. Take your pick.

Anybody who has ever visited Rome will remember Frascati. Every restaurant there serves it in varying qualities, but *always* in quantity. Light, fresh, and crisp, it is justly the most famous of the Castelli Romani wines—so named for the estates of the Roman nobles who lived —and grew their vines—in this delightful section just south of the Eternal City.

From the region of Campania, surrounding what is now Naples, came the wine so beloved of those same ancient Romans—Falernum. Wines related to this venerable ancestor are still being made, but far more popular than any Falerno is Lacrima Christi, a soft, golden, slightly aromatic white wine (just to confuse you, reds are also made) that comes in both still and sparkling varieties. The *spumante* is rated by its aficionados as one of Italy's great sparking wines. And here, I must admit to a particular liking for Ravello wines, which seem to me to be fresher and perhaps more vibrant than other southern wines. There are good rosés and even better reds, which have a roundness and fragrance which belies their origin. And one other export should be duly noted here. Winemakers. Some of the best American vintners now practicing their art in this country have their roots in the Sorrentine peninsula.

And while the north harbors world famous apéritifs whose names have become household words (Cinzano, Carpano, Campari, Martini, etc.) Sicily, at the opposite end, makes Marsala, a rich walnut-brown wine that seems to reflect all the warmth of the Italian sun. Somewhat like a Madeira or a Sherry, it is nevertheless a distinctive wine with its own character, superlative as an apéritif (dry or sweet) served chilled, or as a creamy dessert wine. It is also a wine that has won a high rating in Italian cooking.

The foregoing should be considered only as a pathfinder through the bottled bounty of the Boot. If you're serious about continuing your journey—and you find this kind of travel broadening, remember these pointers:

- Record your favorites. If you enjoy a wine, write down the vintner or house name and the type of wine. Be specific. In this way you'll quickly learn to recognize and rate the names you'll find on any self-respecting wine list.
- In the wine store, don't ignore unfamiliar wines which may prove to be exactly to your taste. Remember that Italian opulence. There are bargains to be found, and your choice depends on both your palate *and* your pocket.
- Have no inhibitions about the wine you buy. If you like it, enjoy it—and don't apologize for it. But in the process, learn enough about the better Italian wines so that you can sharpen your personal judgement, form your own opinions. Ask questions. Seek out a little basic information. Importers and distributors have all manner of pamphlets detailing their products free for the asking. Where wine is concerned, a little knowledge is no dangerous thing. It'll pay off.

Wine, after all, is there for you to enjoy in all its variety. Personally, I'm as happy with a *fiasco* of Chianti and some good bread and cheese as I am with a ten-year-old Barolo or Classico Riserva and a rare steak. It's all a matter of mood. The everyday enjoyment of wine has a definite place in my life, and those everyday wines have a definite place too—right alongside my plate.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

weight of medical responsibility, was to struggle for twenty-eight continuous hours with a flood of seriously injured men. In the heat of battle, he had been able to do little more than give first aid, but now bleeding was stopped, men were given morphine and treated for shock, lung wounds were treated to ease breathing, and one blood transfusion after another was carried out.

Whenever the doctor needed one volunteer, he would have ten. If anything was asked, hands went up everywhere. If Kiepfer asked for two pints of blood for transfusion, he would find some wounded man on an adjoining table saying, "Hey doc! If you need some, I have that type."

Whatever else the bullets, rockets, and torpedos had accomplished, they hadn't broken the spirit of the little ship. Miraculously, the *Liberty* was alive and limping home, burned and broken but still afloat, her engines still turning.

On June 14, escorted by the destroyer U.S.S. *Davis* and a Sixth Fleet tug, *Liberty* arrived in Malta under her own power. It had been her final mission, and that mission had been accomplished with honor, even if its cause and necessity may have been questionable. McGonagle and his men had followed their orders and they had brought their ship home. No one could ask or expect more. Their war was over.

Between June 11 and 17, a naval court of inquiry convened by Admiral John S. McCain, Commander in Chief of U.S. Naval Forces in Europe, conducted classified hearings in London and aboard the *Liberty* at Malta. Rear Admiral I.C. Kidd was president of a court that consisted of himself and Captains Bernard J. Lauff and Bert M. Atkinson of Admiral McCain's headquarters. The court's findings were presented to Admiral McCain and approved by him on June 18, 1976.

These findings were: "From the time of the first attack onward, attackers were well-coordinated, accurate and determined. Crisscrossing rocket and machine gun runs from both bows, both beams and quarters effectively chewed-up the entire top-side including ship control and internal communications-sound powered-network. Well-directed initial air attacks wiped out the ability of the four .50-caliber machine guns to be effective."

The Israelis had officially announced that it was a mistake. They apologized. Soon after the attack, one of the crew of the MTB's, a reservist sailor called Micha Limor, was produced in Tel Aviv to give his account of the incident to journalists. He graphically described how his boat had attacked a ship "with high masts and weird antennae," and how they were sure it was the "enemy" until, in the very last moments of the attack, a rubber lifecraft with the lettering "U.S. Navy" on its side had

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dropped into the water. Then the helicopters came over and signaled to the torpedo boats, "They are raising the American flag!"

"It was crystal clear that we had hit friends," Limor said. He then went on to describe how his boat had tried to approach the *Liberty* to offer assistance, and how an officer had appeared on the bridge for the first time and screamed, "Go to hell!"

"Realizing they would not accept aid, we left," Limor said.

To support this explanation based on mistaken identity, the Israelis said that the *Liberty* had been mistaken for an Egyptian supply ship called *El Quseir*. The Navy court of inquiry found: "While *El Quseir* bears a highly superficial resemblence to *Liberty*, she more closely resembles the majority of older tramp steamers operating in ocean shipping. *El Quseir* is less than half the size and lacks the elaborate antennae array and distinctive hull marking of the *Liberty*. The location of the superstructure island, a primary feature of merchant type ships, is widely different. By this criteria as a justification for attack, any ship resembling *El Quseir* was in jeopardy." In other words, the Navy found that the Israelis could have attacked *any* merchant ship on the same pretext. The court of inquiry returned a final verdict that accepted Israel's apology for attack but did not accept her explanation.

In mid-July, the U.S.S. *Liberty* returned home. She was laid up in the yard at Norfork for a while, then turned over to the Department of Commerce and shunted into their derelicts fleet. Last year, she was finally sold for scrap and broken up. It was the symbolic end of an incident that many parties in Washington wished to forget. But forgetting hadn't been easy. Voices had to be silenced in the Senate and questions dismissed in secret congressional hearings. The military were bound by security regulations. But the question remained: *why had the Liberty been attacked?*

To find the answer, one must go back nine years, to May 1967. This was the month when the Mideast political pot, which had been simmering for so long, finally boiled over.

On May 22, 1967, Nasser blockaded the Straits of Tiran, the entrance to the Gulf of Aqaba on the Red Sea. This waterway was the gate to the strategically vital Israeli port of Elath. The State Department and the Pentagon had mixed feelings about the whole business. Since President Kennedy's assassination, the White House had moved firmly away from an early 1960's policy of U.S.–Egyptian cooperation. Lyndon Johnson had poor personal relations with Nasser, and the State Department was suffering from severe anxiety over the increased Soviet presence in the Mideast and support of Egypt, plus pressures to provide greater American support for Israel. These pressures were being brought to bear on the Johnson administration by such staunch friends of Israel as U.N. Ambassador, Arthur Goldberg, presidential adviser Walt Rostow, and his brother, Eugene Rostow, in the State Department.

Walt Rostow was the most influential of this trio. His appointment as Special Adviser to the President on National Security had taken effect just one year before the Arab-Israeli war of June 1967. Like Johnson, he believed that the major problem of the moment, Vietnam, could only be solved by total American victory, and his views on the Israeli position in the Mideast conflict were similar. He constantly suggested to Johnson that American's policy toward Israel should directly balance Russia's support of the Arabs. Rostow's views had strong support from the American security agencies.

For two years, the CIA had been deeply committed to reshaping events in the Mideast to suit a whole new State Department policy calling for a reduction of Soviet influence in the area, the discouragement of leftist nationalism, and the reinstatement of American influence.

Richard Helms, the CIA chief, was still pursuing a policy of over ten years' standing that allowed for all intelligence operations inside Israel to be conducted through Mossad (the Israeli intelligence agency). There was no CIA station chief in Tel Aviv, and officers working under cover in the American Embassy there acted in full consort with officers of Israeli intelligence—each side supposedly having total access to the information of the other.

The man behind this cooperative plan was James Angleton, head of CIA counterintelligence, who had set up strong ties with the Israelis in the late 1950's following the abortive Anglo-Israeli attack on the Suez Canal. As part of the plan, Angleton helped supply Israel with technical assistance for developing nuclear weapons [as reported by Tad Szulc in the August 1975 issue of *Penthouse*]. His partner and opposite number in Mossad was Ephraim "Eppy" Evron. In 1967 Evron was Deputy Israeli Ambassador to Washington. He had previously been one of the main conspirators in a plot to sabotage the growth of American detente with Egypt in December 1954. This was an operation planned by Mossad to blow up the American Embassy in Cairo and blame the attack on Egyptian nationalists. The mission fouled up. Nine Israeli agents were captured while laying the charges and brought to trial for sabotage by the Egyptians. Two were executed. A scandal followed in Tel Aviv: the Minister of Defense, Pinhas Lavon, resigned and Eppy Evron disappeared. In fact, he didn't make a prominent appearance again until May 1967, when Washington reporters noticed that he was involved in a lot of activity with the State Department and the White House and seemed to have greater significance at the Israeli Embassy than his chief, Avraham Harman. In the overall Israeli power structure. Evron *was* more im-

portant than Harman, and his presence in Washington as a spokesman to both the administration and the CIA for Israeli intelligence made him a vital link in a complex plan to overthrow Nasser.

Ever since the attack on the Suez Canal in 1956, Nasser had been increasingly leaning toward Moscow and also attempting to establish himself as the cornerstone of an emergent Third World. His influence in the Arab world—his charisma as a leader and his complete command of the most populous and politically significant Arab country—made him particularly dangerous to both the West and his own neighbors. The latter felt that inspired anarchy was ultimately a bigger threat than Israeli expansion.

In 1965, after President Nasser had exposed an illegal American arms deal to Israel, James Angleton conducted a number of meetings with Mossad officers to decide how and when to get rid of Nasser.

It was impossible to overthrow the president from within Egypt by any sort of coup. First, his charisma had to be underminded and his popular support destroyed. Nasser's constant and increasing threats against Israel and his assurances to his people that the Israeli menace would be defeated suggested to the CIA that an Egyptian loss of face could be achieved by calling Nasser's bluff—by actually making him confront Israel. The violently anti-Israel threats made from Cairo by Ahmed Shukeiry, the leader of the newly formed PLO, had laid the base for a decisive Israeli-Arab confrontation. Shukeiry promised the razing of Tel Aviv and the massacre of the Jews in Palestine. He had Nasser's full support.

At a series of secret meetings in Tel Aviv and Washington between CIA officers, the Israeli General Staff, selected Israeli politicans, and inner members of the Johnson administration it was decided to promote a contained war between Israel and Egypt—a war that would not affect the territorial lines between Israel and Syria and Jordan.

The plan was organized in Israel by a group that included Yigal Allon (Israel's present labor minister), Intelligence Chief Meir Amit, Aharon Yariv (head of army intelligence), Shimon Peres (deputy minister of defense), Ezer Weizman (head of army operations), Air Force Chief Mordecai Hod, David Hacohen (head of the Knesset Committee for Foreign and Security Affairs), and Moshe Dayan, who soon would be minister of defense. Their liaison officer in Washington was Eppy Evron, who dealt directly with Angleton at the CIA and Eugene Rostow at the State Department.

In principle, they agreed that the situation of an increasing hardline by Nasser combined with the Soviet buildup in Egypt and Syria should be exploited to rouse maximum public opinion for war, and that the Israeli Army should be placed on full alert to induce action by either Damascus

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or Cairo. In these circumstances, the Knesset would have to give its approval for war. And when this war was launched—the Israelis assured the Americans—it would be fought to a predesigned American plan of containment.

The plan of containment was important. It was designed to maintain relations with the anti-Nasserite Arabs, principally with King Hussein and King Feisal, while exploiting their strong feelings against Arab nationalism. The guts of the plan were outlined to Hussein by CIA officers in Amman and it was left to him to decide how he would act.

Hussein was immediately placed in a dilemma. Although he was suspicious of American motives, he was in a very precarious position. If the Nasserite movement continued to gain strength and improve its ties with Syria and Iraq, then Hussein might well be overthrown by a coup. That would end the Hashemite rule in Jordan that the king was pledged to support to the death, just as the revolution in Iraq had destroyed the Hashemites there. Egypt and Syria were as much his enemies as the Israelis; in fact, they were calling not only for the overthrow of the American-Israeli conspiracy but also for the downfall of the Arab "reactionary states." Nasser had refused to call a meeting of the Defense Council of the Arab League on the grounds that "Egypt is not prepared to reveal her military secrets to governments in the pay of the CIA and British intelligence services."

Reluctantly, Hussein bowed to the inevitable and accepted an assurance from the U.S. Department of State that in return for his cooperation in helping to reshape and influence Arab policy in favor of the West after the forthcoming war, there would be no Israeli conquest of any of his territory—even if Jordan were forced into military confrontation with the Israelis in order to keep face with the other Arabs. His decision was passed through the American Embassy in Amman to Washington.

Hussein now had to find some way of pulling himself inside the Arab fold before fighting started, and Nasser's blockade of the Straits of Tiran and the troop movements that followed gave him just the chance he needed. As the Arab press agitated for war, Hussein arrived in Cairo with his prime minister for a meeting with Nasser. This was May 30, and that evening a defense pact was signed between Jordan and Egypt—each pledging support to the other in the event of war with Israel.

That same day, Robert Anderson, an American special envoy, was sent to Cairo to talk with Nasser. He met the Egyptian president on June 1 and succeeded in persuading him to consider an option of détente with the United States. As a gesture of goodwill, Nasser said he would send his deputy, Zacharia Mohieddin, to Washington on June 5. This message was transmitted to Washington, and within two hours of its receipt by the State Department the Israeli secret service knew every detail of it. That same day—June 1—the Israeli Knesset gave a majority vote for war and Moshe Dayan was appointed Minister of Defense.

The joint Israeli-CIA plan for war had aimed for an initial strike date in the second week in June. And the U.S.S. *Liberty* had been dispatched by the CIA to arrive off Sinai *before* planned hostilities began—in order to make certain that the Israelis didn't overstep the objectives of the containment plan.

In making their preemptive strike on June 5, the very day Mohieddin was due to leave for Washington, the Israelis destroyed any possibility of U.S.–Egyptian détente. They had kept their plans totally secret to prevent any American interference.

Right up to the moment of attack, Eppy Evron was assuring his Washington contacts that Israeli troop movements were simply a precautionary measure against the buildup of Arab troops. Since the only American intelligence from Israel was through Mossad, Evron believed he could tell the American government anything he liked. He didn't know about the *Liberty* and her mission.

Thus, as war began, the listening devices on the *Liberty* were tuned to transmissions from both the Arabs and Israelis.

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It was clear to the observers on the *Liberty* that the decoding capabilities of the Arabs had failed to crack Israeli codes. But the Israelis had penetrated Egyptian and Jordanian codes from the moment the war began. There was nothing really unusual about this. It was good military-intelligence management by the Israelis and caused no surprise or alarm on board the *Liberty*—except for several exchanges between King Hussein of Jordan and President Nasser of Egypt. These concerned the strategy and progress of the Arab allies. To the *Liberty* they were clear enough, but to the Arabs they were totally misleading. Somewhere between Amman and Cairo, in a relay station in Sinai, the messages were being blocked by the Israelis, then reconstructed and passed on so swiftly and effectively that there was no apparent break. In the language of intelligence this type of interference is called "cooking."

The first batch of these messages transmitted from Cairo advised Hussein of a bad military situation on the Egyptian front. The Israelis blocked these and reworded them to misinform the king that three-quarters of the Israeli Air Force had been destroyed over Cairo and that the 300-plus aircraft he was now picking up on radar approaching Jordan were Egyptian jets raiding targets in Israel. (They were, of course, really Israeli aircraft returning from the destruction of Nasser's airfields.) These false messages encouraged Hussein to abandon a prearranged plan for fighting a defensive war and set his Jordanian Legion on the offensive.

Throughout the first day of fighting, the Israelis continued to cook messages in order to give both sides the impression that the war was going favorably for the Arabs. There was no chance of the plan going wrong, because Hussein had broken off diplomatic relations with Syria (over an allegation of sabotage by the Syrian Secret service) a week before the Israelis attacked and he was not in communication with Damascus. No Israeli interference with messages between Cairo and Damascus was necessary because the Syrians, although appraised of the bad situation in Sinai, were also being told their flank was still covered by the Jordanians. This encouraged them to withdraw troops from the Golan toward Damascus, in order to cover the road from Amman as a second line to the Jordanian Army.

Another group of "cooked" transmissions on June 6 and 7 falsely informed Hussein that the Egyptians were counterattacking in Sinai and needed support from Jordan in the form of an attack against the

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Israeli positions in the Hebron area. To make this attack, Hussein had to withdraw his forces from a planned offensive that had been designed to cut Israel in two. The Egyptians were also misled into believing the Jordanians were making a successful attack in Hebron, and they in turn counterattacked during the early hours of June 8 and ignored a United Nations' call for a cease-fire. The Israelis gained enough time from this to enable them to capture all the Jordanian territory they needed, to finish off the Egyptians in Sinai, and to move their troops right up to the east bank of Suez—immobilizing the Canal.

In Washington, on the evening of June 7, Avraham Harman, the Israeli ambassador, had been called to the State Department and told by Eugene Rostow that the Israeli attack on Jordan and Egypt had to stop immediately and that no move was to be made against the Syrians on the Golan. A cease-fire was being implemented at the request of the Arabs by the U.N.

Harman argued his country was acting against Arab aggression, but Rostow told him the Americans knew that Hussein had been encouraged to fight beyond the containment plan by a deliberate "cooking" of his communications. No mention was made by Rostow of the *Liberty*, but four hours later in Tel Aviv orders were passed from the offices of the Minister of Defense and the Commander of the Air Force to undertake a surveillance of an American communications ship operating off the Sinai coast. Then, four hours after the surveillance orders, at 1:30 P.M. Tel Aviv time, further orders were issued from the same sources to attack and sink the ship (Israeli officials, however, say that no written orders were ever issued). Aircraft were called upon to knock out all communications antennae in the first strike. Subsequent strikes would completely immobilize the ship, preparatory to final torpedo hits from MTB's. It was imperative that the ship be destroyed.

For the Israelis, *Liberty* was an unknown factor. On June 8, Israel was still three days away from her final objectives. It was possible that drastic measures might have to be taken at any time. The Israeli leaders were afraid that the continued presence of the *Liberty* off Sinai, monitoring their activities for both the U.S. government and the United Nations, might wreck their plans. If the ship was sunk with all hands, the attack would be blamed on the Egyptians, or perhaps on Russian fighters from a Soviet fleet carrier. It would also serve the purpose of involving the Americans directly and committing them totally to Israel's side. It was a daring plan—a vicious plan—but certainly well-coordinated and well-executived. It seems surprising that it failed. Everything seemed stacked against the *Liberty*.

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banks, deciphered her codes, and had transmitted a warning to Israel's military-intelligence headquarters. The Americans were informed that the Israelis were reacting badly and might possibly take some sort of action against the ship.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff immediately ordered a message transmitted to the *Liberty* warning her to withdraw to the Sixth Fleet at once. This message was rated by navy intelligence as "pinnacle," which meant that it had highest priority. It was to be sent through a CIA receiving and transmitting station in Asmara, Ethiopia. The *Liberty* was tuned to receiving messages from this station. (She transmitted messages to Washington via another station base at Naples.)

As the pinnacle message left Washington it became the first of three remarkable communications errors—if indeed they *were* errors. The *Liberty* should have received the message by 9:00 A.M. ship's time. She never did. The message was misrouted via Subic Bay in the Philippines and ended up hours later at the National Security Agency at Fort Meade, where it was filed away in a desk drawer and seemingly forgotten.

Within two hours, a second message to the *Liberty* was "misrouted." This one was dispatched from the Sixth Fleet Commander aboard the U.S.S. *Little Rock*, advising McGonagle of his dangerous position and ordering him to withdraw. It was a back-up message to the "pinnacle" sent by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and it left the *Little Rock* at 11:17 A.M., again for Asmara. This message was misrouted via a CIA post-station in Morocco. It, too, ended up back at Fort Meade.

The third and final message lost in this strange tangle of confused misroutings left the *Liberty* for the *Little Rock* via Naples, advising the Sixth Fleet Commander of the extent of the attack then taking place. This was "pinnacle" and was sent by the *Liberty* at 2:10 P.M.—only seconds before her communications went out. It finally arrived at Fort Meade with the others, many hours later via Subic.

In fact, the *only* message received that day was the open-channel Mayday sent immediately after the coded "pinnacle" to the *Little Rock*.

The Navy has never satisfactorily explained how three messages of such vital importance, rated red-urgent and sent via the "pinnacle" code route, could all have been misrouted. The vague explanation was "bad management." Soon after the attack on the *Liberty*, one naval statement announced that it had taken place because of "misplaced communications." No known official naval inquiry into the communications incident ever took place. In fact, the strangest part of the whole *Liberty* affair has increasingly seemed the United States government's anxiety to excuse and cover up an attack on one of its own ships.

Next month: The Cover-up.

Learn "Secret Female Hypnotism"

And You'll Be Able to Command The Love and Affection of Any Woman

By WILLIAM A. LYONS and ALICE GOLDBLATT

NEW YORK - It's been a long time coming, but now, for the very first time . . . the principles of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM" are being revealed. And now . . . you can learn to use these principles to "command" the *love* and *affection* of beautiful women.

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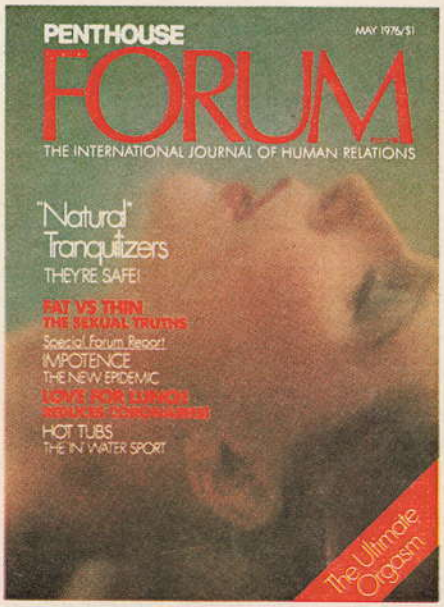

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FORUM

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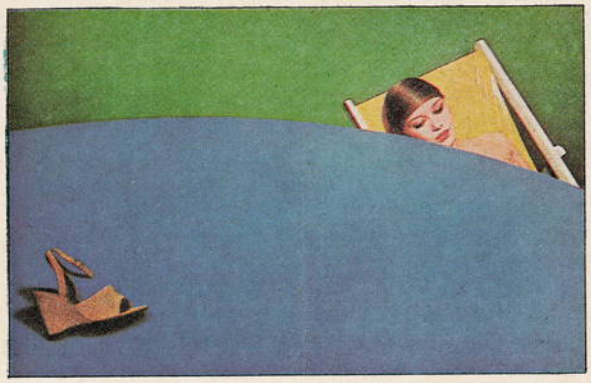

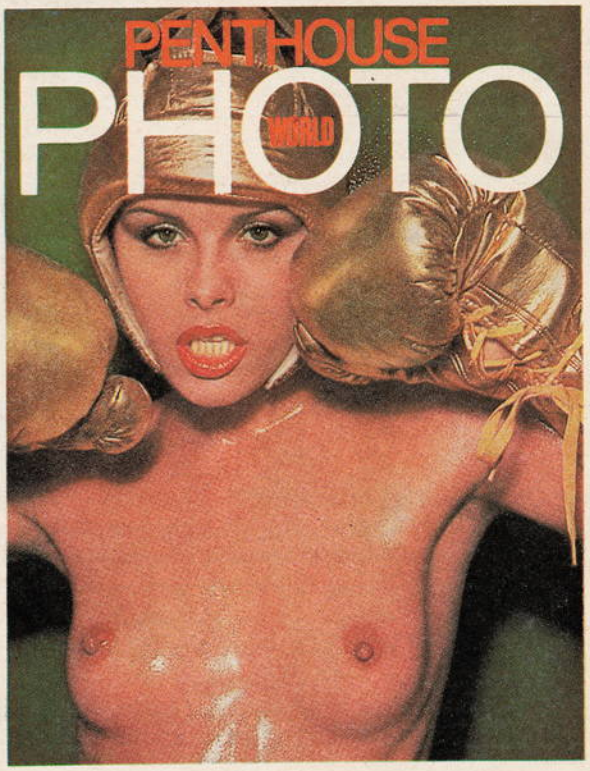

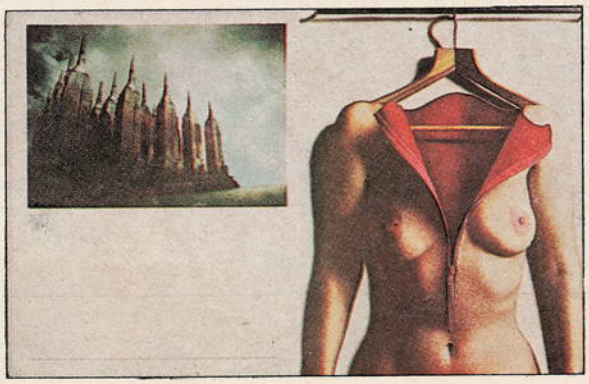

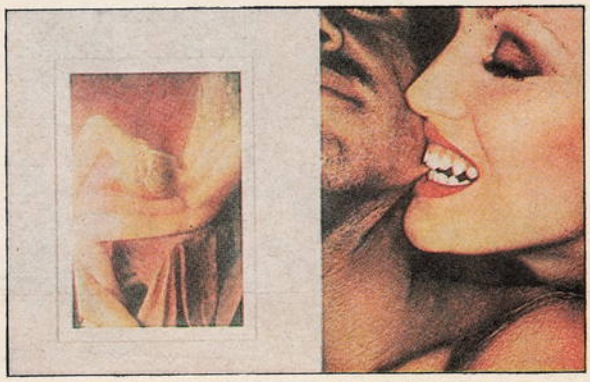

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

preference. I was a lot younger than she, and I'm afraid she enjoyed catering to me—as though I were a child. Sometimes she could be extremely condescending, but those days are over now. The age thing is still a problem, more for Regina than me. I think it's more a question of social status than of maturity. At twenty I don't have the means to support someone like Regina.

Right now I'm struggling to make it as an actor, and what profession is more difficult? Ninety percent of actors are unemployed right now. A lot of them don't make it until they're middle-aged. Some are washed up by that time. Others never get any paying work. It bothers me that Jack could give Regina so many things that I can't. Material things, yeah. We'll make it yet, though.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS: I wonder how right I would be if I suggested that among the reasons for the Regina-Jack split-up was Regina's psychosexual immaturity? Thom tells us that Jack was much older than Regina, which seems to suggest that she saw herself dominated because of Jack's greater age, when she craved to be the dominant partner herself. Jack's greater age was synonymous with greater experience, which she thought (though wrongly) she would never be able to overcome. She may not have been conscious that this was a motivation, but by reacting in this way, she would be reacting classically. Let me explain. Young adult paedophiliacs of either sex, i.e., young men going for little girls or little boys, young women for prepubertal boys or girls, are motivated in this way.

I think that she did not expect Thom to show any sexual expertise at all, and that this would place her in the dominant position. But here she received another shock. "Who'd have thought some eighteen-year-old could ever be such an artist at cunnilingus? Thom knew exactly what he was doing between my legs."

I assume—because there is no evidence to the contrary in either's story—that when she found he was expert in at least one aspect of sexual activity, she turned to her money, which made her dominant in one way. Here again she was doomed to disappointment.

Everyone will notice, I think, the striking difference between Regina's account of Thom's addiction to oral sex and his own account. She says that he is so fixated on oral sex that he cannot sustain his erection for penis-vagina contact. She described only one incident of attempting to make vagina-penis contact with him and his losing his erection to support this claim. She gives this "partial impotence" as the reason for setting up threesomes.

Thom gives an entirely different reason. He says, "Sometimes you have to have your rocks off and nothing else. You have to get it out of yourself and have a great big orgasm for the release of it. Period. An uninvolved third party can give you that."

It would be quite natural for Thom—not knowing what Regina was going to reveal—to cover up his oral-sex fixation with its inevitable concomitant. Partial impotence is not the sort of thing an eighteen-year-old stud would want to admit. His explanation for his great liking for oral sex is a valid one—his first shared sexual experience, in which his partner insisted on cunnilingus exclusively, could be an "imprinting" that would wield influence on his future sexual activity. But then he talks with great persuasiveness about his strong desire to have intercourse with the poor girl whom Regina chased from the house. The whole thing is very complicated. My own conclusions are these.

Thom is oral-sex-fixated but not so fixated that he cannot make penis-vagina contact at all—only it must be with those whom *he* chooses. He says, "When you've stuck your tongue up some cunt, you know you've made contact. *Perhaps I like that feeling of submission* that comes when you've got your head stuck between a woman's legs. . . . I guess she liked to think she was in control" (meaning, "but of course, *I* was!").

There is no doubt that by chance Thom has stumbled on the fact that most women will climax in response to cunnilingus, whereas many of those same women would be unable to climax during penis-vagina contact. If he can unfailingly bring off his partners with his tongue, why threaten his feelings of sexual adequacy by risking not bringing them off with his cock?

Regina interpreted his "going flop" on her as the result of his fixation on oral sex. What she has overlooked is that her method of making penis-vagina contact was an aggressive one. She was so distracted by her failure to dominate him so far that when she decided she could wait no longer, she adopted a too-dominating approach. This would be quite enough to make a young, not-very-experienced male who believed in the traditional male sex-role "go flop."

On reading this, she is quite likely to point out, "But I don't think I am wrong, dear. Look, when he's not eating pussy he can't keep his erection, but when we are a threesome and he's eating pussy, he can keep his erection and satisfy me with it inside me."

To which I reply, "Yes, but he keeps his erection, not because he's eating pussy, but because it makes him feel dominant to be able to satisfy two women at once." He becomes quite lyrical about this: "Threesomes make sex a real conquest. I like the idea that I can satisfy two women at the same time."

I think marriage would be a bad mistake, even if Thom could persuade himself that being kept by Regina was okay, and even if she could genuinely harden herself against outside opinion about "her little-boy partner."

The relationship is doomed, because both of them are emotionally immature and both will be happy only when they can dominate totally. Eventually Regina will find a partner she can really dominate, but who will be able to satisfy her sexually in the usual way. Meanwhile, I can see no reason why they shouldn't carry on until the relationship breaks up of its own volition, as it undoubtedly will.

"Now that's what I call a painting with a message!"

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DO-IT-YOURSELF HAIR CARE FOR AFTER THE CUT

BY ED EMMERLING

The tactile pleasure that a handsome head of hair affords is positively irresistible. Whether it's thick or thin, long or short, curled or straight, women love men's hair. Your hair can be an erogenous zone, if it looks nice, feels clean, and smells right. If *your* hair meets all of these requirements, you'll find that it's impossible to keep that special someone from tousling your locks. And why stop her? Just sit back and enjoy it while she strokes, fondles, caresses, rubs, and ruffles.

But you can't just dash to your hairdresser every time she runs her fingers through your hair. Whether your "look" is free-and-natural, shag, or layered, you need to know how to maintain your style between salon visits. Gone forever are the days when men could rightfully complain, "It looked great when I left the barbershop, but I just can't make it look the way he did." With the right products and a little know-how, you can recreate your hairdresser's refinements every morning.

Before you begin doing your own styling, however, you should learn about some of the recent developments in hair-care products. Of course, all the attention in the world won't transform a balding pate into a lush growth—hair feasts and famines are genetically determined. But, a vigorous regimen of proper attention plus a down-to-earth understanding of what you can and can't do for your hair will help you keep your mane in its optimum state of health and attractiveness.

They use orris root, sea salt, and fish oils in the Orient to achieve this state of healthy, handsome hair. You, however, needn't worry about ferreting out those exotic elixirs. Good old American technology has improved on them. Don't be put off by phrases like "organic, non-aerosol spray" or "one-stop shampoo, cleanser, and conditioner." Your stylist can advise you on exactly what these products are, how to select the right ones for your personal needs, and how to use them properly. He can also suggest methods for correcting and preventing hair damage, demonstrate techniques for scalp massage, and even give you a few blow-drying pointers.

Once you've assessed your hair and decided what hairstyle is right for you, home hair care is simple. Pay careful attention to variables like thickness, waviness, oiliness, and special problem areas like cowlicks and necklines. And be sure to choose the products that will help remedy whatever specific problems you may have.

You'll also want your hairstyle to reflect your personality, lifestyle, and profession. After all, we're into a sophisticated seventies scene now, with the accent on individuality. We're doing things these days because we *like* to do them, not because "that's the way things are done." If your hair is wildly wavy and you want a straight style, you can have it. Or if your locks hang limp and you'd rather have clumps of curls, that, too, can be arranged. However, be sure to consider how long it will take you each morning to create that well-groomed image. It does take some time. Once you've chosen your hairstyle, you'll find that with a minimum of effort you can achieve a maximum of tonsorial splendor in the comfort of your home.

There's an old German proverb that states: "Where there is hair, there is joy." We would only add that the joy is increased when the hair is healthy and attractive. As a guide for the non-professional hairdresser to easy, enjoyable, effective hair care, *Penthouse* selects the following products.

(foreground, hair products)
ALBERTO VO5 HOT OIL TREATMENT *has all the benefits of a salon treatment for repairing damaged hair.*
BRAGGI CONDITIONING HAIR THICKENER *is a proteinized gel that makes fine hair look full-bodied.*
(from left to right)
UNICURE SHAMPOO CONCENTRATE, *contains natural vitamin E for shiny hair.*
VITALIS SUPER HOLD NON-AEROSOL HAIR SPRAY *with press dispenser is economical and doesn't emit harmful fumes.*
ENGLISH LEATHER CASUAL HAIR CONTROL, *another non-aerosol pump dispenser that goes on greaselessly and does not flake.*
FABERGÉ ORGANICS PURE WHEAT GERM OIL AND HONEY SHAMPOO, *phosphate-free and biodegradable, has an exclusive new formula that contains an active built-in creme rinse.*
PANTENE SHAMPOO FOR MEN *contains a special formula that requires a vigorous massage that is good for your scalp and circulation.*
LUCARELLI TOTAL BODY SHAMPOO *is a one-step, time-saving way of cleaning your hair, skin, everything.*
PIERRE CARDIN SHAMPOO *contains protein for extra hair texture and body.*
ROFFLER SHAMPOO CONCENTRATE *is an organic protein conditioner that will accent the natural highlights in your hair.*
LACADE DEEP CONDITIONER *does more than most other conditioners for badly damaged hair; it's used only before or after shampooing.*
CONAIR PROSTYLE 1050-WATT HAIR DRYER BY CONTINENTAL *has four separate temperature settings that give you control for any style, any texture of hair.*
NORELCO 900-WATT SHAPE N' DRY *hair dryer is so named for its 900-watt power for drying, but switch to styling and you automatically get less power. This machine also comes with five attachments—two brushes and three combs.*
CLAIROL 1000-WATT PRO GUN *also has temperature control in addition to a detachable nozzle for spot drying or styling.*

Photograph By James Moore

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

my body for some time, and we decided to use this desire against him. One Saturday evening I invited them over, and we had a few drinks and put some music on. My sister left to get another bottle, and her husband and I began to dance. In no time I could feel his hard cock pressing against my body and hear his breathing becoming heavy. He slipped his hand down over my ass and began thrusting his prick at me, and I responded to him.

I then led him to the bedroom and began undressing him. I pushed him down on the bed and told him to lie there and leave everything to me. I caressed his body and kissed his cock and balls until he was almost helpless with desire. I slipped out of my clothes, except for my panties, and took a slip from my drawer. I began rubbing his body with the slip, particularly his throbbing cock and balls. I asked him if that felt good and he just moaned. About this time my sister returned and came quietly into the bedroom. By previous arrangement she knew what to do and began getting out of her clothes. When he saw her, he was a bit puzzled for a minute at her being there, but he was so hot he apparently didn't give it much thought. We both began to tease and caress him then. After we both rubbed our tits in his face for a while, my sister took her panties off and lay down on the rug with her legs spread wide and beckoned to him.

While he was eating her, I began rubbing his ass with my sister's panties. I spread his legs some and got directly behind him, rubbing the panties over his thighs and rubbing his hard cock and balls with them. Next I took some lubricating jell and with it began running my finger up his ass. Then I reached under the bed and got a dildo that I had put there earlier and strapped it on. I greased the big rubber prick and started sliding it deep into his ass. It was a nice fit, and as I began slowly fucking him, he began to respond to the cock. My sister in the meantime was popping off like crazy.

My sister reports that he has really calmed down, and she is having no problems with his screwing around. In fact we were all turned-on so much by the scene we have had several repeat performances. Needless to say he got the fucking of his life. He still wants to ball me, and I may give him a little sometime. But right now I dig fucking *him* more.—*J.R., Marietta, Ga.*

. . . slow but sure

Nine months ago I moved in with the most fantastic man I have ever met.

Before I moved in with him, he was dating my girl friend. She told me how great he was in bed, and two weeks later I

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found out for myself.

The way he does things, so slowly. He prolongs the pleasure until it is almost unbearable. I came like I had never come before. His cock is beautiful. If there is one hang-up that I've gotten addicted to, it's his dick. I can't suck him enough. The idea of his throbbing cock in my mouth gives me pleasure to no end. To know his cock is growing in my mouth—from a limp nothing to a rock-hard eight inches—blows my mind.

He is now averaging two to three blowjobs a day from me. It's almost as satisfying for me as getting fucked. I hope he never gets tired of my sucking.—*R.K., Riverside, Calif.*

...girl crazy

I am a married woman, but lately I have begun to feel a definite preference for women sexually.

I have only made love with a woman once, but that was so absolutely wonderful that I long always for another affair. Unfortunately my first friend and I met at a convention, and she lives states apart. Also it came about as a result of the high expectations men and women have when they find themselves at conventions, far from home and the moral restrictions we all normally impose on ourselves.

I roomed with this girl but didn't know her (but then I didn't know anyone there). For lack of more exciting company, we socialized during dinner and had quite a few martinis. Late in the evening, rather than just go to bed, one of us suggested we should have a nightcap in the bar. We sat in a booth and talked about subjects which seemed to get looser and looser the more we drank. I could never have believed that I could start feeling horny with a woman, but that evening we were both obviously getting hot. We both probably would have had a man in our room in a minute if there had been one around.

She actually started it. She simply put her hand in my lap in the course of the conversation. But she didn't take it away again. It lay there sort of questioning. I could feel my lips spread and my clit rise as if in answer, reaching out for her hand. I looked at her, not quite having the nerve to put out my hand, too, but letting her know that I sure liked having hers there. We went on talking, but I have no idea about what. She let her hand help her emphasize her speech, though, by every now and then increasing the pressure, and soon I could feel a finger actually feeling through my dress for my crack. By now it was obvious to her that I heartily approved, and I moved my hand along her leg. There was a limit as to how far we could go in the bar of course, although it was dark enough that under the table, we were quite safe. We were still not sure enough of each other to go to our room.

I was the first to try lifting her skirt. As

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my fingers ran up the inside of her leg, I could feel her quiver. As she did, she spread her legs enough for me to put a couple of fingers into the wetness. She was so wet that I was afraid she would come fast right there in the bar and that I would be left dangling to go to bed like a good girl. So I just wiggled my fingers ever so gently against her clit, sliding them now and then along the inside of the lips, and then holding them still while her eyes glazed. We were hooked.

We quickly paid the bill and went up on the elevator to our room. Barriers had been broken down which could not be put back until the alcohol had worn off or orgasm had done its trick. In the empty elevator, we were like teenagers at a drive-in movie, running hands all over and pressing together, not yet daring to kiss but daring to touch anywhere else. When we got inside the room and locked the door, we stripped. She said, "You first," evidently thinking of how I had stroked her in the bar. She pushed me, face down, on the bed, but then pulled up my rear end and drew her finger around my bottom and thighs. I wanted her mouth on my clit, but I didn t say a word.

She drew smaller and smaller circles around the spot and put her finger on, and a little bit in, my anus, never touching my clit. Then she stopped, and I felt warm breath on my crotch. She must have been hesitating just a moment before doing something for the very first time. Then she did *it!* She put her tongue out and touched me just above my clit—then moved it around. I hardly dared to breathe. I followed that tongue until it became a tongue and two lips moving around my very essence. She did not actually suck on me, she just tantalized me with gentle, brushing kisses and occasionally a wet lick. I felt like changing position, but thought that if I did, I should really do something for her next, so I let this go on for quite a while.

I had not come yet, and I felt like having a rest and starting again since I cannot come twice in quick succession. She lay on her back, and I kissed a nipple, but knowing how disappointed I am whenever my husband thinks that is worth a lot of time, I moved right on and spread her cunt open with my fingers. Her eyes were closed, but I kept mine open and looked at her inside and out as I ran my fingers around her, bringing the wetness out and over everything. Guessing from what she had done that she might like a finger up her anus, I placed mine there and began to suck her. I moved my finger in and out while I sucked and licked and sucked. She could not keep still. She began to move with my finger, fucking it, moaning, and I struggled to keep my mouth right on, moving always against her clit even though she moved with more and more abandon. I believe we both enjoyed more that night

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because we had been drinking—we could never have lasted as long otherwise. I actually began to wish I could stop, when she finally came. It was a long, violent orgasm, and afterward she just wanted to lie there and enjoy the after effect. I was panting, too, and was feeling very drunk although by this time I doubt if it was actually from the alcohol alone. I probably wouldn't have cared if we had gone to sleep. But bless her heart, she roused herself—and me.

First she kissed my mouth and licked all of her wetness off. Then put her crotch on mine and rubbed up and down, laughing because it was exciting for her but also because she knew how much more she had in store for me. Then she put her head between my legs and rubbed me with her nose, sticking her tongue on my clit every time she got to the end of it. Soon I was right back where I had been, waiting with every nerve for the cumulative effect of such petting. Sex had never been so good for me. As I lay there feeling her suck me—really *suck* me, better than any man had ever done—I had thoughts of living with her for the rest of my life and never fucking anyone else.

But of course the next day we parted, and I returned to my typical housewife routine without a single opportunity for such a supreme pleasure again. I long for another night like my first one. I cannot even contact the girl because for some reason we left the hotel without exchanging addresses. I guess our inhibitions had returned with the morning light.
—Name and address withheld

. . . equal play

As a female college student on a campus where many women are regular and avid readers of *Penthouse,* I would like to suggest that you stop calling your journal an international magazine for *men.* I had thought that we were past the stage where it was thought that women didn't get as much out of sex as men. We females enjoy both fucking and reading *Penthouse* as much as—and perhaps more than—men do!*—V.L., New York, N.Y.*

It's not what's on the label, but what's inside the package. Enjoy, enjoy....
—The Editors

Ray of sunlight

As photographer (and a person), I wish to voice my approval of a difference in your pictorial policy which I detect in the "Love in the Afternoon" series by Jeff Dunas and "The Duel" series by Earl Miller (November and December 1975, respectively).

Until I stumbled upon the November issue, I had been thinking of giving up reading your magazine. I felt I was getting tired of seeing beautiful women so often portrayed in the act of masturbating. Human sexuality by its very nature is not a one person thing.

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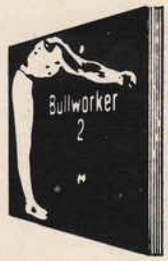

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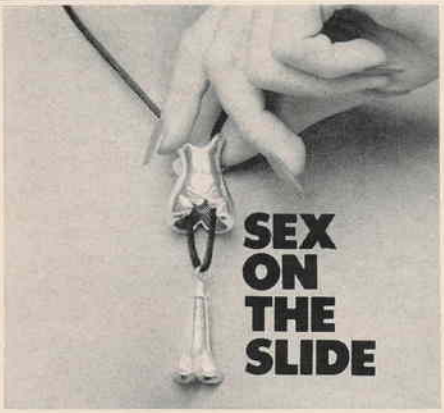

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But the two series mentioned above brought in a ray of sunlight. I know full well the difficulty in making such pictures and achieving success in doing it. The line between the sensual and the sensuous is very fine.

For those males who responded in the January Forum expressing their disgust, I can only extend my sympathy. Assuming that they are adult and have reached that age of maturity without being able to accept their own body, one can only feel sorry for them. Until one has accepted his own being, it is impossible for him to relate in totality with another.—*R.M.D., address withheld*

Social Security

Because *Penthouse* prides itself, quite properly, on its progressive ideologies, I was surprised at Jim Davidson's "When Social Security Goes Bankrupt" (January, 1976). Quite apart from his irresponsible inaccuracies, some of which I'll discuss below, Mr. Davidson has decided to join hands with the *Readers Digest*, the *National Review*, and the social commentators out of Foggybottom, U.S.A. While Social Security may make sensational copy, there are one out of eight Americans, thirty-two million people (many of whom are your readers), whose dependence on Social Security benefits requires responsible reporting. I would hope that in the light of the following your readers may begin thinking about the positive nature of the Social Security program.

Mr. Davidson apparently does not appreciate or understand the difference between the requirements of private insurance and social insurance. Private insurance companies require, what is known as, a fully funded reserve. This means that the companies have to be ready at any given moment to settle all possible claims. As an example, if a private insurance company insured only homes against fire, it would have to have on reserve at all times enough money to pay for every home should they all burn down at the same time. The $2.3 trillion figure that Dr. Davidson uses for Social Security is what is required if 90 percent of all Americans died, became disabled, or retired at the same time. If that were to happen, I don't think anyone will be particularly interested in Social Security financing.

But that won't happen and, therefore, social insurance programs such as Social Security do not require a full reserve. They require a contingency fund, now about $50 billion or, roughly, enough to keep the program running for at least one year during periods of change. Social Security payments are made from receipts to the program by way of current taxes. A social insurance program, in other words, assumes that there will be a tomorrow and that society will continue to have people who are born, work, play,

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grow old, and die, and that they will do these things pretty much as they have always done them.

Further, a social insurance program is not a private insurance investment fund. Whether or not you "can ever get your money's worth out of it," which possibility Mr. Davidson wrongly denies, depends on how you view the term "investment." Social insurance is not a dollar-for-dollar proposition. It is a means by which a level of dignity may be maintained for the worker and the self-employed and their families at certain traumatic periods in their lives. Dignity is not a dollar-for-dollar proposition. It is not a business balance sheet. It is a larger social process in which our important expectation for future well-being is balanced by our current responsibilities for those whose future has been translated into today's needs.

Mr. Davidson should also realize that everything costs. The program costs what the taxpayer wants. After all, Congress represents the people, and the program is what Congress felt was needed. It is important to keep in mind that bipartisan Congresses have consistently supported the program and commended its administration. The taxpayer will never pay 60 percent of his earnings. Mr. Davidson must know that the figure he is quoting is false and is a projected cost which assumes that nothing in the tax structure or method of payment will change and that employment-to-beneficiary ratios will remain static or worsen. (The reference to Mick Jagger's 101 percent tax in Britain is absurd in the context of this discussion.)

Assuming that some action is required, the cost, nevertheless, can be stabilized for the taxpayer. It can take a number of forms, and each form, you may rest assured, will be hotly debated in Congress. It can take the form of direct government action in the form of a general revenue subsidy to the program; by simply reordering its priorities, (e.g., reduce defense budget for social purposes); or, government "pump priming" for increased employment purposes; or, increased benefits can be levelled off despite inflation. Or, there may be some imaginatively new method that some bright economist may devise.

Mr. Davidson's suggestion that we do away with Social Security and substitute for it some form of investment in bonds reminds me of the story of Mark Twain. During World War I, Twain suggested to the Secretary of the Navy that if he wanted to get rid of the submarine menace all he needed to do was heat up the ocean and boil them out. When asked how this was to be done, Twain replied: "Look, I gave you the idea. Now work it out yourselves!"

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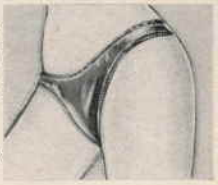

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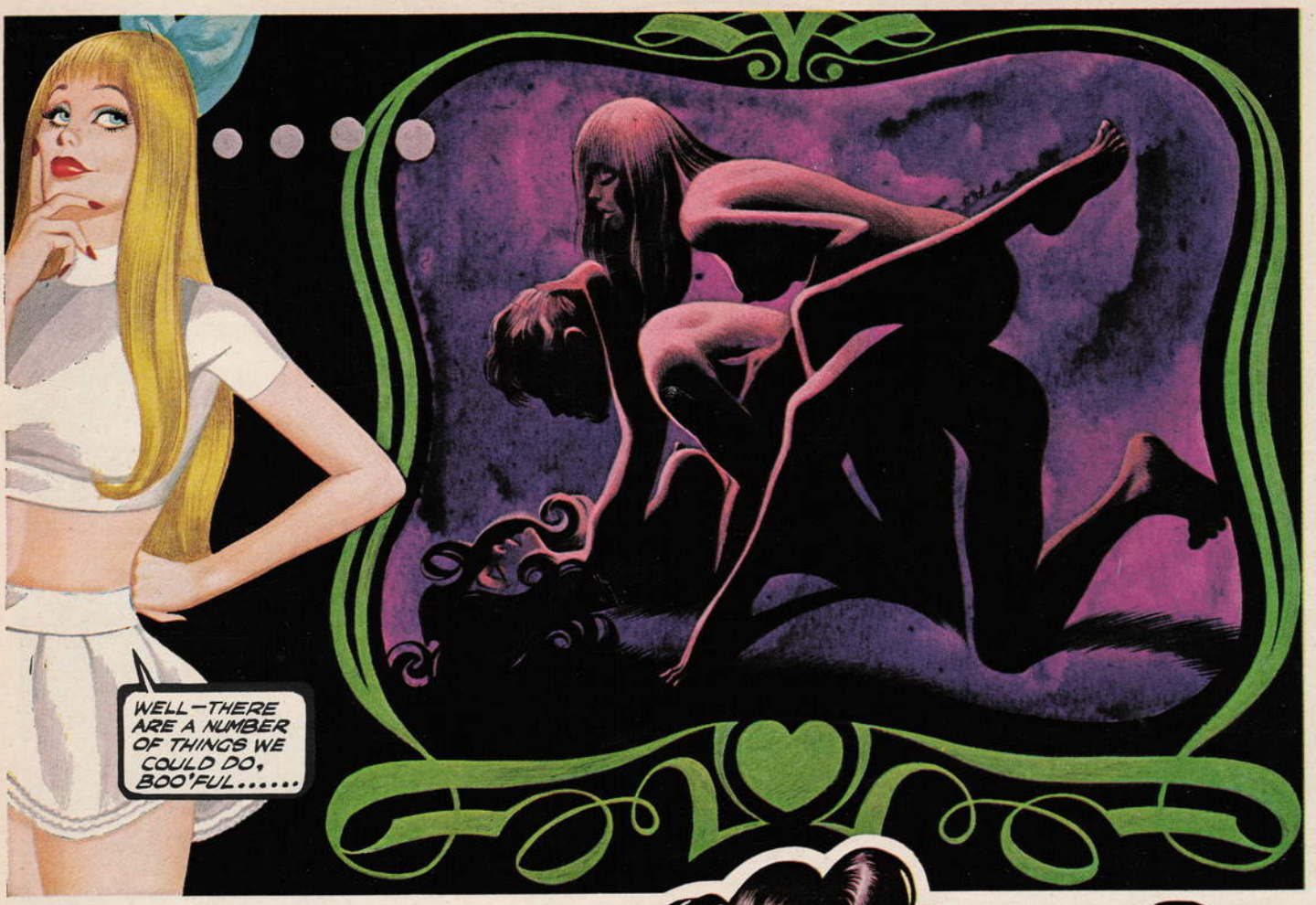
OH, WICKED WANDA!
WE LEFT WANDA LAST MONTH IN KATMANDU, HAVING FINALLY LOST IT AT THE ASHRAM DURING A RITUALISTIC KAMARATHONSUTRA WITH THE MOUNTAIN GUIDE, YONI-BASHA
MAMA! WHAT A MONTH I'VE HAD! YOU'VE GOTTA GET ME OUT OF THIS STRIP!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP IN SHAPE! NO MATTER WHAT THEY DO TO ME —I'VE GOT TO KEEP IN SHAPE!
TNT
Hormon
I TAKE IT ALL BACK, PUSSCAKE! FELLERS CAN BE PRETTY GOOD SEX-OBJECTS! BUT WHAT DO WE DO FOR AN ENCORE?
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
DON'T THEY MIND YOU WANDERING AROUND THIS STRIP?
I'M ONE OF THE IMMORTALS — THE ALL TIME GREATS! THEY WOULDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO ASK ME TO GET OFF THE PAGE!

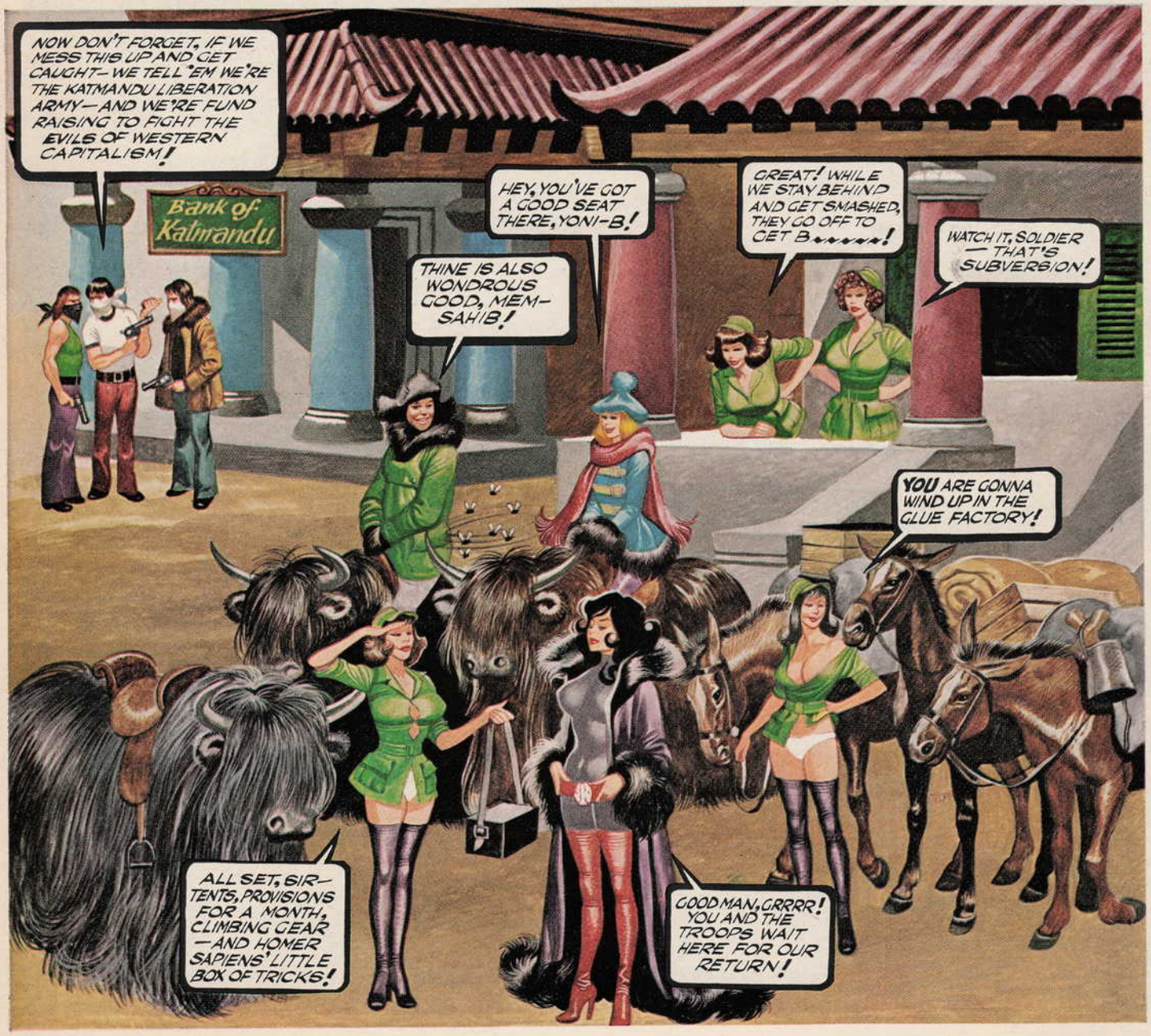

WELL—THERE ARE A NUMBER OF THINGS WE COULD DO, BOO'FUL.....

OKAY? AND AFTER THAT, WHAT WE DO IS.....

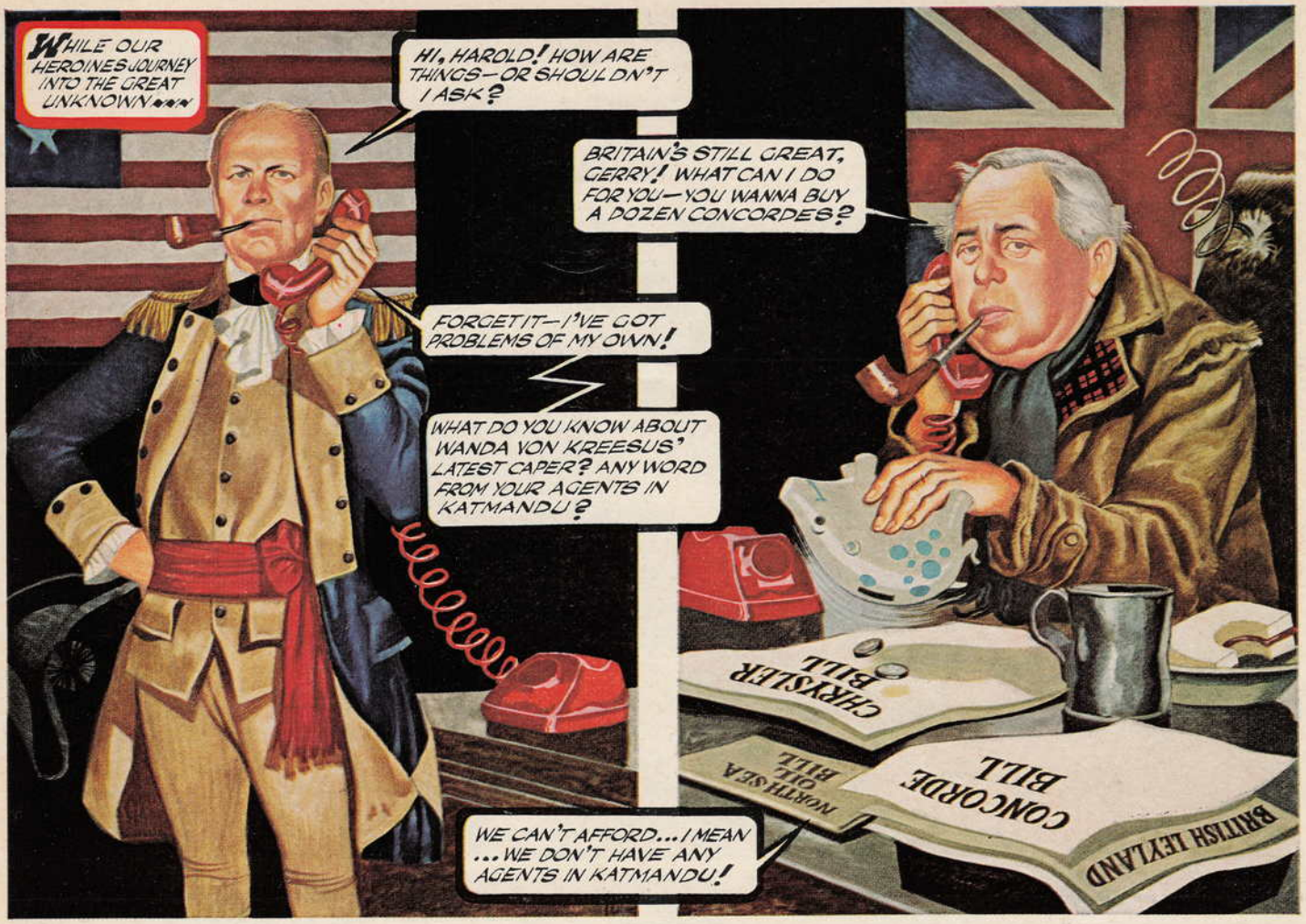
CANDYFLOSS! WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GET SUCH ....SUCH..... FABULOUS IDEAS?
IS THIS TO BE MY FATE? A RICH WOMAN'S PLAYTHING!

...OF COURSE, THEY NEED MODIFICATION—THEY'RE JUST A LITTLE BIT UNSOPHISTICATED! AFTER ALL, THIS IS AN ART FORM WE'RE TALKING ABOUT—NOT A BARNYARD BRAWL!
GO TEACH YOUR GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS!
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A SIMPLE COUNTRY LAD!
LATER . . . .
THINK OF IT, WANDA! SOMEWHERE OUT THERE—THE "GLITTERING PHALLUS"!
OKAY, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER WHY WE NEED IT SO BADLY!
ART FORM? WELL, ONE THING'S FOR SURE—I AIN'T NO MICHELANGELO!
Rudy Vallee
CROONS

'COS IT'S THERE, DARLING!
DON'T YOU EVEREST?
AND WITH THOSE IMMORTAL LINES, WE LEAVE OUR HEROINES FOR WHAT IS LEFT OF THE NIGHT
THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE EXPEDITION MAKES READY


NOW DON'T FORGET, IF WE MESS THIS UP AND GET CAUGHT—WE TELL 'EM WE'RE THE KATMANDU LIBERATION ARMY—AND WE'RE FUND RAISING TO FIGHT THE EVILS OF WESTERN CAPITALISM!
Bank of Katmandu
HEY, YOU'VE GOT A GOOD SEAT THERE, YONI-B!
THINE IS ALSO WONDROUS GOOD, MEM-SAHIB!
GREAT! WHILE WE STAY BEHIND AND GET SMASHED, THEY GO OFF TO GET B------!
WATCH IT, SOLDIER — THAT'S SUBVERSION!
YOU ARE GONNA WIND UP IN THE GLUE FACTORY!
ALL SET, SIR— TENTS, PROVISIONS FOR A MONTH, CLIMBING GEAR —AND HOMER SAPIENS' LITTLE BOX OF TRICKS!
GOOD MAN, GRRRR! YOU AND THE TROOPS WAIT HERE FOR OUR RETURN!

ON, EVER ONWARDS, AND UP INTO THE GRIM FASTNESS OF THE HIMALAYAS AND THE VERY ROOF OF THE WORLD.....
ALL I WANNA KNOW IS CAN WE LAND HERE OR NOT!
WE WERE HERE FIRST!
GERROFF!
THIS IS OUR MOUNTAIN!
BEAT IT!
IT'S SOME FORM OF PATRIOTISM I'M TOLD! I MISS THE DAYS OF THE RAJ!
GREAT DAYS THEY WERE! I USED TO GET UP IN THE COOL OF THE DAWN AND BAG A BRACE OF BRITISH OFFICERS BEFORE BREAKFAST!


WHILE OUR HEROINES JOURNEY INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN...
HI, HAROLD! HOW ARE THINGS—OR SHOULDN'T I ASK?
BRITAIN'S STILL GREAT, GERRY! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU—YOU WANNA BUY A DOZEN CONCORDES?
FORGET IT—I'VE GOT PROBLEMS OF MY OWN!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WANDA VON KREESUS' LATEST CAPER? ANY WORD FROM YOUR AGENTS IN KATMANDU?
WE CAN'T AFFORD... I MEAN ... WE DON'T HAVE ANY AGENTS IN KATMANDU!
CHRYSLER BILL
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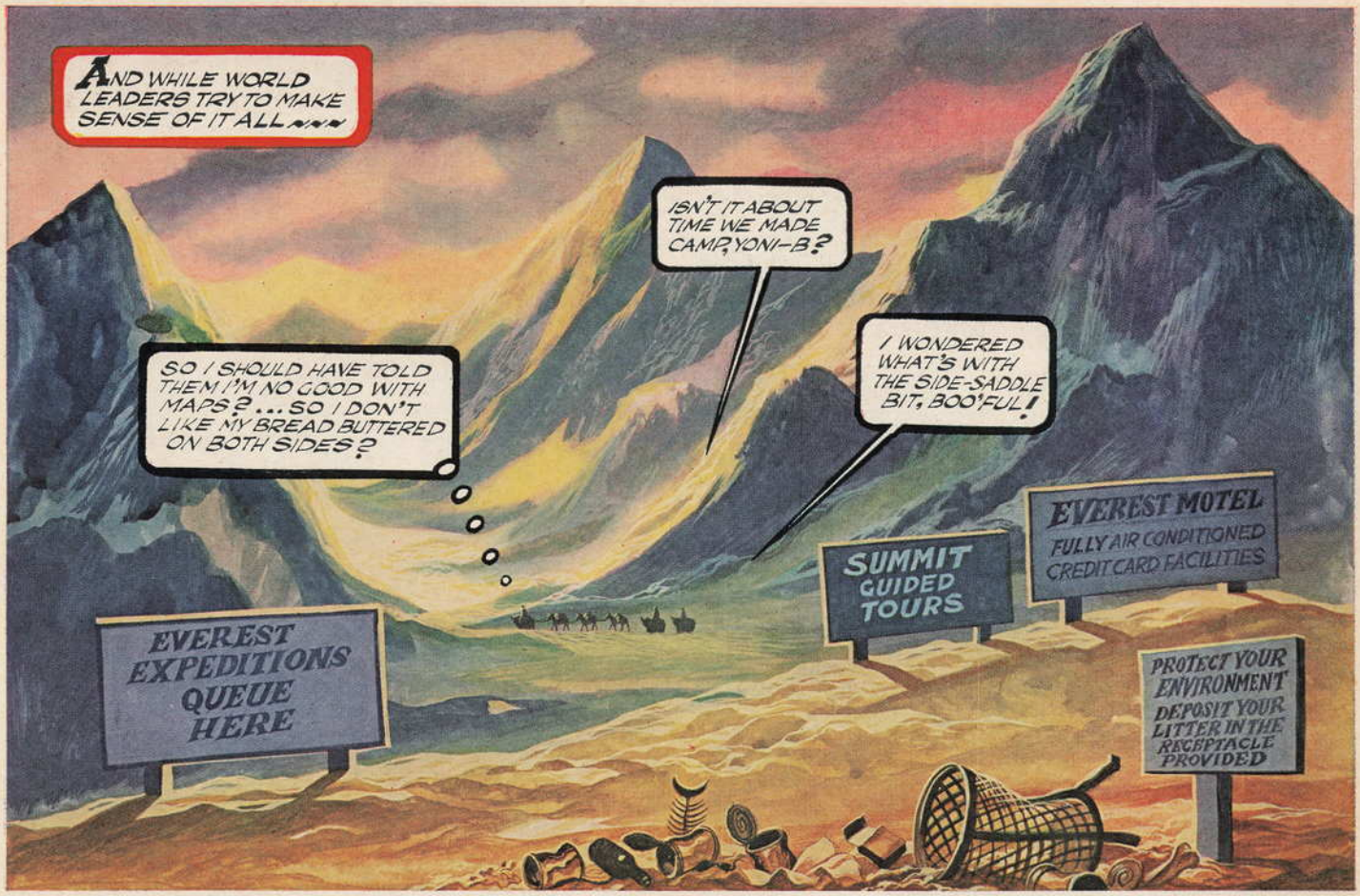
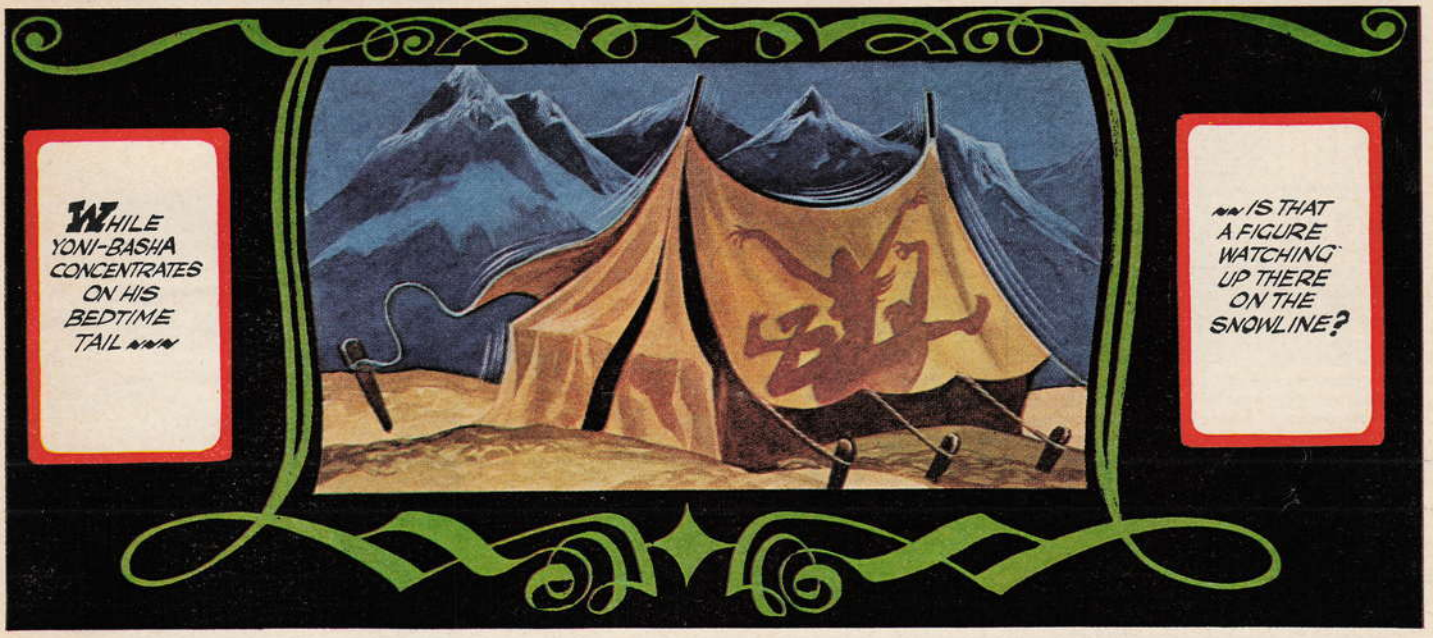
CONCORDE BILL
BRITISH LEYLAND

HENRY! I WANT A RUN DOWN ON EVERYTHING SHE DOES! AFTER THAT LAST CAPER OF HERS IN THE MIDDLE EAST—I MEAN—WESTERN ECONOMY IS PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED! WE DON'T WANT ANY MORE COCK-UPS!
OKAY, CHIEF—I'LL LOOK INTO IT!
LEMME SEE.... I'VE GOT TEN MINUTES BETWEEN ISRAEL AND THE CONFERENCE IN BONN....
...IF I SHIFT MY LEBANON APPOINTMENT....
...TO OVERLAP THE SAUDI ARABIAN TRIP....
.... AND IF I MISS BREAKFAST AND GO STRAIGHT TO MADRID....
PORTUGAL
ISRAELI PROBLEM
ANGOLAN SITUATION
DETENTE
LEBANON
ITINERARY
Chicken Liver Sandwich


AND WHILE WORLD LEADERS TRY TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL...
ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE MADE CAMP, YONI-B?
SO I SHOULD HAVE TOLD THEM I'M NO GOOD WITH MAPS?... SO I DON'T LIKE MY BREAD BUTTERED ON BOTH SIDES?
I WONDERED WHAT'S WITH THE SIDE-SADDLE BIT, BOO'FUL!
EVEREST EXPEDITIONS QUEUE HERE
SUMMIT GUIDED TOURS
EVEREST MOTEL FULLY AIR CONDITIONED CREDIT CARD FACILITIES
PROTECT YOUR ENVIRONMENT DEPOSIT YOUR LITTER IN THE RECEPTACLE PROVIDED

LATER THAT NIGHT...
THESE EMERGENCY RATIONS ARE A BIT OF A DRAG!
ISN'T THAT SWEET? YONI-BASHA'S GONNA READ TO US!
THIS MAY BE EVERY SCHOOLBOY'S EROTIC DREAM OF PARADISE, BUT YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ME, MATE— THE REALITY'S A NIGHTMARE!
KAMA SUTRA
Plovers Eggs
Caviar
C'MON IN, MAN! YONI DIE ONCE!
CHAMPA


WHILE YONI-BASHA CONCENTRATES ON HIS BEDTIME TAIL ...
... IS THAT A FIGURE WATCHING UP THERE ON THE SNOWLINE?

CAN IT BE?
COULD IT BE?
OH NO! NOT THE ...! WATCH THESE PAGES FOR YETI FURTHER ABOMINATIONS!

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widows, our children, and our needy go down the drain. Social Security is not a "criminal swindle," "a sickly apparition," or a "phony Santa Claus."—*G.H. Stephens, San Francisco, Calif.*

Mr. Davidson replies: *The idea that Social Security is a progressive program could best be described as a "Three Trillion Dollar Misunderstanding." That's the estimated total amount Social Security owes to the American people—money the government doesn't have. Mr. Stephens misconstrues the nature of this actual debt. It is not what would be owed if everyone drops dead at once. It's what will be owed if everyone lives. To prove this point, Mr. Stephens should write to the Treasury and ask for the "Statement of Liabilities and Other Financial Commitments of the U.S. Government as of June 30, 1975." In section 10 of that report, the acturial deficit of Social Security is explained. It was $2.71 trillion as of about one year ago. Today, it is more that $3 trillion. It has been rising by $30-35 billion per month.*

Such enormous debt will not be paid by "some imaginatively new method that some bright economist may devise." There is no economist bright enough to bridge the tremendous gap in arithmetic between Social Security's debts and the taxpayers who will be around to pay them. Already these debts are greater than the combined total of the gross national products of every country on earth. But the entire earth is not going to be taxed to meet these debts. You and your neighbors are. Notwithstanding Mr. Stephens's hopes to the contrary, there is no way that sufficient revenues could be raised without imposition of confiscatory taxes. If and when such taxes are imposed, the result will still not meet the need. On the contrary, it will be bankruptcy. And with it will come the disappointment and mass impoverishment of the millions who have believed government's promises.

By helping to reveal the dimensions of the Social Security swindle, Penthouse *has continued in the best tradition of progressive journalism, which places the relevance of human suffering and misery above the goal of tagging along with the platitudes of conventional politics.*

Generalissimo Rockefeller

Like the soft sculpture illustrating her article, Mary Perot Nichols' "Generalissimo Rockefeller" (January 1976) distorts physical realities into an unpleasant and unrealistic caricature which by no means portrays Governor Rockefeller as I have known him.

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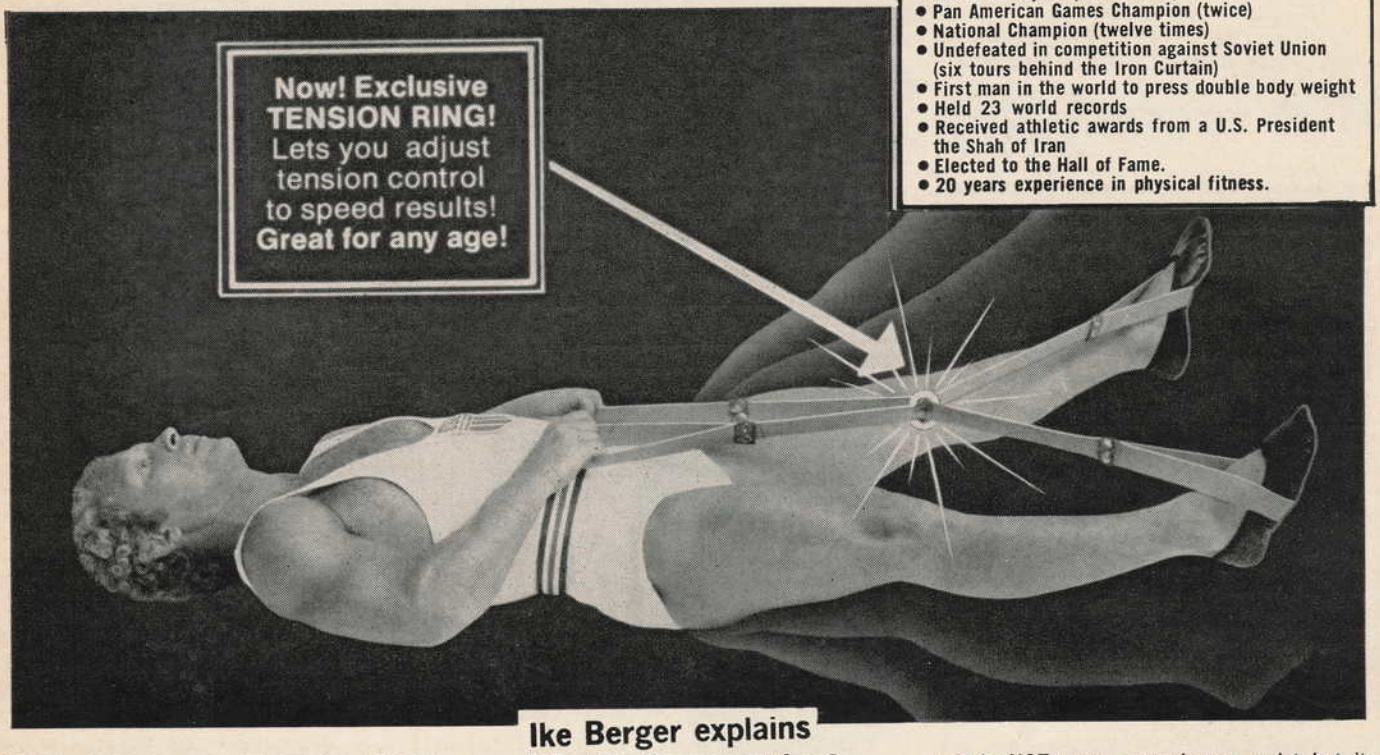

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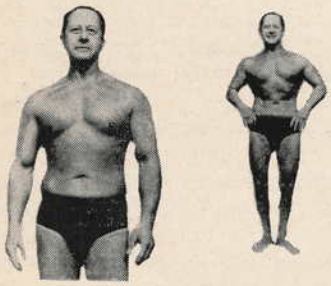

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HY HARRIS, New York, N.Y.

Ike Berger explains What is Synometrics?

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by his presence and support, we were able to make many positive contributions to the state's programs in natural resources and recreation—that was truly a golden period. After the first several years of close and happy service, however, I found the governor progressively more isolated by an inner circle of close advisers who "spoke for him," until I could get in direct touch with him only on problems of the most crucial nature.

The inner circle—an ailment common to people in high positions—provides at least a partial answer to the apparent anomalies in Mr. Rockefeller's character. And the isolation imposed by his wealth may provide some further explanation. Long exposed to examples of the greed and selfishness of the "outside world," a person in his situation tends to surround himself with close friends and advisers whose integrity and judgment are to him beyond question. But these people also help to isolate their principal from reality. They foster his—and their own—feelings of wisdom, and sometimes they may recommend and get approval for actions that are not wise and may have bad impacts. Through their use of the boss's power, such actions may sometimes be forced through to apparent or ephemeral success—thereby screening their own fallibility.

Also, a person of high position and wealth may often fail to realize that even his closest associates may injudiciously employ his reflected power; may be adversely influenced by gifts, loans, or favors; or may be unusually exposed to outside temptations.

Under such a combination of circumstances and with persistent approbation by the inner circle, the leader concerned is likely to lose touch with the world outside the circle and to develop a risky conviction of his own infallibility; he may tend to discourage dissent; and he even may inadvertently follow badly conceived or motivated counsel. Then—most serious—his public image and deportment reflect the personalities and judgments of the inner circle rather than his own personality and character.

To compound the inner circle problem, faulty counsel may come from an adviser who is totally honorable and sincere, but is himself the victim of his own trusted advisers.

The Urban Development Corporation (and other, similar schemes) were actions that were beneficial in theory, and of whose virtues the governor had been convinced by his advisers, but which have been unsuccessful. Apparently he still feels that the principle is sound since he is pushing his proposal for a Federal Energy Authority—again, a "self-liquidating bond issue which would not burden the taxpayer" (if it should be solvent!). Incidentally, note Mr. Rockefeller's reaction that anyone in the administration who opposes the energy authority should

Photographs depicting critical stages in a woman's arousal. Frame 22: After 1-2 min. of stimulation she feels first responses. Frame 23: After 5 min., she is still below threshold (point most men would ejaculate during coitus). Frame 24: At 8 min. she feels herself letting go. Frame 25: 8.5 min., orgasm. Frame 26: 9 min. Orgasm completed.

The Orgasm Gap.

If she doesn't climax easily during intercourse, it's not your fault. But there is a way to help her let go again and again.

A lot of men feel guilty when they really shouldn't. Because most women need more stimulation to reach orgasm than a man can provide during intercourse. This orgasm gap is a normal, biological difference between a man and a woman that can't be changed by sheer willpower.

Yet, too many men try to conquer the gap by either refusing to believe it exists (and frustrating their women in the process) or by delaying their own healthy urges and frustrating themselves. The result is building tensions that can tear a relationship apart.

But now any couple can reach a level of sexual satisfaction unheard of only months ago.

The product of years of research, the Stamford System™ is the most sophisticated turn-on ever developed. A scientific, step-by-step guide, complete with tools, that brings out the full, varied, sexual potential of a woman's body.

The Stamford System helps close the gap by letting her feel more instead of forcing you to feel less. It stimulates a woman more intensely than she's ever been before, letting you bring her to climax before, during or after coitus.

As soon as you get the *System* make this simple, but sensual test. Pick a day when you'll have the time to devote an entire afternoon or evening to sex. Then, slowly, following the instructions, use the *System* to make love to every part of your partner's body. Heat and cool her naked skin with the fragrant, flavored oils and unguents. Unhurriedly explore each curve, each mound and valley. Take the time to savor and be intimate with every inch of her warm skin, caressing its soft sweetness with your hands, your lips, tongue, mouth and eyes.

Use the Source and the Four Hands' high-pitched stimulation to caress her back, stomach, buttocks, and inner thighs. Discover secret passion points you didn't know she had. Finally, bring her to the point of no return with the Satisfier, before you enter and lose yourself in orgasm.

After you've both climaxed, keep her at a fever pitch. Use the *System* to give her orgasm after orgasm while your sexual energies have time to rejuvenate. When you're ready again, use the Satisfier and each other's bodies to reach a shuddering mutual climax.

You'll both feel more relaxed and aroused in bed knowing your drives will be satisfied. In a few weeks the *System* will whet your woman's appetite for you, conditioning her body to be highly responsive to your stimulation. She'll be eager to engage in some of the more adventurous games and sexual fantasies the *System* describes. And she'll reward you for being so nice.

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Use and enjoy the *System*. After 30 days, ask your woman whether or not you should keep it. If she says "no," return it to us and we'll not only refund every cent of the purchase price we'll let you keep the book, free.

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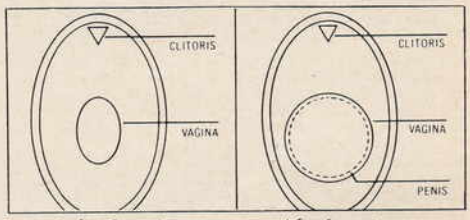
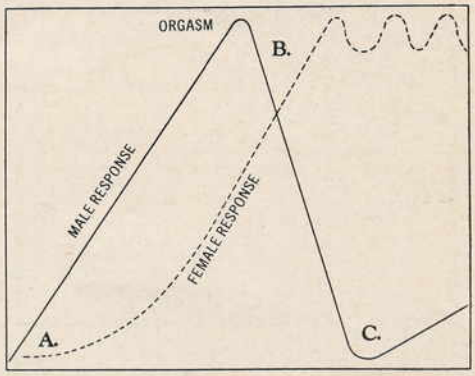


The Myth of Clitoral Contact

Even though the clitoris is close to the vagina, it rarely comes in contact with the penis during coitus. The distance and angle of entry are too great to bridge unless the man lies very far forward, an uncomfortable position allowing only shallow penetration.



How to Use the System to Close the Orgasm Gap: The System can be used to nullify the Gap at these three points: **A.** During initial stimulation to help the woman respond faster; **B.** To continue stimulation necessary for her to reach orgasm after the male has ejaculated and erection begins to subside; **C.** To give the woman multiple orgasms and keep her aroused while the male waits to gain sexual energy needed for a second erection.

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The ultimate stimulator. Designed to safely massage delicate clitoral tissues.

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Oils and unguents to use with the Source. They heat and cool the skin, making it her most responsive sexual organ.

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THE *LIBERTY* COVER-UP

When thirty-four Americans on the U.S.S. *Liberty* were killed by an Israeli attack in the 1967 Six-Day War, our military reaction was violent. One U.S. officer regarded the act as a second Pearl Harbor. Yet the highest levels of the American government chose to gloss over the facts. The motivations for deception are unraveled by *Penthouse* investigative reporter Anthony Pearson in the second part of the *Liberty* story.

THE MOON ALSO RISES

There's more to the Reverend Sun Moon than his playing Pied Piper to the many American children who left their homes forever to join him. In a few years, Reverend Moon has amassed millions of dollars and purchased choice, high-priced land all over the United States. Award-winning journalist Michael Pousner takes an in-depth look at Sun Moon and the strange power he wields over his disciples.

WINNING ELECTIONS THE EASY WAY

Money is the key to winning elections, or at least it's the candidate's greatest asset. That's according to Hal Evry—a man who knows. David Chagall interviews Hal Evry, who has managed hundreds of elections and tells how candidates *really* get into office.

VINCENT BUGLIOSI: AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

The sensationally successful prosecutor of the Manson Family and the author of the best-selling *Helter Skelter* explains why he is currently fighting his hardest battles: running for District Attorney of Los Angeles County and investigating the murder of Robert Kennedy—a murder Bugliosi is convinced was a result of a conspiracy.

PLUS:

How to look the part this summer with designer clothes. . . . drinks in the can with a bartender's build. . . . the inside story on *I Am Moe's Thing*. . . . Xaviera's first person advice. . . . Wicked Wanda and a tantalizing trio of *Penthouse* beauties.

IN THE MAY VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

JANE FONDA: THE WOMAN BEHIND THE IMAGE

Your impression of one of America's best actresses may result from publicity manufactured by the CIA. Fonda talks to Claudia Dreifus about her lawsuit against the government, growing up absurd in Hollywood, her films, and her marriage.

WIFE BEATING: THE SCANDAL AND THE SILENCE

After years of guilt-ridden hiding, abused wives are coming out of the closet to seek help. Jim and Carolyn Barden, in this report on an American tragedy that ignores class boundaries, provide a portrait of the typical wife beater which will surprise you.

FOLLOWING GARBO

Writer Sue Kaufman finds an uncanny parallel between her own greatest successes and her chance encounters with Greta Garbo.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING . . .

of his own castle. Jane Wilson offers an intimate look at Michael Caine as he exchanges swinging bachelorhood for cozy domesticity.

PLUS:

Ballerina Allegra Kent shows you how to stay in shape; a sex poll on the *real* erogenous zones; Emily Jane Goodman explains custody sharing; and experts tell you how to measure stress in your life, how to find a better job, and how to save your money.

resign, including three men who are most qualified to judge the merits of the proposal—Treasury Secretary Simon, Economic Advisors Chairman Greenspan, and Budget Director Lynn. In any inner circle, dissenters are unwelcome.

Now let me briefly describe an event which, to a degree, epitomizes this picture of human relationships—and which is erroneously and with distortion depicted by Ms. Nichols as "the biggest single scandal...." (Except for the "even bigger scandal" narrated lower on the same page 142!) I know Judson Morhouse and particularly admired him as the state Republican chairman who was chiefly responsible for Mr. Rockefeller's original election. In the "scandal" referred to, the charge against him was that he had accepted a retainer for legal services to the Playboy Enterprises, and had used political influence to expedite their obtaining a liquor license. Such practices were then considered to be within the boundaries of contemporary political ethics. But his action turned up during the investigation of alleged maladministration of the Liquor Authority, and Jud was indicted. A close mutual friend told me later that what hurt Judson most in the whole episode was a quoted statement by the governor: "If Jud needed $17,000 why didn't he come to me for it?"

Which seems to summarize several human fallibilities in the character of Nelson Rockefeller: while intrinsically honorable, well-motivated, personally warm, and loyal, he seems at times far removed from the realities of American society by his wealth and by the people who are closest to him.—*Harold G. Wilm, Milton, Vt.*

Although Mr. Wilm accuses Mary Nichols of distorting "realities," his letter fails to refute anything in her article. Mr. Wilm simply blames Rockefeller's mistakes and mismanagement on his advisers, who "progressively... isolated" him. This is the same excuse made by and for Richard Nixon in Watergate. Whether one sees Rockefeller's motives as benign (as Mr. Wilm does) or otherwise (as Mary Nichols does), the final conclusion would *be the same: Nelson Rockefeller is unfit for high office in this country.*

Mr. Wilm also accuses Miss Nichols of distorting the Morhouse scandal but again does not refute a single fact in her article. Indeed, he says Morhouse was simply "indicted." The fact is that Morhouse was not only indicted but was also convicted—and subsequently pardoned by Nelson Rockefeller.—The Editors

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